

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