

## 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)