Hey Yow Yallo
Poor People I've see no improvement
Over the years with these guys and their movement
Hey yow, yallo
Over the years
Poor people cry tears
And .... leave in despair.
The leaders of this country are too unfair
Rod the country of it's birthright and wi fair share
The world belong to the meek every acre and square
You hear

Reggae Starz and Reggae Boyz bring wi joy,
Fire wi a burn pan politician boys,
Divide and rule and leave us unemployed
To watch the poor suffer that is what them enjoy.
Swell
Reggae Starz and Reggae Boyz bring wi joy,
Fire wi a light pan politician boys,
Divide and rule and leave us unemployed
A nuff youth future them boy deh destroy

And left wi inna despair,
The leader of this country are too unfair,
Rob the country of it's birth right and wi fair share,
Overlook wi troubles act as if they don't care,
Ignore wi cries like them caa hear.
Frighten fi hear them a invest inna nuclear,
Inflation make cost of living get so dare,
The earth belong to the meek every acre and square,
Future of this country ain't getting nowhere,
Show the mis-leaders that we are getting somewhere.
Mount Zion high, the Lord will be there,
Reggae Boyz a steer,
Reggae Starz a draw gear,
Fi the Giddeon I hope them boys yah prepare,
Them judgment naa share...swell

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Them a opportunist,
Check Dwane Gordon and mi check Andrew Clunist,
Them hear the song yah and sey "is a hit tune this",
Them lock off the dance two o clock fi stop the music,
Them should a know a poor people gold spoon this.
Them no know wi culture cause them only assume it
Internationally, nuff people consume it,
That's why Shabba and Shaggy sell how much units,

Won how much Grammy and that still nuh prove it. From My Xperience when I start fuse it, With American rappers and them music. Bun Pope Paul, them a sey mi confuse it, Stop a Italy, Italian them groove it, Stop a Germany and the Germans a choose it, Stop down a Japan and every wey mi go them choose it, How mi fi lose it ... when

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Start from top again..