



Soom T
Dirty Money EP
[JTR07]

all lyrics by
Sumati Bhardwaj

Dirty Money

Have you ever thought what have I done with my life?
What could I have done with my whole life?
Did I do the right thing working for the man?
Working for a life signed away by my own hand
Have you ever thought did I work for the dark side?
With my own mind giving away my time
One choice, one chance, one life
Did I work for the man and will I be alright?

I don't need your dirty dirty
I don't need your dirty money
I don't need you dirty dirty
Do my own thing and I make my own way

I needed a job but I didn't really want to work
In fast food, management or advertising,
Lying via media's in work suit and shirt
Never really bothering or even trying
To realize or understand what I'm doing

Am I affecting anybody but my own?
What do I owe the world or will I end up owing
More due to the facts now known

About aspartame, poisoning all who take
Wittingly or unwittingly and when it breaks
Into the system to mess with your insides
Head space replication of your DNA
And it causes all your grief
Blindness, neurological disease
But they advertise to the kids as sweets
Diet Coke cost less than a bullet for me

Chorus

And they heads of the companies they all lie
So they can guzzle all of that global pie
First they need to show that they don't care who dies
Then they're in cahoots with the devil in a silk tie
Telling them to make control for the people with a gun
Make it a top priority number one
They sit at the top and think they're having fun
But where will be your destination when your time comes?

**Yeah let the shadow let you run run run
Killing the people with no gun gun gun
Let me give it to you straight in a second
For their dirty money yeah - they burn**

<<<----->>>

Survivor

Chorus

**You are my survivor; you'll set the world on fire
You'll get by little child if you play a little wiser
Set the world alight; yeah start riots; take it higher
Yeah you are my survivor**

I ran as fast as the wind could carry me on
Through the murky streets, the dim lamps and thick fog
They took me through the shark infested where I found myself before
A fundamentalist group who welcomed me with open arms
They said come in young child, now you will learn of the holy
How to speak in tongues if the lord considers you worthy
We are born again although I thought they were crazy
I kept it to myself had no need for their lord to save me

Chorus

It's just that life at home was tough and even tougher growing up
It made me mad I'd lose all control I was confused had had enough
And my pop he was distraught he said did I not show enough love
Or was it a little too tough love to help you to grow up
Did I beat you down, how did I make you feel honey
I've spent all of my youth and I've burnt all my money
I've fed so many mouths and now I'm ready to check out
But you are going to be alright and of this there is no doubt

Chorus

I went it alone through the woods deserts and jungles
Paying heed to-the-words-of-the-wise-man my friends called him uncle
He'd tell us to concentrate on saving fellows from the awful
And when we rock the world he said remember this for always
Of the right way, of the light saviours,
And the truth which like beams and lazars
Hit s your mind and tell sit what to do
Trust your instinct a sense which always keeps you true

Chorus

>>>>>>>>>>-----<<<<<<<<<<<

Doobidydoobide dee

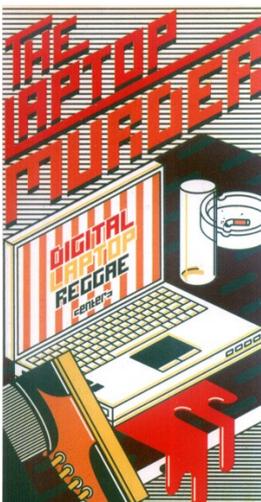
I like to doobidy doobidy dee I like to doobidy do
I like to puff like Cypress and marley when they were twently two
I like to skin up on the plane hoping nobody is watching me do
So I can have a puff when I land I don't worry about customs
This is what I do I like to puff on that weed Puff that green
Suck on that doobidy doobidy doo yeah on that doobidy doo dee
And nobody tells me what or how to try get through
Without getting caught by the wicked and slewn

**I take that doobidey doobidey dee, I take that doobidey doo
I take it all around the world back to him, her- back to you
I see whats real when I chong on the wicked doobidey doo
Lets take the doobidey doobidey dee lets puff that doobidey doo**

Left high and dry but I get up and I keep going
Through harsh winds, sleet, snow and hail stones
But I trust my senses search for sensi gold as the winds moan
Find a destination temporary home get weed and get stoned
Then I find a phone and dial around for any shitty job
Doing any task for a quick buck that could be classified as odd
Get my head down and before I dream I pray to my god
Get me a barrel of weed lord I won't waste ill puff the lot.

Lets get high chop them buds hang out n wait for them to dry
Then together we will fly high with the Mungo and they hifi
Maffi, Jahtari and all the crews reggae safari
I've never written in a song Say Rastafarai
I prefer to roll the finest instead of taking luxury cruises
Which seem to me to be lost cavalcades and mental institutions
Where folk must love to be told what to do
But not me id rather skin up puff the doobidey doo

**I take that doobidey doobidey dee, I take that doobidey doo
I take it all around the world back to him, her- back to you
I see whats real when I chong on the wicked doobidey doo
Lets take the doobidey doobidey dee lets puff that doobidey doo**



all lyrics by Sumati Bhardwaj, appearing on

[\[JTR07\] Soom T – Dirty Money EP](#)

(P) Jahtari, Nov 2009

www.jahtari.org
www.myspace.com/jahtari

for our full Jahtari catalogue check:

www.jahtari.org/music/records.htm