

# No Doubt, Dear John

All of the D.J.'s surely have taken a lesson  
Start talking trash and I'll come with my Smith and Wesson  
A little competition comes my way Bittybye but it always winds up the same  
Ah but the stone that the builder refuse  
Shall be the end corner stone  
And there ain't nothin' wrong, ain't nothin' right  
And still I sit and lie awake all night  
Oooh all of the D.J.'s surely have taken a lesson  
Try talking trash and I'll come with my Smith and Wesson  
Enough D.J.'s come, enough, enough stylee  
But when I bust my lyrics we all know it's wicked and wily  
Ain't nothin' wrong, ain't nothin' right  
And still I sit and lie awake all night  
Oooh you finish that with your gat if you wanna walk with me  
You bound to come down with the new stylee  
Rock a rubadub known as reggae music  
You gonna come down with the new lyrics  
'Cause it just ain't no thing, oh, I said it's been a real long time  
Ain't nothin' wrong, ain't nothin' right  
And still I sit and lie awake all night  
Ah Dreddy's got a job to do but he might fulfill his mission  
To see his pain will be his greatest ambition  
We will survive in this world of competition  
Truly God set around the nation, bo bo bo ...  
I won't wait so long, ooh  
I said I won't wait so long for you, ooh, ooh  
See now, ooh, woh  
Stop your messing around  
Better think of your future  
Time you straighten right out  
Or you'll wind up in jail