

# Half Way Tree

Damian Marley

Okay, rememnr the breif  
And one and two and bounce and bounce  
And bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce  
Bounce, bounce, bounce  
Bounce, bounce, bounce

It's like keeping a stage show and want the place fi done  
Wha you do call my management that walk wid 50 gun, wha mi do  
Nah goin' go pon stage until me get me funds  
Wha mi sing, one Jr.Gong what a hefty sum

Youngest veteran intercept di run  
Artist a carry feelings and tears a run  
Say you know, say a just true, him a Bob Marley son  
How him get a Swizz Beats and you nuh get me none

Wha mi sing strictly ex amount of high grade sess mi bun  
Wha mi sing strictly only high grade princess mi bun  
Politician well love push up dem chest mi bun  
Certain loud rowdy talking interest mi gun

Now mi come fi bun down all material object  
Wid a raas claat gold chain 'round me neck  
Me bun a fire pon di man weh love bitch and fret  
And want every little detail intricate

Well, dem just can't believe or dem won't accept  
Jr.Gong and Swizz beat, fassy don't forget  
Well, is it just me or is it hot to death  
It's the Halfway Tree C.D. and cassette

D.J. race a run on your mark, get set  
And watch everybody run to the record outlet  
Tell me who C.D. do you think they get  
The one closest to the Bob Marley box set

And boom and anyhow you nuh feel me yet  
Well, chances are you might soon go def  
Me have a clip fully loaded and one select  
Fi any bwoy weh nuh want show the Gong respect

All me shirt and shoes and pants me bet  
Say a nuff D.J. haffi go starve to death  
While dem girl read about me on the Internet  
But it's not their fault, don't get upset

Because dem can't touch me intellect  
And boom dem can't even bounce a check  
Well, you better rest your drinks pon a serviette  
And gwon bounce around until you bust a sweat

Bounce  
Just bounce, bounce, bounce  
Bounce  
Just bounce, bounce, bounce

Bounce

Bounce, bounce, bounce  
Bounce  
Bounce, bounce, bounce

So return to di venues you used to fill  
And return to the ends where you used to chill  
I know them putting some punks on over kill  
Wid some everyday tune, I refuse to build

Now you've been waiting patiently until boom  
A me name Jr.Gong and still, boom  
Ridin' a bounce and you can't stand still, boom  
See it deh now your drinks a spill

You have some D.J. think dem shoot to kill  
'Cause dem spar wid, a couple thug youths weh will  
Wait till dem lickle chumpas, dem have draw nil  
Ah di same thug, ah climb thru dem windowsill

And, anyhow you no pay di bill  
Well, dem could a find you a sligoville  
You better mind how you use your talent and skill  
Till you hear man a bruk down your burglar grill

Well, it's from baby pram n to Stroller dem  
We rock mics anywhere, we get a hold a dem  
Wid di Muffin looking over, we shoulder dem  
Better read out all mi portfolio dem

Well, it's roots and branches, sticks and stems  
A di Halfway Tree and it a murder dem  
Ghetto youths, one fam, you never heard a dem  
Dangerous nightlife observer dem

So just bounce, bounce, bounce wit' me  
Big man big woman and pickney  
Feel no pain when di music hit me  
Find all a gyal weh fit me

Keeping a stage show and want the place fi done  
Wha you do call my management that walk wid 50 gun  
Wha mi do, nah goin' go pon stage until me get me funds  
Wha mi sing, one Jr.Gog what a hefty sum

Youngest veteran intercept di run  
Artist a carry feelings and tears a run  
Say you know, say a just true, him a Bob Marley son  
How him get a Swizz Beats and you nuh get me none

Wha mi sing strictly ex amount of high grade sess mi bun  
Wha mi sing strictly only high grade princess mi bun  
Politician well love push up dem chest mi bun  
Certain loud rowdy talking interest mi gun

Now mi come fi bun down all material object  
Wid a raas claat gold chain 'round me neck  
Me bun a fire pon di man weh love bitch and fret  
And want every little detail intricate

Well, dem just can't believe or dem won't accept  
Jr.Gong and Swizz beat, fassy don't forget  
Well, is it just me or is it hot to death  
It's the Halfway Tree C.D. and cassette

D.J. race a run on your mark, get set  
And watch everybody run to the record outlet  
Tell me who C.D. do you think they get  
The one closest to the Bob Marley box set

Well, dem just can't believe or dem won't accept  
Jr.Gong and Swizz beat, fassy don't forget  
Well, is it just me or is it hot to death  
It's the Halfway Tree C.D. and cassette

D.J. race a run on your mark, get set  
And watch everybody run to the record outlet  
Tell me who C.D. do you think they get  
The one closest to the Bob Marley box set

So just

Bounce, bounce, bounce  
Bounce, bounce, bounce  
Bounce, bounce, bounce  
...