

Damian Marley - Road To Zion

Tom: Ab

Album: Welcome to JamRock
 tabbed by: qweyet Gi

Here's the lyrics as well. Leave your criticisms.

Fm Cm7 F2

Fm Cm7 Fm

Fm F2 Fm

Intro: Yeah Man...
 Jah will be waiting there, We a shout
 Jah will be waiting there

Chorus 1:
 In this world of calamity
 Dirty looks and grudges and jealousy
 And police weh abuse dem authority
 Media clowns weh nuh know 'bout variety

Verse 1:
 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 me big blunt a glow
 Me hammer dem a slam and spectator get low
 Some boy coulda big like Bam Bam Biggalow
 Bust of trigger finger, trigger hand and trigger toe
 A two gun me have me bust dem in a stereo 'cause

Bridge:
 I got to keep on walking on the road to Zion, man
 We gots to keeps it burning on the road to Zion, man

Chorus 2:
 Clean and pure meditation without a doubt
 Don't make dem take you like who dem took out
 Jah will be waiting there we a shout
 Jah will be waiting there!

Bridge:
 Say!
 We got to keep on walking on the road to Zion, man
 (Nas: 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...)

Verse 2:
 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
 Sacrilegious 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
 We sparkin' the ions, marching to Zion
 You know how Nas be NYC state of mind I'm in

[Chorus 1]

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

[Bridge]

[Chorus 2]
 [Chorus 2]

[Chorus 1]

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,

[Bridge/Outro]

Acordes

