

Wearing Her Crown

Midnite

Rastaman sing for her a line
Sing to her a line
How not to notice
Look at her taste
The banquet is in her hands
They're depending on her things

Orchestrater
This time is one of many times
So she was called upon to serve her people, her people

It looks like they're joyfully
Ambiently socializing in line

That little black woman holding this whole thing down
Disgruntled she cheerfully scold them to cheer from frown
She rad and you say yes mama
In front of everyone all around
So mama keep on wearing her crown
Keep on wearing her crown

She run her kitchen with know how
Don't play around
She dun see no and still call and say bring the youth dem come around

Mama keep on wearing her crown
Rastaman sing for her a line
Sing for her a line

For all she didn't know
She knew how
Enough to make them seek her know how
With competence and careful preparation with love
She experience guile
So she know the serpent and dove is all love

Strength and helping hands
For just to keep her among
A blessing her birth
And a benefit to all her ones
All her ones

Her crown, mama keep on wearing her crown

Jah bless them the fruit of her lines
Her daughters and sons
And Jah bless the parentage and guiding principles that gave us such a one s
uch a one

Well how she love to work from the rising of Sun
Yes, she make to feel ashemeth the younger ones
That's why her people love her with floodgates
Of food and happiness
Celebration a gwaan