

Capleton, Tour (Hip-Hop Version)

Yeh!

I say starighten yuh crooked ways
Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly
Selassie I liveth everytime (me sing!)

After me lef from Jamaica go a foreign pon tour
Preaching teaching the people fi sure
Answer to Jah when him a knock pon your door
If yuh ignore yuh goin perish fi sure

Come back in Jamaica, everything insecure
Rich a get rich and the poor a get poor
Come back come hear say Panhead skull bore
Come back an hear say Dirtsman skull bore
Hear say John Pope Paul all a come yah pon tour
DJ dung yah a brandish mi what more
Boogerman ah plan all fi guh march and tour
Tour Kingston and all go tour Portmore
But me know de whole a dem would a-must dead fi sure
And de DJ dem nah teach people no more
A pure clashing and fighting dem no unite no more
Alla tell de girls girl dem fi bruck out like a sore
It seems like the people dem no love God no more
If Slackness a the sickness then Culture a the cure
Ice all mi block and all a whole city!

Chorus

After mi come back a Jamaica nuff things gone wrong
Cyaan know di uhman dem differnet from di man
Whole a dem a dressing in di same pollution
Dawn an John a join competition
Man a take them money an a go Obeah man
Man a grudge full and dem no stop envy man
But dem laborite, and dem labor wrong
Man a walk pon road and lick down innocent man
Lik down the little pickiney inna de prom
Dis is one thing me got fi overstand
Most of the youth dem stop dis Rastaman
De get fi know say Rasta a di right tradition
And respect Selassie as the almighty one
If Slackness a the fault, Culture a the solution

Chorus

Hold up! Wait a minute!
Come back a Jamaica things naw run right
Man alla fuss and dem no stop from fight
Some long icepick and some ole rusty knife
Man a walk a road a take innocent life
But dem labor wrong and dem labor right
Man a walk a road around and take out innocent life
Say Selassie I and alla dem start to fight
Say Emanuel and nuff a dem alla fight
Say Marcus Garvey and nuff a dem a fight
Woman alla shine and man no stop fight
If Slackness a the darkness, then Culture a the light
Ice all mi block an all a whole city (How me say!)

Chorus

This is most of the thing me tell the people on the tour
Answer to Jah when him a knock pon the door
Make sure your hands clean and make sure ya heart pure

Selassie call you, your safe an secure
Things yuh used to do yuh naw guh do them no more
Place yuh use to go yuh naw guh go there no more
Food yuh used to eat yuh naw guh eat dem no more
Things yuh used to say yuh naw go say dem no more
Leading dem a gwan like dem a bruck out like soldiers (say)
See dem a go ((fi dandis?)) upon the seashore

Chorus

Hold up! Wait a minute!
Come back in Jamaica, everything insecure
Rich a getting rich and the poor a get poor
Come back an hear say Panhead skull bore
Come back an hear say Dirtsman skull bore
Hear say John Pope Paul all a come yah pon tour
DJ dung yah a brandish mi what more
Bugggerman ah plan all fi guh march and tour
Tour Kingston and all go tour Port Moore
But mi know di whole a dem woulda must dead fi sure
And the DJ them naw teach people no more
Clashing and fightin dem nuh unite no more
All a tell the girl dem fi bruck out like a sore
It seem like the people them no love God no more
If Slackness a the sickness then Culture a the cure
Ice all a block an all a whole city

Chorus

After me come back in Jamaica nuff things gone wrong
Caan know di woman dem different from the man
All a dem a dress inna the same pollution
Down on general competition
Man a take them money an a guh obeah man
Man a grudge full and dem no stop envy man
But dem laborite , and dem labor wrong
(assorted scratching, etc)