

Jah Army

Stephen Marley

Stidilabopa ragga muffin on the mic again
We are soldiers in Jah army
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Hear that, I say
Foundation in da Holy place
Rasta man we na run rat race
Hail up the king of kings with grace
give Jah all you thanks and praise
Guide my fortune and my fame
Never sell out just to attain
Loyally and I remain,
And I suggest you do the same again
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well I ain't got no religion
But Ive made my decision
I took a vow to spread Jah light
So don't loose focus to mission
aim for self satisfaction
By the almighty I must survive
Only the king of king can sit down pon throne
and chase the crazy bumpheads from out a'di town
and take on babylon dem evil boys pound for pound
(with helping from his image)
in his royal gown
inspire I with clever adjectives and pronoun
to influence da'yout dem with
word power and sound
We'll if you build you house pon
sand well if must fall down
what does not concern you said leave it alone
not even one but several of the
thing me bust a federal
Issused by the rasta general,
enemies dem meet them funeral
we pick the individual, sniper
have dem in a dem visual
Babylon time a reach a minimal,
we concur dem subliminal
there is warfare in a physical and
warfare in a spirtual
there is warfare in a digital, and
warfare in a clinical,
sinkle-bible marijuana me
gone check the rasta medical
dem think dem could a catch me
off guard apon de mineral

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