

# Khaki Suit

## Damian "Jr. Gong" Marley

Yeah!  
Yes mi lion a mi name Jr. Gong  
Mi unique DJ, dread  
Whatch yaWell a me name Jr.Gong  
Me seh look how mi natty tall  
Who nuh know me from dem see me  
Me a living top-a-nor  
See Clarky boot and khaki suit  
You think me go a Calabar  
Well pitty dem nuh know seh every dreadlocks is a star  
Ever quick with the lyrics we never quit when we talk  
Fi get hit you haffi fit equipped fi spit a fire ball  
City fit inna mi grip and me a squeeze it till it small  
Every itty little bitty drip till none nuh left at all  
Go tell flipitty lip Philip fi mine how him a talk  
No pity like yosemite sam when time when we a war  
And dem better know wi' vehicle and dem better mark wi' car  
And keep a distance no sa ka man will full y'uh face a scar  
You go run fi the uptown man dem but a we and dem a par and  
You run fi the ghetto man dem but a we and dem a par  
And you run fi the country man dem but a we and dem a par  
We a bun' some ganja spliff weh build up bigger then cigar.  
Watch ya dread  
Flash it, flash it, dreadlocks  
Bim!And politican a drive dem car tell dem nuh steer come over here  
When dem touch down pon the ends you only hear seh war declare  
Man clap inna town and man a clap it inna square  
and whole heap a skull a bore and then whole heap a flesh tear  
Wait! Some man a run down grammy fi di gunman fi the year  
And a weh mek poor people haffi live it inna fear  
One shirt deh pon dem back and dem nuh have nothing more fi wear  
And man one desert a done and still cannot afford a pair  
Cannot find nuh vasoline fi moisturize dem daughter hair  
And the bulla price a rise and it nuh dearer than the pear  
An' a so mi get fi know seh heads a government nuh care  
'Cause the money them a share, a crate a Guinness, crate a beer  
Cannot pay your little pickney school fee come to end a year  
Tell the youth dem seh fi get them education and prepare  
Rastafari nah go give nuh man no more than he can bear  
Catch a fire, it a bun' so tell the 'tican dem beware  
Lord a mercy! Flash it, Flash it, Flash it, dreadlocks  
Flash it, Flash it, Flash it

Bim!Warlord and Jr. Gong, when yuh hear dat tune yah bomb  
Haffi send in numba one, yuh can assume dat is di bomb  
Fi di gold and fi di yak cau man fi tun hooligan  
Like Stephen and Julian, Rasta dem nuh cooleyman  
Babylon dem truly wrong, but dem waan fi fool di man  
But dem waan fi gi we jumped, and dem war dem truly man  
I an I a nuh fool 'cau mi try to school di man  
How dem fi try to school di don  
Dem seh Bounty is di beast in di eye of di beholder  
Compare him to Hitler and iyah told yuh  
Seh dem a high roller dem a Babylon stroller  
Seh dat there cold, but Jr. Gong colda. cross, angry.Lord a mercy! Lord a mercy!Mi muma mi  
muma mi muma mi muma,  
Bella bella, bella, bella, bella oy!  
Jah know seh she roam in wid house of papa,  
Bella bella, bella, bella, bella oy!  
Mi only have one big sista and dem kill mi bredda  
Hey! Dem seh dat yuh must fight black power  
Hey! Dem man deh bwoy deh back bi bowa  
Hey! Di bwoy deh a come from Bulava  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>