

Two Sevens Clash

Culture

Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash
Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash My good old prophet Marcus Garvey prophesize, say
"St. Jago de la Vega and Kingston is gonna read"
And I can see with mine own eyes
It's only a housing scheme that divide Wat a liiv an bambaie, it dread
When the two sevens clash
Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash Look up a cotton tree out by Ferry police station
How beautiful it used to be
And it has been destroyed by lightning,
Earthquake and thunder, I say, what?
Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash - it dread
Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash I take a ride sometimes
On Penn Overland and Bronx
And sometimes I ride on bus X-82, say what? Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash
Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash Marcus Garvey was inside of Spanish Town district Prison
And when they were about to take him out
He prophesied and said
"As I have passed through this gate" "No other prisoner shall enter and get through"
And so it is until now
The gate has been locked, so what?
Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash, it dread
Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash, it bitter, bitter, bitter Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash, a man a go feel it
Wat a liiv an bambaie
When the two sevens clash, you better do right

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