

## Circumstances

Buju Banton

Circumstances made me what I am  
Was I born a violent man  
Circumstances made me what I am  
Everyone should understand

Circumstances made me what I am  
Was I born a violent man  
Circumstances made me what I am  
Everyone should know

May sound strange, might sound foolish  
But things ain't getting better  
Everyday another fall victim to the beretter  
Why is there so much violence  
Killing we one another  
Let us learn to live and let that light shine brighter  
Bad influence through influence the youth dem get slaughter  
As bad as badman use to be  
Dem respect dI father  
is like no eyes no realize seh  
Times get harder  
mI talk all night with all mI might  
But still is laughter

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Him say, when I try to cope  
Tell mI self there is hope  
It seems like the biggest joke  
Eh eh,

And as I put down the gun  
Still dollars must run  
All now employment can't come  
Have mI a jam and a cool  
Want go back in a school  
The system lick mI  
There's no hope for those  
Who have not from the slum  
Take dI little much we have  
Still hunting we down  
I beg unu show some love  
Unu wI get back, he replied

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Well a no little cry  
Mama cry, papa cry too  
She warn the bwoy wth all heart  
And that couldn't do  
Now dem find him dead with a smith and wesson

Six weeks and change  
Now mi hear him missing  
Why so much violence, too much violence  
It hurts my soul and I won't keep silent

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That was his reply I cry  
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