

# I. Wayne, Living In Love

I love to see my people living in love  
I hate to see them fighting and swimming in blood  
Nuff neglect the farming, the scorn in the mud  
Yet they want to be the first to reap the fruit as it buds  
Oh, they fill the earth with prison, church, and whore house  
Love the rum bar, yet they hate the pure house  
Dem take the microchip and override the poor out  
Less food, more shout and more mouth

Rasta tell dem all the while  
Stop war and the killocide  
Stop fighting for land and oil  
Fi be kind so many go to ?  
Take master spit inna dem face take back dem teet and smile  
Da bounce of the Nile so mile and so fertile acres more than ah zillion mile  
People acting vile pick up cannibal style  
wan devour mama, papa, and child, oh

So life see it and mek it buss har  
dem sey dem ting dem tek too long fi grow and start to cuss har  
I couldnt trust him and those as how I trust har  
Such is life, dem say ah just her  
I see Kosha hide so dem call di spot Iran  
Some sey fi government, some sey fi matter land  
Still no wan share although dem gotta lot ah land  
Dem wan fi turn ah gun range and shot Iran.

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Politician ah talk certain tings dem nah mention  
Sey ah drugs and gun people tax money spend pon  
Come wit plastic smile and dem wicked intention  
Inna ya hand, is where dem put dem evil invention  
Turn gun model seeking attention  
See it deh now ya dead and it is no redemption  
Parents ah wonder where to get the first cent from  
To bury the dirt dem not even got pension

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