

# Cham, Ghetto Story

This a survival story  
True ghetto story  
This is my story  
Real ghetto story  
Hey

I remember those days when hell was my home  
When me and mama bed was a big piece a foam  
An mi never like bathe and my hair never comb  
When mama gone a work me go street, go roam  
I remember when Danny dem tek me snow cone  
An mek him likkle bredda dem kick up Jerome  
I remember when we visit dem wid pure big stone  
An the boy Danny pop out something weh full chromel remember when  
We run, Fatta get him knee blown  
An mi best friend Richie get, two inna him dome  
I remember so the avenue tun inna warzone  
An' Mickey madda fly him out, cau she get a loan  
But, Mickey go to foreign and go tun Al Capone  
Mek whole heap a money and sen in our own  
Now a we a lock the city and, that is well known  
Yesterday Mickey call me pan mi phone  
Mi say Mickey

Wi get di ting dem, dem outta luck now  
Mi squeeze seven and the whole a dem a duck now  
Wi have whole heap a extra clip cau we nuh bruk now  
Rah, rah, rah, rah

Wi get di ting dem, so dem haffi rate wi  
Cau we a tek it to them wicked of lately  
And now the whole community a live greatly  
Rah, rah, rah, rah

I remember bout '80, Jamaica explode  
When a Trinity and Tony Hewitt dem a run road  
That a long before Laing dem and even Bigga Ford  
When Adams dem a Corporal nuh know the road code  
I remember when we rob the chiney shop down the road  
An rumor have it sey the chiney man have a sword  
But we did have a one pop wey make outta board  
So you know the next day mama pot overload  
I remember when we skip the poll clerks  
An dump the ballot box pan Tivoli outskirts  
An hold a plane ticket and go chill over Turks  
When me come back a still inna the hole me a lurk  
I remember those days when informer dirks  
Get one inna him face and me nuh get nuh perks  
And the bigger heads dem are a couple of jerks  
'Cause a dem a mek di money, when a wi mash di works

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Jamaica get screw, tru greed an glutton  
Politics manipulate and press yutes button  
But we rich now ,so dem caan tell man notin  
'Cuz a we a mek mama a nyaam fish an' mutton, eh  
Ova dehso mek mi tell unnu some'in  
Tru mi dey a foreign now a guy kill me cousin  
An mi here sey TD deh dey but him sey he wasn't  
Anytime mi fly down him a get bout dozen 'cause  
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Mi squeeze seven and the whole a dem a duck now

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