

Movements

Roots Manuva

I bring you tents and girth to this homegrown range
Bona fide what you hear, tis the sound of pain
But pain leads to gain so we dare not stagnate
We elevate to that next state, motion divine
Glisten like crystal ball and stand tall
With this knowledge and overstanding
Enterprise landing, bringing dem new brands of buff
Yes, we come proper with potency
Ain't no blood in my body, it's liquid soul in my vein
I dance on a thin line of sane and deranged
And it's all criss once I get neatly in the cipher
Chat like pickney to the piper that pied
As this natural mystic blows through the air
These lessons of life become crystal clear
Precision of my vision is ital
Separating sharks from the blessed is vital
Now I can smell a rat coming from a mile round the corner
One time I bored ya, twice you can't couf
No, we won't stop rebuke thee
You satanics, you fools can't recruit me
Not now while there's

Movements fi make, typhoons grew
Strong and cold-sheist them a still coast through
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Strong and cold-sheist them a still coast through
Left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right

I'll slap the bacon out your mouth, dance upon your sarnie
Rolling with Jah bredren dem, God-blessed army
How the hell you gon stop this tide from steady coming
Run and catch in tune with the elements
At speed we proceed, traction for action
Hot 125, government goons get dashed to the side
Too big to slide now, though they try to disguise
I can still recognize devilworks when I see it
Weakheart disciples keep weakheart friends
Always had a hate for what their weakhearts defend
They fiend for that crack, ain't no one to tax
We might run home and smoke a brown bag of seed
Best believe that these times is treacherous
And I know not how else I'm supposed to act
But stand close to culture roots-fi
See me getting deft with that two-step shuffle
Haggling others who for the cause
Reigning with that roots type terror
Freaking at your weakheartly era but
We build, move and prove that we don't suffer fools