

# 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