

Mr. Officer

Masicka

Future

Mr. Officer, hey yeah
And this might not be true
A my point of view

Other day mi a drive from studio
A listen some riddim
And a hold a deep meditation
Plus mi get mi first airplay this morning
Later a sweet celebration
Me a go rise to an elevation
Me soon start deejay fi every nation
Then mi thoughts turn inna a nightmare
Up the road mi get stop by seven Satan
Dem say licence and registration
Take too long, straight to the station
Dem bwoy deh a try intimidate man
Mi nah tek no intimidation
Mi haffi mek sure seh mi stay strong
Then mi whisper a prayer to miself, same time
Mi jump out a the car quick
And a search fi mi licence under the carpet
The way dem boy ya a move
A no licence dem waan
Mi done see it money a the target
But mi nah gi' dem none because mi no have it
Furthermore mi nah send no man go market
Then mi hand him mi licence and say

Mr. Officer, yuh quick fi stop car
But no crime nah stop
Every day yuh come 'pon T.V. 'bout
Yuh find new gun whether 9 or Glock
All wha happen to the likkle girl weh missing
Yuh no find her back
And we hear seh blood soil her frock
As a God yuh system need fi rearrange, Mr. Officer

wha happen to the innocent boys and girls
Last year weh people kidnap, unsolved mystery
And we hear it 'pon the news, seh someone evil did that
Tell mi a who commit the big act
All we hear seh a tint up vehicle did stop
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A long time mi a watch news and hear dem say
We solve a crime
Every day mi turn on my T.V.
Is a next revolver find
Jamaica do not make gun, so bad man no have a dime
Mi madda say continue pray, son
Don't cross di border line
I'll wish that every little child weh go missin' find
Fi alla those kidnapper a punishing time
Fi all those man that committing crime
Leave the youths and don't corrupt him mind
'Cause the youths dem a the future
God know, we no waan no more shooter

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Fi lock mi up, yuh wasting time
Fi yuh not wasting yours, yuh wasting mine
Yuh should be chasing crime
I'm an artist, keep that phrase in mind
This stage is mine
Him search mi car, only a CD case him find
Say, I have the right to remain silent
Or else I spray this 9, me say I'm not a badman
I'm just a DJ out there making rhyme
'Cause my family need money
At home my baby's dying
For hunger, leave us alone

And Mr. Officer, please leave Masicka
And Mr. Officer, ah na na, naa eh eh, yeah