

# Damian Marley "Jr. Gong", Catch A Fire

Every time I ear di crack of di whip my blood runs cold,  
I remember on di slave ship how dey brutalise your very soul,  
Today dey say that we are free  
Only to be jailed in poverty,  
Good god I think its a little ,  
Only a that makes,

Slave driver, your table has turned  
Catch a fire, your gonna get burned  
Slave driver, your table has turned  
Catch a fire, your gonna get burned

Dem take up di ghetto youths and give dem pure magazine,  
An take up on dem set an give dem bare 16,  
An play dem dirty game applaud di bloods and skins,  
An watch dem like a show of a view big screen,  
An can we bread a dem an go buy dem cream?  
Turn dem inna police an bring dem in pon dem team  
Him drive ten grand worth a government larder,  
An fight against di ones who have di same forefather,  
Him next door neighbour, all weed we charge for,  
WI children slaughter,  
An weed dem wan murder,  
Jus read di observer,  
Right now di city can get no obsurder,  
Of the 400 years a no leap wi brown sugar,  
We ambush we bred a,  
An gwan like whenever,  
Use to plan slave revolt an a dem push dem together,  
We change jus like di weather.

Every time I ear di crack of di whip, my blood runs at me, (its runnin cold)  
I remember on di slave ship how dey brutalise your very soul,  
Today dey say that we are free  
Only to be jailed in poverty,  
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son's of slaves child,  
now son's of di slave driver,  
na space slave ride an hide a,  
an if dem could, dem would tax you pon saliva,  
how much more must we die for?  
the ones in the cars when we standing at da car minus,  
the government bogus, they don't work for us,  
instead dem chain and whip you with da best stick first,  
and guns and aids and drugs,  
cause most of di youths with di school in dey mouth,  
can get no money from legitimate jobs,  
den a wonder,  
why dem grab chain and bags,  
you influence di youth a turn dem gays and fags,  
And rest den can afford not even torn up rags,  
But table a turn a mi turntable spun,  
Di fiya we a catch up all a blaze and a burn,  
Dats why anytime you say Rasta ya run!  
Eh yo!

Slave driver, your table has turned  
Catch a fire, your gonna get burned  
Slave driver, your table has turned  
Catch a fire, your gonna get burned

We no wan nah Babylon government wey ya burn down ganja man tent,  
And dem a come wit dem one bag o tax argument when we can pay rent,  
Me side dem a leave ghetto youths every which part dem went dem a be round corner dem bent,  
So next time dem pass through you and ya crew don give dem no encouragement,  
Eh yo, jus start run dem out and start burn dem out a ya environment,  
An yo, we wan no bout da eva red cent o di poor people money dem spent,  
An den, we wan no down to who pay di bill when di prime minister car dent,  
An yo, we wan know when dem come repossess all these guns and jobs theyve sent

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Thanks to ishi23442003 for adding these lyrics