

Life Story

Vybz Kartel

Yo ghetto youth have to make it life
No matter what them do
The best comes from the worst
Today fi u tomorrow for me
Ah d teacher

Me never know me wuda buss
From me an mummy use to tekk d buss
From third world me never know me wuda lock d first world
With new style and new flows
Like wey pac said who knows!
D Bemma d lexus d new royce
Me a free from likkle pickney days inna school clothes
When me shoes d tear out u cuda see a few toes
Me house pack and leaking d house hot we sleepin,
We house rot we bounce back when me daddy anounce dat
We move into Portmore
The sun shine the sea shore,
It still better but me still ah pree more,
From long time me stop par with babylon
And mix guns and weed selling
Thugs did tings fi me collar hype up and sweet smelling
Cops carraling, yelling don't move
We won't prove
Dem lock we up we get bail
Nex day we set sail,
Like big ship same stuff
We muda say me name cruff
But still we remain tuff
Cause better must come!

Yoo jah no steven yo mi ah likkle yute star
Me faddah don hav ah son see wah mi ah say
Ah likkle component yet still
And as a yute me usually watch all me uncle
Dem dj pon it and ting and yuh see me bare big man
And dem da burn all dem weed
And dem ting dey as a likkle yute dawg
Yooo me nuh kno me jus wish me cuda be like dem

YOU SEE ME

Me never know me wudda buss,
And thugs ah say addi d daddda
See it dey it feel good fi buy ah house fi me mudda,
When me son have birthdayz anything he want him get
And anonothing when me a yute ah backstroke me use get
Me use to haffi beg ah spliff ah rizzla ah cigarette
If me no hustle ah road I cud not own yet
Me never pree fi own car me own home me own jet
Dutty chat mek me mouth wet now me see outlet
Inna d suffer and d hunger
Ah police name blood wan kill me wen me younger
Him yuni have ah gun wey roollll thunder
Circle if he ah muder me but God say ah never fill me number
Me use to pray to fadah god at night time
To make me parents dem live fi see addi turn somebody

Mi love mommy me love daddy
Same love me give to rahiem, and jahiem and chayen
Me ah me sons daddy

Yo big man thing still, buju banton first time me go studio
And hear da yute dey me checks da DJ thing
But me ah put dung d artist thing one time me na lie
And a next time too yooo some bwoy ah order phone
Uzza pussy dem tru warrior king and dem dey buss before me
DI bwoy and dem so high and baload man dey worthless
Yuh see wah man ah did man like ah fool

Me never know me wudda buss,
2k2 was the year ah grey dry fi ear
KARTEL OF career like trilla me change gear
Better each lyric when me member ppl use to say u na buss yuh ah gimic
Dem affi watch me now pon dem tv
Or pay fi see me my presents no free
Nuff girls use to call addi eye and ballon
Now me walkin pon dem like floor in a room
The first police wey lock me up for disrespect
Me was a joy ask me wah me do
Me say artist him say me unemployed
Lock me up me nuh hav no lawyer
So ah jail me sleep in and now me pass him inna bema
Who ah d man U ah d boy?
No matter who u is, where u from, who u are
Ghetto yute we need money nuff house and nuff car
From you black u ah nigga every nigga is ah star
Who nuh like dat drop ah sleep