

# 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 Cm F2

Fm Cm 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

