

Boom Shaka, Burden And Time

still i never lose my faith still
if i heard it once ive heard it twice
in everything there is a season
if ive heard it once ive heard it twice
with every purpose there is a reason
a time to love and a time to hate
a time for peace and a time for war
a time to speak and a time to chill
and thats why natty keep on loving JAH still

trodding thru burdens and time
its not easy when you are on borrowed time
trodding thru burden and time
its not easy

them say it was a beautiful country
beneath the copper sun
africa in her pride and glory under JAH JAH sun
and i grew cold when i was told
of her people and her cities being robbed and sold
culture vulture culture vulture

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its not easy

my fathers house was not built
for the pleasures of de oppressor man
this much this much this much i overstand
a time to gain and a time to lose
a time to build and a time to rebel youth

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