

# Letter to the Editor

Thievery Corporation

Letter to the Editor  
Pocket full a promises  
Baby empty bellies  
Poverty and Democracies  
And political rallies  
But who the rich a lobby for  
Using me for votes  
Pretend a mi yuh sorry for  
Then win and its a joke  
I'm sick of trick or treaters in costumes like dem as leaders  
Charismatic public speakers  
False prophets and fake healers  
Articulate perfect grammar scammer  
Scamming us for votes  
Infront of tv camera with an innocent approach  
Nuh mo lies and fallacies  
Bun apologies  
Try nuh ask please when a squeeze and yuh pan yuh knees  
Justice or else says the minister Farakhan  
Suh me stand up a Gordon house  
Wid my Glock Inna me hand  
If I take it literally, f\*ck it geez I'm kinda sorry  
But smaddy need Fi answer  
Gimmi Di microphone and Mek mi rep di innocent paying recompense for money s  
pent to feed the governments  
Yo! Gimmi Di microphone get the people riled up too much f\*ckery Piled up ge  
t di ting dem oiled up  
Parallel universes in the same Ol' hemisphere  
Authorities they don't care with dem nose up in the air  
Cause our bombs dem metaphoric  
We talk Di truth and mek Di youths dem better for it  
Cause I'm a fighter, yeah  
If you agree put up yuh lighter, yeah

Mek the stench from ghetto fences permeate dem residences extend up through  
the trenches up to where the presidents is

Karma pan Di ones and twos yes it turn the tables  
Had enough a you with your parable and fables  
Jamaican bad gal queen and revolutionary  
Neva quick Fi start a war but shoot whenever necessary  
Product of the inner city  
Where me come from it nuh pretty  
Survive the nitty gritty  
Ain't nobody taking pity  
Survival kinda sticky  
In New York Cali and philly  
A di same ting a gwaan in a Kingston

Cause our bombs dem metaphoric  
We talk Di truth and mek Di youths dem better for it  
Cause I'm a fighter, yeah  
If you agree put up yuh lighter, yeah  
These are the da days of the last days, pan the last page of Di book of the  
dark age  
We a path ways wid oppressors  
Seek Predecessors

Wake up ancestors  
Den we team up together  
We will meet we will meet pan Di battle Di battle ground  
Trade mi microphone  
For a shottie and some copper stones  
Just be ready When Di gavel sound  
Bun a folly ground fus  
Jah surround us  
So We never nervous  
Was a mental war now this shit turn physical  
From long time scar we a reap the residual  
From slavery to now, now the ting get critical  
Dem CyAh kill we soul cause dem sight sey we spiritual  
So They be like, hey  
Prod the bull under Sykes as subliminal, get them mad  
Then chastise dem as criminal  
Give wi drugs under guise sey it clinical