

Ziggy Marley, I Get Out

you want me to play the game you tried again and again
to sell myself for fame fit in the format man
to suit the image you want portrayed so the people are still enslaved
you can't define what we do I won't be put in a box for you

I get out, I get out, I get, I get out, I get out

I of the universe won't be prisoners of your little world
the mind is limitless where time does not exist
we travel far beyond the realms of expectations
and I refuse to be what you expect of me

I get out, I get out, I get, I get out, I get out

what would you lose to gain the price is high to pay
desire not to be like them to follow the dream of sin
blessed are the meek and humble my own spirit
cause music is a holy thing hey we giving thanks for the blessings

I get out, I get out, I get, I get out, I get out
mama I get out papa I get out
said I'm gonna hit it down, said I'm gonna kick it down
I get out, I get out, I get, I get out, I get out