

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--hoyy!

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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