

When we coming home, love pick up a phone
Said, you know we both feeling something inside our heart, he
If he is to stay, had to go away
Now they both feeling they gotta be apart

To my mother, I love you, ain't no one above you
When the morning come you're still inside my heart
Them reasons, they wrong, gonna carry on
No, we got to be...

No, why does this man find them only reason to ease down they temple? yeah
Fat spliffs of weed, summertime be better when they got sensimilla
Yeah, no no no yeah, no no no yeah oh yeah oh yeah

Now, when we coming home, love pick up a phone
You know they both feeling something inside the heart, he
If he is to stay, had to go away
Now they both feeling they gotta be apart

To my bother, I love you, ain't no one above you
When the morning come you're still inside my heart
The reasons, they wrong, gonna carry on
Said, you got to be...

No, why does this man find them only reason to ease down they temple? yeah
Fat spliffs of weed, summertime be better when they got sensimilla
Yeah, no no no yeah, no no no yeah oh yeah oh yeah

Lord, I got to go, seek weed, you never know when I...
Lord, I got to go, seek weed, you never know when I...yeah
Oh Lord, I got to go, seek weed, you never know when I...
Lord, I got to go, seek weed, you never know when I...yeah