

# Who You Think You Are

Alborosie

Ah who di hell you think you are  
I'm not jah supastar  
Mi nah drink di gold wine and smoking cigar  
And I don't drive di "supa" car  
With jesus mi ah par  
I'm just a revolutionary fighting my own war

Ah mi name bun to dust coz I dont hitch pon it  
And bary humble don't yuh ask I just walk with it  
Down ina Jameyka life no pretty mi no ramp with it  
White boy a prove himself to di world and crew it's fumbling  
I left my mother dropping tears just to chase a dream  
Mi hit my time, son yuh empire was in slavery  
Di wicked man stole mi life and I identity  
So watch yourself and watch yur mouth before yuh judging me

Mi bredda died he was killed by bandits in di street  
My father try to live with and him still ah do it  
At certain points I war with god associates and seh was da shit  
And then one day selaissie come and save mi from di trick

So here I am di puppet of yur show The man on stage that sing s  
ome stuff that yuh don't know  
The clown ah pleased da crowd and can appease his soul  
The artist with da funny name, ah fun it go  
The price fi come to give for yur culcha and di morning tense y  
uh on  
The idiot boy want likke bit in return

I had a gun right on my face and I was scared to die  
I sex so many girl so mi did ah tell nuff lie  
I was alcoholic and depressed one day I'll tell yuh why  
So just for now we live it so so please just give mi a bly