

Don't Trouble Us

Sizzla

Oy! Let it go!
Yeah man, is music
Hmm ha ha ha ha!
Yeah man
Fire we ah use, burn up them judge
(That's right, that's right!)
Yah!
You got to be lyrical, you see me ah slew them say (for real!)
Don't be hypocritical, this critical (woh!)
Righteousness! Praise Rastafari
The liberty is libertical
Anyway!

[Chorus]
Ey fool, don?t you trouble us
Or else the fire whey me blaze, it ah go burn you up--hooy!
Ey fool, don?t you trouble us
Or else the bullet in a the barrel ah go bubble up!
Ey fool, don?t you trouble us
Or else the fire whey me there blaze, it ah go burn you up--wah-woy!
Babylon, don?t you trouble us
Slave masters, don't you

Burn the coot
The dirty bastard and the brute
Buck them anytime we going to shoot
They ain't telling us the mother fucking truth
How many ghetto youths them go kill and loot?
It ain't gone right, we revolute
Yow! Play this one here loud, it no for mute
King Selassie I alone get me salute
Fire burn! Not if you mad, not even look
Ey! Ah tell you not even snoop
Yow! Turn on me vehicle, here we go so poop
Go and go check me phat sexy girl them whey cute
Yow! Ey! Ow!

[Chorus]

Them start de war

Them corruption and affliction
Them nah really mean, a fiction
Say them following virus through we diction
'Cause all the de youth them way come spit and
Say them ah this and that, them hype, well send them come
Me ah go burn them up tonight and end them now
Gunshot alone, we go run them down
Dis' Kalonji, me gun them down--way!

[Chorus]

On the girl I ah look, them ah glimpse
Aw! Them ah whisper, them ah wimp
What them ah do? Ah what them ah think?
Yet I ah sail, them ah sink
They would cry, them ah blink
Take ah mile if you tell them for take ah inch
Yet they would cry for a conk or a pinch
Ha ha ha!
Hail the King! Tell you now

[Chorus]

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[Chorus]

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