

Whatchugonnado?

Bob Vylan

Everything I do I jump in two feet first
I kick a racist in the head and you can bet it's gonna hurt
I'm a jerk, Caribbean, but the country I was birthed
Is a cold and lonely dungeon that wreaked havoc on this Earth
What's the word? England's ending and its death is well-
deserved

Got our brothers locked in cages and our faces on the kerb
Cracks in this system where the crack smoke burns
And raps full of rocks inspire raps full of words
Junkies on the white while the country's in the red
Never heard what I said? I said England's fucking dead
Let it burn, let it rest, kill and ride a bird to death
Body Boris with a shot, let it burn his fucking chest

What you gonna do? It's either them or you
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What you gonna do when they start knocking down your doors (Open the door)
Policing all your thoughts, have you plead before the courts
Little piggies in their uniform hunt Black men like a sport
Stop and Search, nothing found, racist laws that they enforce
Of course, of course, remember when I told ya
The Queen killed Diana, police murdered Smiley Culture
No justice, no peace, they don't protect you like they're s'posed to
We hit the street and do for self - the people must take over

What you gonna do? It's either them or you
What you gonna do? It's either them or you
What you gonna do? It's either them or you
What you gonna do? It's either them or you (You)

The junkies on the white, the country's in the red
You never heard what I said?
You never heard what I said? I said

What you gonna do? What you gonna do? What you gonna-
What you gonna do? What you gonna do? What you gonna-
What you gonna do? What you gonna do? What you gonna-
What you gonna do when it's them or you? What you gonna-