

Chase Dem

Stephen Marley

Ey, and they say it's part of it
So they buying you, sell your soul
Well, my friend, the thought of it
They'll sell your soul for a piece of gold

While they in their companion slaves
Slaving through the night
I know I can find my way for there is light

Chase dem
Run them politicians
When I see dem I get cold

And they'll say it's a part of it
So they buying you, sell your soul
Well, my friend, the thought of it
They'll sell your soul for a piece of gold

While they in their companion slaves
Slaving through the night
Now I'll pave my way and I'll pave it right

Chase dem
Run them politicians
When I see dem I get cold

They'll still say it's a part of it
So they buying you, sell your soul
Well my friend, the thought of it
They'll sell your soul for a piece of gold

And they in their companion slaves
Slaving through the night
I know I can find my way for out there is light

Chase dem
Run them politicians
When I see dem I get cold

Chase
Run, run, run
Ay, ay, ay, ay

Get them out, get them out
Run them away
(Chase)