

Bounty Killer, Down In The Ghetto

1. My pocket is week, my heart is willing
Ah want a pound a rice, but can't find a shillin
Can't buy the chicken back, much less the chicken
Turn left and right is pure gunshot a fling
Every whey mi guh is wicked song them a sing
Now hear mi now Queens, and hear mi now Kings
All over this world, local and Foreign
Black and white, mi naah prejudice skin
Now hear mi mister Lou, mister Wong and mister Chin
To kill another man what good does that bring
i feel it so much till cold bump take mi skin
Mi head start to hurt mi, and mi eyes dem a spin

CHO

Who give the guns, who give the crack
No-one to take the blame
And a who import the guns and cocaine
And a who innaculate the ghetto youths brain
And mobilize dem inna this Bloodsport game
Say if you want to rich, you haffi kill Shane
And wicked enough to kill him mother miss Jane
Mek dem say you a di wickedest man pon the lane
And if you want you respect fi long like a train
Well you better make shot fall like a rain
You haffi put one foot pon then concord plane
Hey, you better sell twenty kilo a cocaine

CHO