Black people don't get weary,

Dem tek off the shackles an face we,

But still we under mental slavery,

Unno sing with the Startrail posse (My Lord)

Fire pon Rome,
Fi Pope Paul an him scissors an comb,
Black people waan go home
A Mount Zion a di righteous throne

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Well, this is my question To Issa and the one Matalon How unno get fi own so much black people land After dem slave, achieve nutten inna hand Check out greater Portmore, Braeton One room unno build a sell fi one million Dem dey studio house nuh worth a hundred gran Thrue mi a lick out dem waa mi keep quiat But mi a bun fire fi di one Butch Stewart Who buy out di plane an all di pilot Thrue mi nuh inna Jamaica, love fi tan Mi haffi bun fire fi the one Naree Azan Everybody know how downtown a fi di poor man How dem claims it an sey a to dem it belong No more hustling, dat mean no food inna hand One help wi have is the Almighty One Jamaicans chant mi song

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My Lord, don't talk jus listen,
Mi haffi bun fire fi P.J. Patterson
Him mek certain move an wi nuh too certain
How much black youth behind iron curtain
Thrue mi naw go trod inna Babylon order
Mi haffi bun fire fi one name Seaga
Everyday cost a living get harder
Have more seller more than buyer
Oh my Lord , what a pressure

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So many things politician have stolen Still them return with the one Bruce Golding Saying a brand new party dem forming But a part dem a part we with dem politics meeting Out A politics poor people get them beaten Look who dem have a tun metropolitan officer Fi tek yuh hustling out a yuh hand When yuh look pon dem face a yuh own black man Well out of the slum di poor people send mi Fi look what a gwaan and don't disagree What is the benefit of GCT?

It benefit you but it never fit me.

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