

# Rock Stone (feat. Capleton & Sizzla)

## Stephen Marley

Rock stone was my pillow  
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I say, rock stone was my pillow  
Rock stone was my pillow  
1; Capleton  
Hear de man say  
R-R-Rock stone was my pillow  
Couldna find place fi sleep  
Pot dem empty, we haffi find food fi eat  
Everyday we terrorize  
By soldier and police  
When the thing dem a strum  
And the thing dem a beat  
From dem a play cowboy  
And Indian, and chief  
From the first, to the third  
Straight up to seven street  
One thing in a we mind  
Haffe trample the beast  
And make it in a life  
And inherit as the meek  
Self employed, cannot get lay off  
Mount a work mi have  
Can't even get a day off  
Who did waan fi stop mi now  
Dem find out seh dem way off  
Alright  
So mi seh one by one, one by one  
One by one we stepping out ah babylon  
And then one by one, one by one  
Hail the King Selassie I, the conquering lion  
Lion, Lion  
Rock stone was my pillow  
Rock stone was my pillow  
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Rock stone was my pillow  
2; Sizzla:  
Help us Jah  
Take us from the slum  
Neva giveup matta what

Strictly fire burn  
Hail rasta, take us from the slum  
Neva giveup matta what  
King Selassie I blessing come  
Sufferation is a thing  
Could be no harder time  
Got to widen your views  
Got to broaden your mind  
What we face in the ghetto  
Nowhere else can you find  
Hunger, poverty, a system so unkind  
As a matter of fact  
There is an aftershock  
When cold ground was my bed  
And my pillow was a rock  
Try to make it through the system  
All the doors were locked  
Yet nothing beats a try  
And so I ain't go stop  
Mount a time they write a book on you  
A set amount a crap  
They would a put on you  
Yet when you in the dirt  
They wouldn't look on you  
They would only scorn  
And wanna wipe they foot on you  
So open up, Zion door  
Ethiopia Africa for sure  
Liberate the poor, the poor, eh  
Mi nah lie, true mi hail  
Selassie I dem waah fi war I  
Read mi bible  
Turn to peace  
And praise 'tafari  
Goodbye babylon goodbye, goodbye  
Open up zion door  
Mount Zion Ethiopia for sure  
Children of Israel, children of Israel, Eh  
Rock stone was my pillow  
Rock stone was my pillow  
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3; Stephen Marley:  
Hear me now  
Jah man me cool, nuh stumble like you  
Walk pon di street, me nuh gwaan for fool  
Arrive at the dance, di mic a my tool  
Eat pon table, sit inna stool

Me black me brown, me brown no black  
Ribz an me chest, me spine a me back  
Wait till you hear, when dis riddim drop  
Head, you toe, you body a rock  
From mi pon di mic, Steve Marley ah chat  
Firm and strong, doh step pon the lot  
The peaceful, righteous, Rastaman  
Rod of correction, inna mi hand  
Preachin out to man and woman  
Give riches to King Solomon  
Now, bass come out, and treble a top  
Cap an no buck, an nuh a no cap  
Sweetest singer, was sugar minott  
Man a come in and ah give me a shot  
Dracula tun inna Vampire bat  
When him see sun, him cyah take that  
Eye dem dark, fi use contact  
I pon the mic, Raggamuffin a chat  
Fi mi head dread, me head it no plat  
Nuh fraid ah no mouse, nuh fraid ah no rat  
Pray to Jah, me never will stop  
We hot no cold, wah cold nuh hot  
Live in a house, no live in a flat  
Up inna zion, De righteous will top  
Jah blow breeze, the devil cannot  
Rock stone was my pillow  
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...End.

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