

# Sizzla, Ripe Leaf

[Intro:]

Yah Blessed

Yah man black people

African people just one love and one joy you know

Blessed

Them is the black man and black woman kingdom you know

Check it

So we go

[Chorus:]

A lot of people don't got no good in a them and me see it

The wicked a go drop off like ripe leaf

Nuff a them no got no love in a them, how you do it ?

That mean you wouldn't give the ghetto youths food fi eat

Nuff a them no got no love in a them and me see it

The heathen a go drop off like ripe leaf

Nuff a them no got no love in a them, how you do it ?

[Verse 1:]

That mean you would a scorn the ghetto youths well

Well a who got the matches ?

Who got the gasoline ?

Youths clear the passage

Cause a fire me deh dash

Like a macca marijuana

Tell them me ask

Nuff a them a it me find out

Nuff a them a happen

Nuff boy turn your friend just through cash

Laugh and a pretend then a stab you in the back

Well me humble, a wait,

Meekly a watch into the fire

Way deh blaze nuff a them a keep back

You run gone go dig you pit and set up them trap

A bear wolf a go under the lock

So King Emmanuel put on me turban wrap

So them yah time Babylon you must get lash

Like a tomato you must get splash

Them a chant bout me poor through me clothes full a patch

And through them pull a door and got a key to them lock

Well Babylon Jesse Christ him blackk

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Find out the devil send them fi me hang them

Well Babylon you lose cause I nah pretend

Well a who go bend them fi me come straight them

Caan follow I, nor the Lion in a the den

Tell me now a who go friend them fi me go shame them

With Selassie I free Emmanuel anthem

Well then a who go strenght them

To misled Jah children

Babylon this never yet no problem

Yow, a some skunk them

Come we go dump them

The wicked man tell me who do you praise ?

The Alien

In them yah time yah

Me sey a them they got to bless

Fire got to bless

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Well then I live for Jah all my days  
And if a no King Selassie you deh praise well the heathen a go rage  
Fire me deh blaze  
So me tell them sey  
Them a the real hypocrite  
Them caan take me fire them a walk and a spit  
Through no wicked I no subject did nah commit  
Them only rob the poor then go bow to the rich  
Me find out a hatred nuff a practice  
Mister Scrapehead just come fi you justice  
Cause everyday you devise some mischief  
Now rude boy you ready cos things done sleve

[Chorus]

[Verse 1]