

# Kingston Chronic

Biga Ranx

Worries again musical shackattack  
That make you bounce and rock  
Evrybody posse watch cause you know  
We rule any time brigante

Under my kingston chronic  
Under my kingston chronic  
She fizzy like an indian tonic  
She fizzy like an indian tonic

Ah mi seh some gal a walk  
Ah mi seh some gal a talk  
Some gal a cry ca'telly break up dem heart  
Mi hold up pon the mic cause mi know how fi chat  
Mi know how fi chat that's why the whole place's packed  
Mi is a conscious person with a generous heart  
Wickedness and violence ita the ting that mi nah like  
But as a raggamuffin soldier mi ready for the fight  
Ca'babylon dema go fall and the wicked ah go drop  
My lyrics my clothes my style it hot  
It hotta than the cofee ina italian cup  
Jah jah bless mi everyday so you know mi nah go stop  
And I deliver this message to the youth deh pon the block

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This one ah make you wine it make you swing it make you rock  
If ah sensimilia bredda you know mi smuk a lot  
Some gal a walk and mi seh some gal a talk  
Some gal a cry ca'telly break up dem heart  
Dressed up ina jean some a dressed up in a froak  
When the gal ah see mi picture dem ah take off dem top  
And some a dem talk about mi life to the cops  
And take away the weed that mi hide ina mi socks  
And take away the money that mi stock up ina rack  
Cha she make my life it sucks  
She make my life it sucks

Listen  
Mi niame telly brigante mi white and mi nah black  
Mi know how fi read before mi know how fi write  
Mi wine a different gal every saturday night  
Mi like my cola sugar mi nah like it when it light  
When mi reach up ina linz mi smuk a true ganja pipe  
True ganja pipe till the plane ah fly back  
Every show that mi go mi affi get mi cognac  
Mi chat raggamuffin cause you know mi love that  
Mi ride my skateboard cause you know mi love that  
God a weh mi love mi pt nothing above that

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Any weh that we go we are the talk ah the town  
Nah sound ina the world could a never mess around  
Like tanto irie we ah go do the juki jam  
The london posse dem affi wave up de hand  
The lyrics that mi chat is like a nuclear weapon  
Mi under my style and under mi fashion  
Nah sound ina the world could a never mess around