

Zulu, The Audio Recording

THE AUDIO RECORDING

Bad man Zulu de audio recording make de track bounce through
Your Denali or your Audi
Are we talking about the same man who used to work the game plan and then
Hustle it inna de weekends?

Wan test me now youth, gone off de deep end
Zulu with de microphone cut you in half, don't make me laugh
People never think a bad man come, unless he's dressed in black,
Guitar on his back,

Now back to de track
Whenever Zulu pon de mic and me a deal with de case
Dem get haunted, fi one show

The people dem inna de dance, dem just a mash up de place
Them gone crazy, cause dem know

A fi we dancehall riddim just a kill dem around,
And just maybe, we might grow

To the point where you play more than one Reggae sound
That's right, baby
It's like so

CHORUS

Who..Still I wonder who
Got you thinking you can test
Lord knows I'm different from the rest

Mr. Zulu, 20/20 Perception

We deal with the questions, We mash up de session
Come check me fi de riddim, you get more,
The gal dem a striptease right on de dance floor

Youth gwan like pure crime monster
Me give dem de answer, but still me no gangster

Zulu man inna dance, people out of you seat, don't make me
Tell you again.

CHORUS

Who..Still I wonder who
Tellin you that I'm no threat?
Lord who put dem ideas in your head?

Bad man Zulu you test me inna morning, you dead without a warning,
I guess it's just me calling
All de other youth know the truth bout de Panamanian fool
But dem no shout it Still dem never doubt it.

Wan test me now youth?
Forget about it Zulu give de ghosts nightmares and white hairs
Right here de game change, you don't believe it?
Well just keep listening.

CHORUS

Who..Still I wonder who
Talk you into wasting your time?
Mercy grows where the sun don't shine