

Pilfers, Chawalaleng

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Not fi you body or your dollars but your spiritual sense
This ah fi de massive dem who want to repent

He cast away shadows of doubts to make your sunlight beam
Open up your heart and let your light it come in
From uno righteous uno will no whe mi mean
You hands and your heart dem ahfi pure and clean

Chawalaleng
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Dem ah wolf in sheep clothing living under disguise
Wicked man will die before the righteous man
Let my words of meditations be a call to the wise
And my thoughts of revenge be cast aside

Chawalaleng
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They live their life in darkness,
They don't seem to channel the light.
They strive for material success
In the process they sell their soul