

## No Curfew

### "D.j.'s"

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All of the D.J.'s surely have taken a lesson  
Start talking trash and I'll come with my Smith and  
Wesson

A little competition comes my way Bittybye but it always  
winds up the same  
Ah but the stone that the builder refuse  
Shall be the end corner stone  
And there ain't nothin' wrong, ain't nothin' right  
And still I sit and lie awake all night

Oooh all of the D.J.'s surely have taken a lesson  
Try talking trash and I'll come with my Smith and  
Wesson  
Enough D.J.'s come, enough, enough stylee  
But when I bust my lyrics we all know it's wicked and  
wily

Ain't nothin' wrong, ain't nothin' right  
And still I sit and lie awake all night

Oooh you finish that with your gat if you wanna walk  
with me  
You bound to come down with the new stylee  
Rock a rubadub known as reggae music  
You gonna come down with the new lyrics  
'Cause it just ain't no thing, oh, I said it's been a real  
long time

Ain't nothin' wrong, ain't nothin' right  
And still I sit and lie awake all night

Ah Dreddy's got a job to do but he might fulfill his  
mission  
To see his pain will be his greatest ambition  
We will survive in this world of competition  
Truly God set around the nation, bo bo bo ...

I won't wait so long, ooh  
I said I won't wait so long for you, ooh, ooh  
See now, ooh, woh

Stop your messing around  
Better think of your future  
Time you straighten right out  
Or you'll wind up in jail

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