

# Tour

Capleton

Yeah

I say straighten yuh crooked ways

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly

Selassie I liveth every time

(Me sing)

After me lef from Jamaica, go a foreign pon tour

Preaching teaching the people fi sure

Answer to Jah when him a knock pon your door

If yuh ignore yuh goin' perish fi sure

Come back in Jamaica, everything insecure

Rich a get rich and the poor a get poor

Come back come hear say Pan head skull bore

Come back an hear say Dirts man skull bore

Hear say, John Pope Paul all a come yah pon tour

DJ dung yah a brandish mi what more

Boogerman ah plan all fi guh march and tour

Tour Kingston and all go tour Port more

But me know de whole a dem would a-must dead fi sure

And de DJ dem nah teach people no more

A pure clashing and fighting dem no unite no more

Alla tell de girls girl dem fi bruck out like a sore

It seems like the people dem no love God, no more

If slackness a the sickness then culture a the cure

Ice all mi block and all a whole city

Yeah

I say straighten yuh crooked ways

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly

Selassie I liveth every time

(Me sing)

After me lef from Jamaica, go a foreign pon tour

Preaching teaching the people fi sure

Answer to Jah when him a knock pon your door

If yuh ignore yuh goin' perish fi sure

After mi come back a Jamaica nuff things gone wrong

Cyan know di uhman dem different from di man

Whole a dem a dressing in di same pollution

Dawn an John a join competition

Man a take them money an a go Obeah man

Man a grudge full and dem no stop envy man

But dem laborite, and dem labor wrong

Man a walk pon road and lick down innocent man

Like down the little pickiney inna de prom

Dis is one thing me got fi over stand

Most of the youth dem stop dis Rastaban

De get fi know say Rasta a di right tradition

And respect Selassie as the almighty one

If slackness a the fault, culture a the solution

Yeah

I say straighten yuh crooked ways

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly

Selassie I liveth every time

(Me sing)

After me lef from Jamaica, go a foreign pon tour

Preaching teaching the people fi sure

Answer to Jah when him a knock pon your door

If yuh ignore yuh goin perish fi sure

Hold up, wait a minute

Come back a Jamaica things naw run right

Man Alla fuss and dem no stop from fight

Some long icepick and some Ole rusty knife

Man a walk a road a take innocent life

But dem labor wrong and dem labor right

Man a walk a road around and take out innocent life

Say Selassie I and Alla dem start to fight

Say Emanuel and nuff a dem Alla fight

Say Marcus Garvey and nuff a dem a fight

Woman Alla shine and man no stop fight

If slackness a the darkness, then culture a the light

Ice all mi block an all a whole city

(How me say)

Yeah

I say straighten yuh crooked ways

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly

Selassie I liveth every time

(Me sing)

After me lef from Jamaica, go a foreign pon tour

Preaching teaching the people fi sure

Answer to Jah when him a knock pon your door

If yuh ignore yuh goin perish fi sure

This is most of the thing me tell the people on the tour

Answer to Jah when him a knock pon the door

Make sure your hands clean and make sure ya heart pure

Selassie call you, your safe an secure

Things yuh used to do yuh naw guh do them no more

Place yuh use to go yuh naw guh go there no more

Food yuh used to eat yuh naw guh eat dem no more

Things yuh used to say yuh naw go say dem no more

Leading dem a gwan like dem a bruck out like soldiers

(Say)

See dem a go upon the seashore

(Fi dandis?)

Yeah

I say straighten yuh crooked ways

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly

Selassie I liveth every time

(Me sing)

After me lef from Jamaica, go a foreign pon tour

Preaching teaching the people fi sure  
Answer to Jah when him a knock pon your door  
If yuh ignore yuh goin perish fi sure

Hold up, wait a minute  
Come back in Jamaica, everything insecure  
Rich a getting rich and the poor a get poor  
Come back an hear say Pan head skull bore

Come back an hear say Dirts man skull bore  
Hear say, John Pope Paul all a come yah pon tour  
DJ dung yah a brandish mi what more  
Bugggerman ah plan all fi guh march and tour

Tour Kingston and all go tour Port Moore  
But mi know di whole a dem woulda must dead fi sure  
And the DJ them naw teach people no more  
Clashing and fightin' dem nuh unite no more

All a tell the girl dem fi bruck out like a sore  
It seem like the people them no love God no more  
If slackness a the sickness then culture a the cure  
Ice all a block an all a whole city

Yeah  
I say straighten yuh crooked ways  
Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly  
Selassie I liveth every time  
(Me sing)

After me lef from Jamaica, go a foreign pon tour  
Preaching teaching the people fi sure  
Answer to Jah when him a knock pon your door  
If yuh ignore yuh goin perish fi sure

After me come back in Jamaica nuff things gone wrong  
Can know di woman dem different from the man  
All a dem a dress inna the same pollution  
Down on general competition

[Unverified]