

Alborosie, Likkle Africa

Jamaica! You are my likkle Africa.
Woyy, yeah, yeah, yeah!!
Likkle Africa I'm a third class citizen,
Puppa ridin' inna Babylon across di Schengen.
Babylon by bus and by my side there's no friend,
We a go right through till di end well.
Mi affi work hard and move right round di clock,
Mi affi push down di rat, but mi nah see no jack.
Likkle Africa too small, it nuh deh 'pon di maps so,
That's why dem nah tek no chat, well.
Fifty cent inna the pocket cyan buy dem no meal,
Inna this ya rat race there is no poor man deal.
Fi dem head ?? there's not poor man pill,
Just understand how mi feel.
So we affi witness a new rising sun, come to us, yea!
Is the prophecy of Marcus Garvey, teaching us, wey, ey.
It's the lion of Judah once again,
Walking 'pon this land wooh yey yey
I say oh! God is a living man.
Only Jah can set my Africa free.
My likkle Africa free.
My likkle Africa free.
Only Jah can set my Africa free.
My likkle Africa free.
My likkle Africa free.
Likkle Africa, rise and peace and ??,
We gonna fulfill our destiny a walk away free.
My people pace my come from my silence slavery,
We earn the right to live, but lock to live in poverty.
Likkle Africa di story is neva been told,
Someone tell mi seh di truth is be lookin dem soul.
For a case a long gun and a five pound of gold,
Plus a mi mek cries look too pretty and bold.
So as long as di gun dem, we'll restore di orda-a-a.
As long as a man will die, just to trying cross di borda-a.
As long as those tears, will sick out mi fadda-faddaaaa.
As long as we will not find no peace,
Likkle Africa shall cryyyyyyyyyy..
Only Jah can set my Africa free.
My likkle Africa free.
My likkle Africa free.
Only Jah can set my Africa free.
My likkle Africa free.
My likkle Africa free.
There will be a brand new day,
Oh, my likkle Africa.
My likkle Africa, woy, yey, yey, yey..
Only Jah can set my Africa free.
My likkle Africa free.
My likkle Africa free.
Only Jah can set my Africa free.
My likkle Africa free.
My likkle Africa free.