

# Damian Marley "Jr. Gong", Half Way Tree

Its like keeping a stage show  
And want the place fi done  
Wha you do  
Call my management  
That walk wid 50 gun  
Wha mi do  
Nah goin go pon stage  
Until me get me funds  
Wha mi sing  
One Jr.Gong  
What a hefty sum  
Youngest veteran  
Intercept di run  
Artist a carry feelings  
And tears a run  
Say you know say a just true  
Him a BOB MARLEY son  
How him get a Swizz Beats  
And you nuh get me none  
Wha mi sing  
Strickly ex amount  
Of high grade sess mi bun  
Wha mi sing  
Strickly only high grade  
Princess mi bun  
Politician well love push up  
Dem chest mi bun  
Certain loud rowdy talking  
Interest mi gun  
Now mi come fi bun down  
All material object  
Wid a raas claat gold chain  
Round me neck  
Me bun a fire pon di man  
Weh love bitch and fret  
And want every little detail intricate  
Well dem just can't believe  
Or dem won't accept  
Jr.Gong and Swizz beat  
Fassy don't forget  
Well is it just me  
Or is it hot to death  
It's the "Halfway Tree"  
C.D. and cassette  
D.J. race a run  
On your mark get set  
And watch everybody run  
To the record outlet  
Tell me who C.D.  
Do you think they get  
The one closest  
To the BOB MARLEY box set  
And BOOM  
And anyhow you nuh feel me yet  
Well chances are  
You might soon go def  
Me have a clip fully loaded  
And one select  
Fi any bwoy weh nuh want show  
The Gong respect  
All me shirt and shoes  
And pants me bet  
Say a nuff D.J. haffi go starve to death  
While dem girl read about me

On the internet  
But its not their fault  
Don't get upset  
Because  
Dem can't touch me intellect  
And BOOM  
Dem can't even bounce a check  
Well you better rest your drinks  
Pon a serviette  
And gwon bounce around  
Untill you bust a sweat  
BRIDGE  
Bounce  
Bounce, Bounce, Bounce  
Bounce  
Just Bounce, Bounce, Bounce  
VERSE  
So return to di venues  
You used to fill  
And return to the ends  
Where you used to chill  
I know putting some punks on over kill  
Wid some everyday tune  
I refuse to build  
Now  
You've been waiting patiently until  
BOOM  
A me name Jr.Gong and still  
BOOM  
Ridim a bounce  
And you can't stand still  
BOOM  
See it deh now  
Your drinks a spill  
You have some D.J.  
Think dem shoot to kill  
Cause dem spar wid  
A couple thug youths weh will  
Wait till dem lickle chumpas  
dem have draw nil  
Ah di same thug  
Ah climb thru dem windowsill  
And, anyhow you no pay di bill  
Well, dem could a find you a sligoville  
You better mind how you use your talent and skill  
Till you hear man a bruk down your burglar grill  
Well its from baby pram  
On to Stroller dem  
We rock mics anywhere  
We get a hold a dem  
Wid di Muffin looking over  
We shoulder dem  
Better read out all mi portfolio dem  
Well its roots and branches  
Sticks and stems  
A di "Halfway Tree"  
And it a murder dem  
Ghetto Youths, One Fam  
You never heard a dem  
Dangerous nightlife observer dem  
So just bounce bounce  
Bounce wit me  
Big man big woman and pickney  
Feel no pain when di music hit me  
Find all a gyal weh fit me

VERSE (repeat vs. #1)