

# In His Own Words

Damian Marley

Jah told you in his own words  
And I'll see you through  
To guide you through this cold world  
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Two steps away from death, a vest and a holster  
I detest detectives arresting us over  
Weapons possession, they was checking the Rover  
Inspecting the tattoos on my neck and my shoulder  
How many times I'm one of six coffin-holders  
Or sitting with goons in a visiting room  
Flip it, I could've been you  
Behind state walls bidding  
These are the things that a G pray for, acquit us  
A little stash in the safe or a little shorty to wait for  
Or a shorty to take the weight for him  
What really did I escape from?  
Thought I saw God's face on the design on my vintage Claiborne  
Swear I see em every day in the bus or the train  
Or the billboards out there that hang tall  
I still give thanks for him, have faith for him  
No matter what his name's called

Hey can you think of a colour that you've never seen?  
Can you reminisce on places you've never been?  
Well is many are called  
But them never deemed  
Worthy for the cause  
Cause them never clean  
Help who help themselves  
Jah nuh raffle dream  
That's why me chummy with Jah Jah  
Like a Cherubim  
Keep us strong through the winter like an Evergreen  
And all of us are more connected than it ever seems  
All things are related and creation is a package  
Generate together and we increase the wattage  
A how them a go manage?  
Tell Babylon them can't do Rasta damage  
Nor stop we through the passage  
Jah did make a promise, God is always honest  
Always keep his word, don't care what the plan is  
Don't be astonished  
Stumbling blocks vanish  
One day the meek gonna live inna di palace, Woah!

Some people ask me if I feel the zionists are real  
And in my songs do I plan to expose and reveal  
Word to the curb that's under these chrome wheels  
My homies is only ones I'm taking care of  
But severe reality starts to become more clear  
And these know-it-all rappers have become more weird

As if they were superior and fans are inferior  
How I balance between the streets and the theories of  
Collegiate literature, I hold mirrors up  
Give combinations of pain, joy, fear, and love  
Through my perspective I can see Jah reflection  
In the highest definition getting high with my brethren  
Could've asked us why Africans dying from circumcision  
They lack proper surgeons, suffer malnutrition  
Underestimate the wealth of their own wisdom  
It's like it's been exchanged for this penicillin