

# The Other Cheek

## Iconoclasm

Intro (spoken):

The people dem seh dem a talk  
and nobody nah listen all along

So dem want me to put it

In the form of a song

Cause is like seh, oonu betray we trust  
So this is to all of you from all of us

Verse 1  
Providing no jobs and  
telling us stop the crime  
Is like beating a child  
and telling him not to cry

With all the highways you a build  
and go through

You never build a little avenue  
Fi di youths dem earn a buck,  
things a run amuck  
tell me what the fuck

You really think a go happen

If dem enuh earn a buck, gun a buss  
and none of us

really want that shit to happen

Yow mistah, you know me nah try fi dis ya  
but everything no so criss ya

we jus a look a little help, Prime MinistahChorus

Do you expect me to turn  
the other cheek

taste my tears and admit defeat?

Do you expect me to listen when you speak?

You never ever practise what you preach

Do you expect me to still come  
out and vote?

No matter what happens

wer'e always broke  
and the people seh dem

tired of being poor  
that the empress a chant  
and the lion a roar

Verse 2  
Even the richest man haffi go  
learn fi tek a stance when

them realize seh dem no safe  
inna dem mansion  
Is a tough way fi learn seh yuh  
no really secure  
when the problems of the poor  
come kick dung yuh door  
The youths dem a get 2000 guns  
fi everyone oonu cease  
Instead of treating the symptoms  
why don't you cure the disease?  
You know things must really get wicked  
When your paycheck is less  
than your speeding ticket  
Mistah, you know we nah try fi dis ya  
But everything no so criss sah  
we just a beg a little help, Prime MinistahChorus:  
Do you expect me to turn  
the other cheek  
taste my tears and admit defeat?  
Do you expect me to listen  
when you speak?  
You never ever practice what you preach  
Do you expect me to still come  
out and vote?  
No matter what happens  
we're always broke  
and the people seh dem  
tired of being poor  
that the empress a chant  
and the lion a roar  
Verse 3:  
Well we say, money fi run and  
it fi run inna bundle  
Let it go a Rema, let it go dung a Jungle  
Dung a Garden need fi water  
right down to the dirt  
When last you touch a Maverly?  
When last you go Kirk?  
Oonu better fire up the oven  
oonu need fi start bake  
and the Brook Valley man dem need a slice a di cake  
Well the man dem outa east dem ready fi  
put down the gun  
A nuh war dem love war  
but the food haffi run  
Well White Hall and Red Hills road,

you know dem have a little message fi disclose  
It goes like dis,  
Mistah, yuh ego big  
yuh mighta think we a dis ya  
But everything no so criss sah  
we jus a look a little help, Prime MinistahChorus:  
Do you expect me to turn  
the other cheek  
taste my tears and admit defeat?  
Do you expect me to listen  
when you speak?  
You never ever practice what you preach  
Do you expect me to still come  
out and vote?  
No matter what happens  
we're always broke  
and the people seh dem  
tired of being poor  
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