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 usVerse 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 roarVerse 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 roarVerse 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
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that the empress a chant
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