

# I Get Out

Ziggy Marley

You want me to play the game, you tried again and again  
To sell myself for fame, fit in the format man  
To suit the image you want portrayed, so the people are still enslaved  
You can't define what we do, I won't be put in a box for you

I get out, I get out, I get, I get out, I get out  
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I of the universe, won't be prisoners of your little world  
The mind is limitless where time does not exist  
We travel far beyond the realms of expectations  
And I refuse to be what you expect of me

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What would you lose to gain, the price is high to pay  
Desire not to be like them, to follow the dream of sin  
Oh, blessed are the meek and humble my own spirit  
'Cause music is a holy thing, oh, we giving thanks for the blessings

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Mama, I get out, I get out, papa, I get out, I get out

Said, "I'm gonna hit it down", said, "I'm gonna kick it down"  
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I get out, I get out, I get, I get out, I get out