

Buju Banton, Rastafari

These are those who journey through creation
Holding firm mankind in a firmer meditation - yeah
Who are these people, who are these people, they question

I and I a Rastafari, dreader than dread, oh Lord
Nyabinghi congo, bongo, redder than red, ey
I and I a Rastafari, dreader than dread, oh Lord
Nyabinghi congo, congo, Lord, red man red
Tell you why, why, why, why, why, why

Jah know heathen blood that will spill
Jah Jah move I away, no man can catch me
Some hungry fi kill, man a better you chill
Not a nah go no funeral, I am nyabinghi
Heed, yet I and I try, no invite me
Let the dead praise the dead, I wanna be lively
Remembering how folks used to be
This life means so much more to me

I and I a Rastafari, dreader than dread, oh Lord
Nyabinghi congo, bongo, Lord, redder than red, ey
I and I a Rastafari, dreader than dread, oh Lord
Nyabinghi congo, bongo, Lord, red man red
Tell you what

Take a vow of separation, put no razor upon thy head
Seize not lamentation, let the dead bury them dead
Sail from creation, ancient bongo man
Take that fire light, logwood was burning through the night

Man a Rastafari, dreader than dread, oh Lord
Nyabinghi congo, bongo, conquer all dead - say what
I and I a Rastafari, dreader than dread, oh Lord
Nyabinghi congo, congo, Lord, red man red

So let them say... what they wanna say... oh Lord
And let them do... what they wanna do
They cannot stop I from loving you
I must be true to myself, the Almighty and you
They can't stop I from putting through
No matter what they do, I'm gonna be true

I and I a Rastafari, dreader than dread, oh Lord
Nyabinghi congo, bongo, red man red
Say what, say what, say what
I and I a Rastafari, dreader than dread, oh Lord
Nyabinghi congo, bongo, Lord, red man red

Jah Jah know heathen blood that will spill
Jah Jah move I away, no man can catch me
Some hungry fi kill, man a better you chill
I, Buju nah go no funeral, I am nyabinghi
Heed, yet I and I try, no invite me
Let the dead praise the dead, man, I wanna be lively
Remembering how folks used to be
This life means so much more to me

I and I a Rastafari, dreader than dread, oh Lord
Nyabinghi congo, congo, whoa, conquer all dead - what I say
I-man, I a Rastafari, dreader than dread, oh Lord
Nyabinghi congo, bongo, a red man red
Tell dem

Nyabinghi congo, congo, Lord, a red man red

Congo, congo, Lord, a red man red
Congo, congo, whoa, a red man red