

# Kardinal Offishall, Freshie

[Intro]

It's eight o'clock here in Kingston, Jamaica  
The Kingston police have issued an APB  
Out for wanted criminal Rostacious Johnson  
He has last been seen headed towards  
The United States of America or Canada  
If you have any info please call us right away

[Hook: Ro Dolla]

I was a gangsta,  
Livin' my life hustlin' on the block, with no food to eat  
Rollin' with them prankstas  
Settin' the streets on fire with the heat  
I had no choice as a gangsta,  
Livin' my life hustlin' on the block, with no food to eat  
Rollin' with them prankstas  
Settin' the streets on fire with the heat

[Kardinal Offishall]

Aiyyo, stepped off the edge of 'maica at the age of ten  
Landed at the Dot airport, comin' out of May pen  
Raised by his grandmama, until his real mama  
Could send for the youth, and reunite, aight  
So now he's growin' up exposed to the ghetto limelight  
No pops (nope) plus his moms got to work nights  
Moonlightin' as a janitor, to make bread for the two  
All the while he's growin' up, runnin' with a crew  
It started off tryin' to make a little extra creamer  
But then it turned to pushin' rocks, savin' for the Beamer  
Told his moms he got a job workin' in the trade  
At a local grease monkey, that's how he's gettin' paid  
And that's how he got the deal on the black man wagon  
Moms thought it was suspect, but she's still braggin'  
To her kin about "How he come home and grow right"  
All the while he's wildin' out, money starts pilin' now  
The next crew saw the flex and start red eye  
Jealous of the way them niggas hustle,  
Til he get a little muscle, uh huh, bust a bunch of shots  
There my nigga laid, really holdin' down the block  
That nigga gangsta

[Hook: Ro Dolla]

[Kardinal Offishall]

Aiyyo, six weeks in intensive, holdin' on to prayers  
On the seventh, he was back on his back in the west wing  
His man done came visiting, in his ear whispering  
How the block was hot, and there was 'nuff shots whistling  
Another week and he was back on his feet  
Discharged, ready to get back and hit the street  
Moms was still working overtime, clueless to the real  
About how his son was livin' in the hood packin' steel  
Pushin' coke - no joke - them cats wanted retaliation  
Word got back, about who led the slaughter  
One nigga named Blaka, real name Elroy  
Next day (Boom) +What Happened to That Boy?+  
For the next three months my man stayed on the low  
Told his moms he wasn't workin' cause the garage was slow  
But just as he tried to resurface on the strip  
Someone on the turf called 222-TIPS

[Hook: Ro Dolla]

[Kardinal Offishall]

Now my man locked up, and had to sweat inside a jail  
Cause his man done fled the scene, and moms couldn't afford bail  
The trial came and went, his mother cried "Discrimination!"  
Said the judge didn't know her son  
He said he knew him too well, he'd seen him there before  
Turned the cheek cryin', now he feels he's on fire  
Got burned by the same liquour, quit talkin' fresh  
He doesn't know how to act, so now he got to go back  
My man got dipped, sent right back to May pen  
Grandma didn't want him, now family wouldn't take him  
He thought about work, but he said "F that!"  
He got a fake passport and just came right back

[Hook: Ro Dolla] x2

[Outro]

It is a sunny day here in Jamaica  
Unfortunately we have bad news to report  
Rostacious Johnson was apprehended in Canada  
And suffered fatal wounds to the back of the head  
Rest in peace my brother  
Anyways, in tomorrow's news...