

Kingston Town

Alborosie

Sipple it down down, sipple it down down
it's a rudebwoy town, it's Kingston town
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it's a rudebwoy town, it's Kingston town

Some man have no manners, steal an try fi beg a thing
if you no drop no green a straight off dissing thing
sun a bun traffic, it's a slow riddim
JCF a move rough, dem bus' di m-16
some man a drive up an dung, dem have di latest ting
machine fit inna dem jeans a show off girls and bling
smell of marijuana round di corner dem juggling
one mad man get 'im food straight outta di garbage bin ey!

Dis a di gun land,
blood run cold blood pon di white sand
concrete a bun put some pads up your chin
bad babylon bwoy dem kill a youth an one old woman a chant
an while a neck sit a monster di rat-ta-ta-tan-tan
dem dig more grave than rooms up-a Hilton
small community get wash up by a blood stain
every weekend same routine with new function
pusher dem count more dead than 9-11 destruction ey!

Di gyal dem pants tight like rubber suit
and a dem blouse one tiny something hide up perfect boobs
dem always a smile if you a-go "Baby I"
dem a go play you one trick if you a mamas bwoy
its a tough man town, there's no crown and no throne
it a go lick you down with a dancehall sound
if you a stranger and you drive, mek sure you know the route
you don't wanna get salute by a gun dispute