

The Master Has Come Back

Damian Marley

A your youth you know! Wew!

For the master has come back
Gong the originally
Run for the grand finale mi inna mi Clarky-Wally
For the master has come back
Man! I do it regularly through every hill and valley
It's normal for me now
For the master has come back
It's Mr. Warm and Easy
She coulda never leave me
Somebody please believe me
For the master has come back
I'm mad wit it

BOOM!

We learn from the old school
When strictly thugs used to run it
When one wheel wheely was the move
Long before Bogle start dance and still deh pon paper money
Police ah lock up man fi dem shoes
That simply mean the station full up a bear Clark boot and Bally
From England whe' spankin' new
Before man start to mek flex
When dem used to mek dally
And speak of the rights and truth
If unno starvin' fi di brain food Man have it fi feed you like porridge
Weh rich inna dreadnut juice
Cause nuff a wah dem learn in university and college
It water down and dilute
I tell you street smarts wi carry you through life like a carriage
From a survival point of view
And if what you seek is the truth
And to increase knowledge
Now you surely can't lose...Why?

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The return of the jedi I when I get back the entire Empire will start to strike back
Well a bare army green full up mi flight pack
Some red eye guy a wonder which bank we hijack
And a we the voluptuous girls a smile at
Any bwoy nuh like dat, him gone pon ice box
We can be dangerous like how the night black
We will dip and come up, select and slide back

And say she loves my culture, herbs and locks
Silkly smooth way of I flow
My words and my tracks
She's hoping we can spend a night at
Somewhere that's warm and cozy...why not
She's been wanting me since my Karl Kani drop
And she needs the substance, not the hype chat
For dark clouds do bring rain...baby
Here comes the sun to shine again

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I know you're loving the goods that i'm delivering
Up in your neck of the woods so you can live again
Who is the cock in the coupe which part the chicken in
And dem copy the books that I have written in
And when you hear from the shout
Dem no have no discipline
And dem a run up dem mouth
Them never listening
And when the Gong no deh bout
I know you're missing him
Cause lyrically no doubt i'm nitroglycerin
Mi touch down it's carousels of luggages
My flip phone, my car cell, my messages
My girl bring me parcels and packages
Marijuana cigar smells in palaces
A few coil must pop off for di charities
Cause politician a palave' pon dem promises
A new face will fulfill the prophecies
It's too late for two faced apologies

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When the fire tun down low we're only simmering
Anyhow we start get cold
Dem would be shivering
Not everything is gold because of glittering
Tell dem fi clean dem soul from all di littering
And they don't own di throne dat they be sitting in

And it was just a loan they're only sitting in
And when the king come home well what a bitter thing
Nashing of teeth and moaning upon bickering
Well mind you catch the flow it can be sickening
Only a few are chosen for the reckoning
It's Rastafari's world that unno living in
And it's a lion's jungle unno visiting
I know you've seen the posters of my images
Upon your streets and close to all your villages
My metaphors unfolding with my similies
Woman can go dance again
BOOM!

For the master has come back! (4x)