

## Fire Pon Rome

Anthony B

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  
Thru mi a lick out dem waa mi keep quiet  
But mi a bun fire fi di one Butch Stewart  
Who buy out di plane an all di pilot  
Thru 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  
Thru 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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