

## JAM ROCK – Damien Marley Gm F / A G# G Bass Riff

D A# A G G G A# A G G G

Welcome to Jamrock, camp whe' da' thugs them camp at  
Two pounds a weed inna van back  
It inna your hand bag, your knapsack,  
it inna your back pack  
The smell a give yah girlfriend contact  
Some boy nuh know dis,  
them only come around like tourist  
On the beach with a few club sodas  
Bedtime stories, and pose like them name Chuck Norris  
And don't know the real hardcore  
Cause Sandals a no 'back-to',  
da thugs Dem wi do whe' them got to  
And won't think twice to shot you  
Don't make them spot you,  
unless you carry guns a lot too  
A bare tough thing come at you  
unless you carry guns a lot too  
When Trenchtown man stop laugh and block-off traffic  
Then them wheel and pop off and them start clap it  
With the pin file dung and it a beat rapid  
Police come inna jeep and them cant stop it  
Some say them a playboy, a playboy rabbit  
Funnyman a get dropped like a bad habit  
So nobody pose tough if you don't have it  
Rastafari stands alone!

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[Chorus]

D A# A G G G A# A G G G

Welcome to Jamrock (Southside, Northside)  
Welcome to Jamrock (East Coast, West Coast, huh, yo)  
Welcome to Jamrock (Cornwall, Middlesex and Surrey) Hey!  
Welcome to Jamrock  
Out in the streets, they call it murder!!!

[Outro]

D A# A G G G A# A G G G

Jamaica Jamaica! Jamaica Jamaica! Now!  
Jamaica Jamaica! Yo! Jamaica Jamaica!  
Welcome to Jamrock, Welcome to Jamrock

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[Chorus]

D A# A G G G A# A G G G  
Welcome to Jamrock, Welcome to Jamrock  
Out in the streets, they call it murder!

[Verse 2]

D A# A G G G A# A G G G  
Welcome to Jamdown, poor people a dead at random  
Political violence, can't done!

Pure ghost and phantom, the youth

Dem get blind by stardom

Now the Kings Of Kings a call

Old man to Pickney, so wave unno hand if you with me

To see the sufferation sicken me

Them suit no fit me, to win election them trick we

Den them don't do nuttin at all

D A# A G G G A# A G G G

Come on let's face it, a ghetto education's basic

A most a the youths them waste it

And when them waste it,

that's when them take da guns and replace it

Then them don't stand a chance at all

And that's why a nuff little youth have up some fat matic

With the extra magazine inna them back pocket

And a bleach a night time inna some black jacket

All who not lock glocks, them a lock rocket

Then will full you up a current like a short circuit

Dem a run a roadblock which part the cops block it

And from now till a morning not stop clock it

If them run outta rounds a bruck back ratchet

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