Mecca's 15 years old been excluded from school They said you ain't no good at maths but he ain't nobody's fool

He's got a pound of yey- o and a bit of bicarb
With his mama's microwave he's putting food in the yard
He ain't no down he ain't no out
The papers they scream and the neighbours they howl
But It ain't Mecca's fault that everybody wants to get down

He's only making a living
That ain't no easy decision
Shake your money maker I'll shake my sugarman down

Frankie Jones is 52 and his wife needs an operation But he ain't in no position to raise money for no straight situation

So he slips a pound of brown in a consignment of honey His customs connection will do anything for the money And the papers they complain about all the drugs in the town While proprietors they licence the liquor don't licence the brown

You can holler you can shout No point blaming Frankie Jones