

# Gangster City

Popcaan

Yow notnice  
Ah popcaan  
Yuh done know every man have dem purpose pon earth  
Doh milla nine?

Yu see rasta from rasta city  
And christian from gospel city  
But we come from a gangster city

Im from a place where dog eat dog  
Mi know bout living weh hard  
From me born me see people ah starve  
Vendor get beat by sarge  
It hurt me hard when ah thug reach at di morgue  
Fi next plane fi fly guh abroad  
That's why me never drop my guard  
Nah be ah vitim of di sarge  
Im from a place where blood spill  
And nuff innocent youth get kill  
As mornig light gayl ah quarell  
Dem baby no nyam from morning  
We nuh come from ah normal town  
Wah hear when di ting dem sound  
Morris code sell me di trees by pound  
Anno bed we ah spread fi people lie dung

We living in a gangster city (this is yuh world)  
All ah me thugs weh me par wid grow rough  
None ah we nuh grow like girl  
Its a gangster city (this is yuh world)  
All ah me thugs weh me par wid grow rough  
None ah we nuh grow like girl

Me never have a bagga shoes ah one sneakers  
Badman place but there have alot ah peepers  
Nuff spy and instigaters  
Dem doh want see papi mek di papers  
Man weh yuh grow wid turn haters  
Nuff turn judas cah dem ah fakers  
Waan mi drop like sky scrappers  
Selassie i gih me blessings weh greater  
To do my best  
Cuase inna di city ah nuff pain and stress  
Wholeheap ah me friend dem deh ah med ah rest  
All now dem brother cyaa find happiness  
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