

Two Sevens Clash

Culture

Wat a liiv an bambaie,
When the two sevens clash.
Wat a liiv an bambaie,
When the two sevens clash.

My good old prophet Marcus Garvey prophesize, say:
"St. Jago de la Vega and Kingston is gonna meet."
And I can see with mine own eyes,
It's only a housing scheme that divide.

Wat a liiv an bambaie - it dread,
When the two sevens clash,
Wat a liiv an bambaie,
When the two sevens clash.

Look up a cotton tree out by Ferry police station,
How beautiful it used to be,
And it has been destroyed by lightning,
Earthquake and thunder, I say, what?

Wat a liiv an bambaie,
When the two sevens clash - it dread,
Wat a liiv an bambaie,
When the two sevens clash.

I take a ride sometimes,
On Penn Overland and Bronx,
And sometimes I ride on bus X-82, say what?

Wat a liiv an bambaie,
When the two sevens clash.
Wat a liiv an bambaie,
When the two sevens clash.

Marcus Garvey was inside of Spanish Town district Prison,
And when they were about to take him out,
He prophesied and said:
"As I have passed through this gate,
No other prisoner shall enter and get through"
And so it is until now,
The gate has been locked, so what?

Wat a liiv an bambaie,
When the two sevens clash - it dread,
Wat a liiv an bambaie,
When the two sevens clash - it bitter, bitter, bitter,
Wat a liiv an bambaie,
When the two sevens clash - a man a go feel it,
Wat a liiv an bambaie,
When the two sevens clash - you better do right.