

# Don Johnson Big Band, Jah Jah Blow Job

(Check this)

Head first into the fire,  
see me cursing the entire world  
I fire bullets out the mouth into a tire wall  
empires fall, others rise even higher, warfare  
is there to keep you scared in despair,  
more care  
is needed, i feed it in your system with a needle  
never clean it, breath in words when you read them  
on a page, and engage with the rage, i proceeded  
to write ^em on the walls and the call's not impeded  
see them people with most are rarely opposed to having more  
frequently those who gleefully toast a famine or  
contaminated water are the ones who really haven't fought a  
moment, cant afford another man across the border  
order order in the courtroom! caught up in a cartoon  
moving toward a war, and the slaughter ^bout to start soon  
all the people rise up before the record ends  
forgive-ah-me, jah bless, why i best make amends

well it's a jah jah blow job  
it's a jah jah blow job  
need to find your way back to the  
jah jah blow job [x3]

close up the border, declare a state of alert  
i'll take your president for hostage with a pen, it's gonna hurt  
and make him sit down at a table, lock his ankles to the chair  
listen to him screaming for his bitch tony where?  
sounds fair, now the picture getting clearer by the minute  
smack a pen upon a table, dial a call to the senate  
when it rings, four times, there's an answer  
outline my demands, give ^em a name, it's ^the dancer^  
here's a collection of treaties you will sign  
if you don't, you're running out of time  
what you complain about? So they work a little harder  
for the same amount, it's fair trade, not a grain of doubt  
we keep the money up north and move the labour south  
and never let it bother me when pulling my new trainers out  
cause you see it doesn't make it more certain  
the world's biggest killers operate behind a curtain  
suffering loud, suffering quiet, tougher than iron  
an eye for an eye and i keep seeing more terror  
so the world turns ever on its axis  
one man struggles while another one relaxes  
we need a leader with the voice of horace andy  
singing on the balkans, the pyrenees and andies  
no professor, not a doctor, not a preacher, not a politician, not a schoolteacher  
but people hear him in the city and the country  
all them want is music, and the music make ^em run free

we will kill your leaders and bring you democracy  
can't appreciate it?  
is it hard to see  
we only want what is best for your people  
benevolent sequel, it only might seem cruel  
when paratroopers who've been shooting down like  
hell from above, regroup and start looting for fun  
run to village after village, pillaging without aim  
and gain advantage, the damage will outweigh  
the nerve of going to war against the will of the world  
turn on the television, see them kill another little girl  
was she a military target? collateral damage?  
killed by a missile in the city market

now it's darker overhead than it's ever been  
severing the world body from the head, endeavouring  
on a crusade for hussein and who's sane and who's not?  
i swear, these cruise missiles are all aimed at the top