

Ras Trent

The Lonely Island

Jah, Rastafarianism
Yes I, Ras Trent
Who dem? You no want test me champion sound

Oh fire pon Babylon and fire pon a batty boy
Rude boy living in the shanty dorms
My roommate Nick is an ignorant ball head

Now chant down Babylon midterm essays
Then puff from de chalice
I fi make from a Sprite can

Last week I read a book about Selassie I
Then told my bomboclat parents
I was switching religions

Excuse I, oh hot stepper
You do so many dutty crimes
And plus you're fully skylarking all the time
Unnu look ya now

Have you ever noticed how ball heads suck?
Excuse I for my skanking
Give thanks and praise
Me toil part-time at Jah Cold Stone Creamery

In a dub style
Roller skates, a DVD of Cool Runnings
Murder, She Wrote

Are you there Jah? It's me, Ras Trent
Are you there Jah? It's me, Ras Trent

Are you there Jah? It's me, Ras Trent
Please guide me pon your bike path of righteousness

Oh stannaho, stannaho, stannaho, stannahoy Jah
Fussing and fighting and Zion and Roots
Red Stripe, Shabba, Ragamuffin and culture
Me night nurse never want to plant de corn