

Crossfire

Konshens

Yeahhh yeahhhh

Ah

Yo (yo)

One more gun sound
One more drop of blood pon di ground
One more ghetto youth gun down
Dead inna di cross fire (inna di cross fire)
Inna di cross fire (inna di cross fire)
One more drop of tear from mamma eye
One more innocent ghetto youth die
Dead inna di cross fire (inna di cross fire yo yo)
Inna di cross fire

Watch ya then
Nowhere to hide nowhere to run too
Dem think yuh then you life coulda done too
Mi cyan believe seh di likkle juvenile which inna di school
Deh pon di corna swing di ratchet and di gun too
Mamma seh she cyan believe a this di world a gone too
A nowadays it comin like seh betta hunt too
Nowhere no safe, not even pon yuh cornas inna yuh base
Drive by inna yuh place
Another life waste

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One more ghetto youth gun down
Dead inna di cross fire (inna di cross fire)
Inna di cross fire
One more drop of tear from mamma eye
One more innocent ghetto youth die
Dead inna di cross fire (inna di cross fire yo yo)
Inna di cross fire

Yo, watch ya then
Police a come siren alarm a signal
of flatta dead pon di corna
Dem nah go run, no dem nuh care bout di laugh and
Buss dem a go buss it mek you know seh dem a war man
But even cyan tek di war no more
Warn to di juvenile weh dead deh gun down at the corner stone
No man a pray to di lord no more
When Jah Jah big up pon di floor before gunshot come kill at the door

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Inna di cross fire
One more drop of tear from mamma eye
One more innocent ghetto youth die
Dead inna di cross fire
Inna di cross fire

Yeahhh

Nowhere to hide, nowhere to run

Everybody have a gun
From di fadda to di daughta to the son
And if you diss before you know yuh life done
Watch ya then
Nowhere to hide, nowhere to run
Everybody have a gun
And from di fadda to di daughta to the son
And if you diss before you know yuh life done, done, done

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