

Dem bwoy, dey a TV gangsta
Coulda neva wanna see my anger
Can you relate?
It's too late
If a bwoy think this a na go 'round ting
Control him, that a just mounting
So far bad man sling it with a right and squeeze
Any time, any night, when we live and drunk
Inna fire we no jump outta fry pan, 'pon our honor
So no war we nah shy from
This eagle inna sky, it a flies 'pon
Give me a reason or ya ready to go fight 'pon
Though it make me blaze dem thoughts
Shaking when ya hear dis mouth
Mi gangsta whenever we blazin' South
Rude bwoy only faking thoughts
So you a gangsta, you nah real or like
But you're a gangsta, you neva see a Crenshaw
So you take life, we take no response
Dem rule dem guerilla, save inna Bronx
So you run streets and some love to six
Jamaican gangsta woulda row fi see dis
So you love war and ya love preaching
Dem an Indian cubs, dem nah know 'bout my menace
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