

Road to Zion (feat. Nas)

Damian "Jr. Gong" Marley

Yeah, man
Jah will be waiting there, we a shout
Jah will be waiting there In this world of calamity
Dirty looks and grudges and jealousy
And police weh abuse dem authority
Media clowns weh nuh know 'bout variety, boom The youngest veteran a go murder dem slow
Ragga muffin' sent to call me from the bush bungalow
Unnu watch mek I clear out my voice now Figaro
Emerge from the darkness with mi big blunt a glow Mi hammer dem a slam and spectator get
low
Some bwoy coulda big like Bam Bam Biggalow
Bust of trigger finger, trigger hand and trigger toe
A two gun mi have mi bust dem inna stereo 'cause
I got to keep on walking
On the road to Zion, man
We got to keeps it burning
On the road to Zion, man Clean and pure meditation without a doubt
Don't mek dem take you like who dem took out
Jah will be waiting there, we a shout
Jah will be waiting there In this world of calamity
Dirty looks and grudges and jealousy
And police weh abuse dem authority
Media clowns weh nuh know 'bout variety Single parents weh need some charity
Youths weh need some love and prosperity
Instead of broken dreams and tragedy
By any plan and any means and strategy
Say, we got to keep on walking
On the road to Zion, man
I've been waiting to do this track with you man, yeah, ha, ha
Yeah, yeah You know, they know
We got to keep on walking
On the road to Zion, man
Yeah, you gotta keep walking y'all
You gotta keep Sometimes I can't help but feel helpless
I'm havin' daymares in daytime
Wide awake try to relate
This can't be happenin' like I'm in a dream while I'm walkin' Cause what I'm seein' is haunting
Human beings like ghost and zombies
President Mugabe holding guns to innocent bodies
In Zimbabwe They make John Pope seem Godly
Sacriligious and blasphemous
In my lifetime I look back at paths I've walked

Where savages fought and pastors taught Prostitutes stomp in high heel boots
 And badges screaming, "Young black children, stop or I will shoot"
 I look back at cooked crack
 Plus cars that pass by Jaguars mad fly
 And I'm guilty for materialism
 Blacks is still up in the prison
 Trust that So save me your sorries, I'm raising an army
 Revolutionary warfare with Damian Marley
 We sparkin' the ions, marching to Zion
 You know how Nas be NYC, state of mind I'm in In this world of calamity
 Dirty looks and grudges and jealousy
 And police weh abuse dem authority
 Media clowns weh nuh know 'bout variety, boom The youngest veteran a go murder dem slow
 Ragga muffin' sent to call me from the bush bungalow
 Unnu watch mek I clear out my voice now Figaro
 Emerge from the darkness with mi big blunt a glow Mi hammer dem a slam and spectator get
 low
 Some bwoy coulda big like Bam Bam Biggalow
 Bust of trigger finger, trigger hand and trigger toe
 A two gun mi have mi bust dem inna stereo 'cause I got to keep on walking
 On the road to Zion, man
 We got to keeps it burning
 On the road to Zion, man Clean and pure meditation without a doubt
 Don't mek dem take you like who dem took out
 Jah will be waiting there, we a shout
 Jah will be waiting there Clean and pure meditation without a doubt
 Don't mek dem take you like who dem took out
 Jah will be waiting there, we a shout
 Jah will be waiting there In this world of calamity
 Dirty looks and grudges and jealousy
 And police weh abuse dem authority
 Media clowns weh nuh know 'bout variety Single parents weh need some charity
 Youths weh need some love and prosperity
 Instead of broken dreams and tragedy
 By any plan and any means and strategy Instead of broken dreams and tragedy
 Youths weh need some love and prosperity
 Instead of broken dreams and tragedy
 By any plan and any means and any strategy, ay, say I got to keep on walking
 On the road to Zion, man
 You know, we got to keep on walking
 On the road to Zion, man

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>