Runnings in the ghetto well hot
I know Babylon for a plot
Runnings inna Earth well hot
False rulers sit back and get fat
Runnings inna yard well hot
Can't get no food for the pot
Runnings inna Earth well hot
It come in like a melting pot

I cant stop thinking 'bout South Africa Why do my people have to suffer? Racist regime nothing to offer Not even two pence in the coffer

Women and babies under baton charge Informers, backsliders are all at large Stoning of churches even cemeteries We've been in turmoil for centuries

There must be something we can do
There must be a way we can get through
There must be something we can do
There must be a way we can get through

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Can't get no food, feel restless
Sometimes it seems so helpless
Guns, bombs, dogs and batons
We've had enough
It seems the only solution is fight rough with tough
Guns, bombs, dogs and batons
We've had enough
It seems the only solution is fight rough with tough

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We know seh them done have a plot

We know (yes we know)

We know seh the Earth a run hot

We know (I and I know)

We know Babylon got a plot

We know (yes we know)

It come in like a melting plot