

It Bun Me

Shaggy

Respect is going on tonight aspect
Ward a man in a prison for all the a reason
Can't judge a man before you walk a mile inna him shoes
Shags man say so
Watch this

It bun me fi see mi little brother in a jail
Bun me fi see the youth stand up behind the rail
It bun me, another black man in a jail
Bun me fi see the youth stand up behind the rail

Hurt me fi see mi little brother in a jail
A 25 years to life and 50 million dollar bill
Many time trying to escape and many times fail
And eat him bread that is stale and get him lick with gippo
Now the tracks are in tears, the boy face look pale
Man them beat him with the baton, read him personal mail
Him could a graduate Harvard and graduate Yale
But him muma have rebut it 'cause she know her son fail

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Before you
Commit the crime make sure you can do the time
No bother pair with no idiot 'cause them we drop dime
Bank book have fi find in case you're off and bare the find
'Cause they will lock you in a prison
Away from mankind
Everyday you bark your face when you have no gal fi grain
Inna one big, dotty parlour catch up and you're behind

It bun me fi see mi little brethrin in a jail
Bun me fi see the youth stand up behind the rail
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Bun me fi see the youth stand up behind the rail

Jamaica a the land of wood and water
The wood might a free but you have fi pay fi water
Everytime light go down they use the wood make fire
Ressources use up the country
Hand up and shout
Another man lick, yell help, we neither see or go
They here beat, be and bib well none of them no better
Right a now we want a new brand prime minister
We want a little ghetto youth with some bright idea

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Youths and youths hitch up on the corner
Better you be a hustler than to be a smuggler
If you is a smuggler you 'bout go kill all danger

Better you sell some stockist, cough up all gleaner
If you is a smuggler you carry a revolver
You either behind the bar or six foot under

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It bun me, another black man in a jail
Bun me fi see mi brethrin behind the rail

Bun me fi see mi little brother in a jail
A 25 years to life and 50 million dollar bill
Many time trying to escape and many times fail (ME)
Eat him bread that is stale and get him lick with gippo
The tracks are in tears, the boy face look pale
Them beat him with the baton, read him personal mail
Him could a graduate Harvard, graduate Yale
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Right a now we want a new brand prime minister
Want a little ghetto-youth with some bright idea
Want fi make the ghetto-people them start prosper
Want fi make the ghetto-people them start live better
Come take it from Shaggy deh round mike a lecture
Put your hand inna the air and read the Holy Script
Chaka

'Cause it bun me fi see mi brethrin in a jail
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