

Damian Marley "Jr. Gong", She Needs My Love

INTRO

I Jr.Gong long side Yami Bolo
Come to tell you a little story about the girl next door
Certain tings can happen but she will never know
Unless she come ah di Rasta man stage show
I Jr.Gong man have the love connection
Come fi sail like a big boat across the ocean
So come and get yourself inna di love motion
You have di Rastaman wid di love potion

CHORUS (Yami Bolo)

She needs my love
She said she needs my love
She need my love
She said she need Jah love

CHORUS (Yami Bolo)

She is a girlfriend
She live next door
I think I've seen her
That face before
Her memories can't
Erase from my mind
I love ya angel
One of a kind

VERSE

Well den she see me and she ball out
YO !! Jr.Gong
Di searching shall end
Where the searching begun
She need a bed room bully
Who's a real rangatan
She love me like how black yankee
Love Farrakhan
Well she's very impressed
With the youngest veteran
She started realizing
There's no better man
Now when time rain a fall
I become di weather man
Performing every one of
Her stage show dem fi long
I beg ya pardon deh
Miss kinky walking
Bright like sunlight
When me glimpse you dis morning
Come down to night
You ah mi moon shine darling
Mash up mi head
All when ah you mi eye balling
Ready fi di hundred
With out no stalling
Ince comes the youngest
Signal and warning
Big trampoline
For di bedroom brawling
Cause she's not just
Good she's appalling
Her performances

Deserve applauding

CHORUS

Precious trinket

Tell her fi link it
Me nah sink it
To piece and bit
When it come down to loving
It's a perfect fit
Whole heap ah more loving
And we just nah quit
She can't tek the vibe
Of Babylon dem spirit
Straight up loving
And ah nah no bull
Ah Rastafari bless her
With di ting she have
She have all right reserve
Fi she galang bad
Fresher than a vegetable
Inna mi market bag
Any time she come link up me ends
Me glad
Well ah she a get di money
And a spend di wad
Cuase me know the chumpas
Will not be squandered
She mek me start sing
Some Ray Charles ballad
Cause the style of the loving
Is not just a fad

VERSE (Yami Bolo)

She need a lover
To hug and squeeze her tight
She need a man to
Come home at night
But he's always working
That's what she say
I had to tell her
Go home and pray

CHORUS

VERSE (repeat vs. #1)