

Ms. Dynamite, Seed Will Grow

(feat. Kymani Marley)

[Verse One (Kymani Marley):]

Yo,
Oh,
At first glance its like cupid hit,
Mesmorised by her thighs and her hips.
So, she went ahead and find a man wit' some chips,
And left school when she cop da whip.
Caught in the game,
Locked in the speedin' lane.
Livin a life for money, drugs and fame,
But true love is what she can't entertain.
And every chance she get she's given the blame.
Then she askin' why,
I told she was livin a lie.
When I told her she started to cry.
Don't just sit and let life pass you by,
And I slowly wiped the tears from her eyes.

[Chorus:]

I told her to take it slow,
Girl give it time to flow,
And from a seed to a flower you'll grow.
So many seeds on the street,
No sunshine but always heat.
And lives are lost at every heartbeat.
I told her take it slow,
Girl give it time to flow,
And from a seed to a flower you'll grow.
So many seeds on the street,
No sunshine but always heat.
Drownin' in poverty and deceit,
But black roses grow from concrete.

[Verse Two (Ms Dynamite):]

He got a family to feed,
So every night he out on the street,
Shottin poison to young mothers and youths dem,
Coz he feel it the only way to keep his peeps on they feet,
Makes ends meet,
And gets his own up out of poverty.
Until one night,
He came home to find his mother cry,
she pointed to the floor and he saw a trail of his supply,
She led him to his room to find his brother on his bed,
Track marks,
Needle in his arm and stone cold dead.
And suddenly,
They all flashed before his eyes,
The kids that he sold to,
And they mothers cries.
Every child is someones child
You affa a mind what u do,
Cos Karma gunna bring the drama back on you.

Do what you gotta do,
But nigga when it comes to them youths,
There is no excuse,
Our future that,
We supposed to nurture that,

Nah lettin nuttin or nobody hurt that.
Do what you gotta do,
But nigga when it comes to them youths,
There is no excuse,
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[Repeat Chorus]