

Cham, Rude Boy Pledge

The road to success is not straight, there's a curve called failure
A loop called confusion, speed bumps called friends
And red light called enemies, caution signs called family
And flat tires called jacks but if you have a spare called determination
And an engine called perseverance, with insurance called faith
And the drive to make it, you'll reach a place called success
Can you hear me? Dat one yah a fi di ghetto youth dem
Yo, star this a murder, man, a ghetto youth fi life, yo
I cannot forget where I come from
No 'mount of money can't change man, still blaze di skunk
But some leave di ghetto get rich and turn punk
But I won't forget my roots 'cause I don't worship money
That's not what counts, kill or be killed
Somehow I have to buy mama house pon di hill
I've been through struggles and wars
I mon survive it with just a few scars
Nuff man dead some gone behind bars
So right now real ghetto yutes don't fear police cars
Experience stage, it's knowledge
Eye bloody up from di streets and college
But when di whole a we share one sausage
Serve a now and then mi haffi send back a package
Weh Cham seh
I cannot forget where I come from
No 'mount of money can't change man, still blaze di skunk
But some leave di ghetto get rich and turn punk
But I won't forget my roots 'cause I don't worship money
That's not what counts, kill or be killed
Somehow I have to buy mama house pon di hill
Some man mek it and a live betta life
And don't recall di days when we walk wid knife
A simple argument bring strife
Some man a diss dem baby, modda fi dem Uptown wife
Dem a front but he a find out
See dem inna di club and flash cash all about
And post like thug when in fact dem a scout
Nuff a dem neva look back dem rich and sell out but
I cannot forget where I come from
No 'mount of money can't change man, still blaze di skunk
But some leave di ghetto get rich and turn punk
But I won't forget my roots 'cause I don't worship money
That's not what counts, kill or be killed
Somehow I have to buy mama house pon di hill
Yo, when I was small and growin' up
If we cook than fall is showin' up
Paul left town since Dennis blown up
Now him have Benz and nah memba him friend
But di odda day him get back on di old block
Broad daylight like round 12 o'clock
And come pon di corna wid dem likkle fake act
And from dem tun millionaire and neva give nuttin back, but
I cannot forget where I come from
No 'mount of money can't change man, still blaze di skunk
But some leave di ghetto get rich and turn punk
But I won't forget my roots 'cause I don't worship money
That's not what counts, kill or be killed
Somehow I have to buy mama house pon di hill