Blackman Redemption

Whoa-A Natty Congo
A Dreadlock Congo
Whoa-A Natty Congo
A Blackman Redemption

Woe-yo yee, ye, a Blackman Redemption
woe, yoe
No need, no need to get jumpy
No need, and a no need to get bumpy
And a no need, and a no need to get bumpy
No need, need, need to get jumpy

Youth and youth agree to, cool runnings
Can you dig it, cool runnings yeah, one more time
A beg ya, cool running, can you stop it
Cool runnings, spread out, speard out, spread out
Spread out, look out

Tell you about the Blackman Redemption
Can you dig it, oh yeah
A Blackman Redemption, can you stop it
Oh! no, Oh! no, Oh! no

Coming from the root of King David
Through the line of Solomon
His Imperial Majesty is the Power of Authorithy
Spread out, spread out, spread out, spread out
Spread out, spread out

No need, no need, no need to get jumpy
And a no need, and a no need to walk away

Let me tell bout ya
Cool runnings, can you dig it, cool runnings
It's one more time we want it
Cool runnings, cool runnings, spread out
Spread out, spread out, spread out, spread out

It's just a Blackman Redemption
Can you dig it, woe-yoe
Blackman Redemption, can you stop it, Oh! no Oh! No
"Redemption song"

Old pirates, yes, they rob I;
Sold I to the merchant ships,
Minutes after they took I
From the bottomless pit.
But my hand was made strong
By the hand of the Almighty.
We forward in this generation
Triumphantly.
Won't you help to sing
These songs of freedom?
'Cause all I ever have:
Redemption songs,
Redemption songs.

Emancipate yourselves from mental
slavery;
None but ourselves can free our mind.
Wo! Have no fear for atomic energy,
'Cause none of them-a can-a stop-a the
time.
How long shall they kill our prophets,
While we stand aside and look?
Yes, some say it's just a part of it:
We've got to fulfill the book.
Won't you have to sing
These songs of freedom? -
'Cause all I ever had:
Redemption songs -
All I ever had:
Redemption songs:
These songs of freedom,
Songs of freedom.

Won't you help to sing
These songs of freedom?
'Cause all I ever have:
Redemption songs,
Redemption songs,
Redemption songs.
---
/Guitar break/
---
Emancipate yourselves from mental
Survival

How can you be sitting there
Telling me that you care
That you care
When everytime I look around
The people suffer in suffering
In everyday. In everywhere

Na-na-na-na-na
We're the survivors; yes, the black survival

I tell you what
Some people got everything
Some people got nothing
Some people got hopes and dreams
Some people got ways and means

Na-na-na-na-na
We're the survivors; yes, the black survival
Yes we're the survivors like
Daniel out of the lions' den, survivors,
survivors

So my brethren, my sisthren
Which way will we choose
We better hurry, oh hurry woe now
'Cause we got no time to lose

Some people got facts and claims
Some people got pride and shame
Some people got the plots and schemes
Some people got no aim it seems

Na-na-na-na-na

We're the survivors; yes, the black survival
We're the survivors; yes, the black survival
We're the survivors like shadrach, meshach
and abednego

So my brethren, my sisthren
The preaching and talking is done
We gotta live up woe now, woe now
'Cause the father's time has come
Some people put the best outside
Some people keep the best inside
Some people can't stand up strong
Some people won't wait for long

Na-na-na-na-na
We're the survivors; a black survival
In this age of technological inhumanity
We're the survivors black survival
Scientific atrocity, we're the survivors
Atomic mis-philosophy, we're the survivors
Nuclear mis-energy
It's a world that forces lifelong insecurity
All together now we're the survivors

Yes, the black survival
A good man is never honoured in his own
country, black survival
Nothing change, nothing strange
Nothing change, nothing strange
We got to survive, we've got to survive
But to live as one equal in the eyes of the
almighty
**Africa Unite**

Africa, Unite
'Cause we're moving right out of Babylon
And we're going to our father's land

How good and how pleasant it would be
Before God and man, yeah
To see the unification of all Africans, yeah
As it's been said already let it be done, yeah
We are the children of the Rastaman
We are the children of the Higher Man

Africa, Unite 'cause the children wanna come home
Africa, Unite 'cause we're moving right out of Babylon
And we're grooving to our father's land

How good and how pleasant it would be
Before God and man
To see the unification of all Rastaman, yeah

As it's been said already let it be done, yeah
I tell you who we are under the sun
We are the children of the Rastaman
We are the children of the Higher Man

So, Africa, Unite, Africa, Unite
Unite for the benefit of your people
Unite for it's later than you think

Unite for the benefit of your people
Unite for it's later than you think
Brain Washing

Wooo-ohhhh
Old Mr. Joe he build a house, yeah
On top of some hill
Old Mr. Joe knew he had to go, so
He got right down and wrote a will
He say now here is to mother hen, and her chicken,
lord have mercy now
Master will you take a roll in the mud,
like he know he should

The old barnyard, the old barnyard, birds and the chick,
ooh-ee
Who's got to watch out for brother mongoose,
with his top hap and walking stick
It's just the poor's brainwashing
They told me a long time gone, it's just the poor's brain washing,
ooh-ee [the old brain washing]
Now look at a thing like this
Cinderella and her long lost fellow, in the midnight hour,
she lost her silver slipper
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, while Jack and Jill
had themselves a fall
It's just the poor [brain washing]
And I don't need it no longer
It's just the poor's brain washing
Coming through to a poor man's child, ooh-ee, look at this

Little Miss Muffet she sat on her tuffet
While Little Red Ridinghood delivered her Grandma's food
Ooh-ee ooh-ee, ooh-ee
Look at one more thing like this
The cow jumping over the moon, while the dish got jealous,
he grabbed the hand of the spoon
It's just the poor brain washing, and I don't need it no longer
I don't want it no longer
I don't need it no longer
And I don't care for no more brain washing
It isn't good for my soul...
**Rastaman Live Up**

Rastaman live up, Bongoman don't give up
Congoman live up, Bingyman don't give up
Keep your culture, don't be afraid
Of the vulture, grow your dreadlock
Don't be afraid of the wolf pack

Rastaman live up, Bingyman don't give up
Congoman live up, Bongoman don't give up

David slew Goliath with a sling and a stone
Samson slew the Philistines with a donkey jawbone
Iyaman live up, Rastaman don't give up
Bingyman live up, Congoman don't give up

Trodding thru creation, in a irie meditation
Seen many visions, in a this yah armageddon
Rastaman live up, Congoman don't give up
Rastaman live up, Natty Dread no give up

Saw it in the beginning
So shall it be in this iwa (time)
And they fallen in confusion
Well a just a step from Babel Tower
Rastaman live up, Congoman no give up

(repeat)

Grow your dreadlocks
Don't be afraid of the wolf pack
A tell you, one man a walking
And a billion man a sparking
Get Up, Stand Up

Get Up, Stand Up, stand up for your right (3 times) Get Up, Stand Up, don't give up the fight Preacher man don't tell me heaven is under the earth I know you don't know what life is really worth Is not all that glitters in gold and Half the story has never been told So now you see the light, aay Stand up for your right. Come on Get Up, Stand Up, stand up for your right Get Up, Stand Up, don't give up the fight (Repeat) Most people think great God will come from the sky Take away ev'rything, and make ev'rybody feel high But if you know what life is worth You would look for yours on earth And now you see the light You stand up for your right, yeah! Get Up, Stand Up, stand up for your right Get Up, Stand Up, don't give up the fight Get Up, Stand Up. Life is your right So we can't give up the fight Stand up for your right, Lord, Lord Get Up, Stand Up. Keep on struggling on Don't give up the fight We're sick and tired of your ism and skism game Die and go to heaven in Jesus' name, Lord We know when we understand Almighty God is a living man You can fool some people sometimes But you can't fool all the people all the time So now we see the light We gonna stand up for our right So you'd better get up, stand up, stand up for your right Get Up, Stand Up, don't give up the fight Get Up, Stand Up, stand up for your right Get Up, Stand Up, don't give up the fight.
Small Axe

Why boasteth thyself, oh evil men,
Playing smart and not being clever?
I say you're working iniquity to achieve
vanity, yeah,
But the goodness of JAH JAH endureth
forever.

If you are the big tree,
We are the small axe.
Sharpened to cut you down,
Ready to cut you down.

These are the words of my master.
Keep on telling me
No weak heart shall prosper,
Oh, no they can't.

And whosoever diggeth a pit, Lord,
Shall fall in it, shall fall in it.
Whosoever diggeth a pit shall bury in it,
Shall bury in it.

If you are the big tree,
We are the small axe
Sharpened to cut you down,
Ready to cut you down.

And whosoever diggeth a pit shall fall in it,
fall in it.
Whosoever diggeth a pit shall bury in it,
shall bury in it.

If you have a big tree,
Slave Driver

Slave driver the table is turned
Catch a fire so you can get burned
Slave driver the table is turned
Catch a fire you're gonna get burned

Ev'ry time I hear the crack of the whip
My blood runs cold
I remember on the slave ship
How they brutalised our very souls
Today they say that we are free
Only to be chained in poverty
Good god, I think it's all illiteracy
It's only a machine that make money

Slave driver the table is turned

Slave driver the table is turned baby now
Catch a fire so you can get burned baby
now
Slave driver the table is turned
Catch a fire so you can get burned

Ev'ry time I hear the crack of the whip
My blood runs cold
I remember on the slave ship
How they brutalised our very souls

Oh god have mercy on our souls
Buffalo Soldier

Buffalo Soldier, Dreadlock Rasta
There was a Buffalo Soldier
In the heart of America
Stolen from Africa, brought to America
Fighting on arrival, fighting for survival

I mean it, when I analyse the stench
To me, it makes a lot of sense
How the Dreadlock Rasta was the Buffalo Soldier
And he was taken from Africa, brought to America
Fighting on arrival, fighting for survival

Said he was a Buffalo Soldier, Dreadlock Rasta
Said he was a Buffalo Soldier, in the heart of America

If you know your history
Then you would know where you coming from
Then you wouldn't have to ask me
Who the heck do I think I am

I'm just a Buffalo Soldier
In the heart of America
Stolen from Africa, brought to America
Said he was fighting on arrival
Fighting for survival
Said he was a Buffalo Soldier
Win the war for America

Dreadie, woe yoe yoe, woe woe yoe yoe

Woe yoe yoe yoe, yo yo woe yo, woe yoe yoe
(repeat)

Buffalo Soldier, trodding through the land
Said he wanna ran, then you wanna hand
Trodding through the land, yea, yea

Said he was a Buffalo Soldier
Win the war for America
Buffalo Soldier, Dreadlock Rasta
Fighting on arrival, fighting for survival
Driven from the mainland
To the heart of the caribbean

Singing, woe yoe yoe, woe woe yoe yoe
Woe yoe yoe yoe, yo yo woe yo woe yo yoe
(repeat)

Trodding through San Juan
In the arms of America
Trodding through Jamaica, a Buffalo Soldier
Fighting on arrival, fighting for survival
Buffalo Soldier, Dreadlock Rasta
Singing, woe yoe yoe, woe woe yoe yoe
Woe yoe yeo yoe, yo yo woe yo woe yo yoe