

Rasta Love

Protoje

And she didn't know how
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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