

## Down In The Ghetto

### Bounty Killer

My pocket is week, my heart is willing  
Ah want a pound a rice, but can't find a shillin  
Can't buy the chicken back, much less the chicken  
Turn left and right is pure gunshot a fling

Every whey mi guh is wicked song them a sing  
Now hear mi now Queens, and hear mi now Kings  
All over this world, local and Foreign  
Black and white, mi naah prejudice skin

Now hear mi mister Lou, mister Wong and mister Chin  
To kill another man what good does that bring  
I feel it so much till cold bump take mi skin  
Mi head start to hurt mi, and mi eyes dem a spin

Who give the guns, who give the crack  
No-one to take the blame  
And a who import the guns and cocaine  
And a who innaculate the ghetto youths brain

And mobilize dem inna this Bloodsport game  
Say if you want to rich, you haffi kill Shane  
And wicked enough to kill him mother miss Jane  
Mek dem say you a di wickedest man pon the lane

And if you want you respect fi long like a train  
Well you better make shot fall like a rain  
You haffi put one foot pon then concord plane  
Hey, you better sell twenty kilo a cocaine