

# Rasta Love

Protoje

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To tell him  
She was in love with a rastaman  
Fyah was burnin', and burning  
To let out what she was holding in

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Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Know her story before she say it  
Daddy just want her cooperate  
Find somebody that's corporate  
Suit and tie more appropriate (Kymani Marley) cha  
Him seh him nah mek him daughta stray  
But reggae music she start fi play it  
Ital food when she salt her plate  
Militant youth weh she waan fi date  
And dat is what she need  
Marcus Garvey she start fi read  
Hair stop comb and it start look neat  
So him waan keep her off the street  
From who she with  
And dat be me  
More than a Natty head is what she see  
No lovers leap is not for me  
And she nuh want keep it a secret but she cyan tell him who she sleep with

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And she wants to be free  
From all this captivity (Kymani Marley) cha  
So she'll be who she will be  
They cyan tell her who she need  
They cyan tell her who she want  
Who she can't, she's have her owna chant  
Chart her owna plot  
And colour of her owna heart?  
Call mi over her owna apartment  
Now as I answer the phone that's the tone she start with  
She know seh she no fi part with  
One like I, even though so much impart it  
But she haffi do har owna thing  
Cah she cyan never live life of dem  
Not Knowing dat she will look back when  
To the time when she could'n explain to him cause den

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