

Raised up from a seed down in San Diego
Only culture only Rhythim only thing that a brother knows
Don't give a shit for politics, new whips or fancy clothes
New Adidas, Nikes, Fillas, and them hats and Kangol's
Only music in my soul so music everywhere we go
Right around Jah globe man decide to hit the road
Leave my mother and my father, brother, families at home
Down through Mexico and up through Colorado
Past the sea and through the desert
Over mountains into snow
Deep up past the knees from my head down to my toes
Trees up in my pocket, smoke goes
Where the wind blows
Over through the land and traveling to another show Soooo,
While we in the area
Light it up, not daring you
Why some never hearing you
Cause your sound boy him delirious
Tribal seeds is in the area
Causing mass hysteria
Still drinking more beer than you
All other sound it is inferior

You better know who you are
And where you come from
Lay the path to the place where you belong
From the day you were born
To where you trod on
No one holds you to limitation
We the seeds in your area
Slightly Stoopid mashing up America
Like the music in psalms of King Solomon
Let it be heard by all generations
So tell me watta gwan all the youth rebellion
Light up the world in a revolution
Wisdom in the song to keep your head strong
In allegiance to the dub nation
Watch them all sing along to the rastaman chant
Take on the world with a guitar at hand
So tell me what you gonna do when them tell you to stop
Run them over
So what you gonna do now when them tell you to stop
Run them over
Tribal seeds in your area
Systems we never fearing you
Light it up, we not daring you
Triumph over inferior