

## Capleton "Tour"

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Yeh!

I say starighten yuh crooked ways  
Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of  
the ungodly

Selassie I liveth everytime (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 Panhead skull bore  
Come back an hear say Dirtsman 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 Portmore  
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!

Chorus

After mi come back a Jamaica nuff things gone wrong  
Cyaan know di uhman dem differnet 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  
Lik down the little pickiney inna de prom  
Dis is one thing me got fi overstand  
Most of the youth dem stop dis Rastaman  
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

Chorus

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!)

Chorus

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 ((fi dandis?)) upon the seashore

Chorus

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 Panhead skull bore  
Come back an hear say Dirtsman 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

Chorus

After me come back in Jamaica nuff things gone wrong  
Caan know di woman dem different from the man  
All a dem a dress inna the same pollution  
Down on general competition  
Man a take them money an a guh obeah man  
Man a grudge full and dem no stop envy man  
But dem laborite , and dem labor wrong

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