

## **Tanya Stephens**

# **"The Other Cheek"**

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The people dem seh dem a talk  
And nobody nah listen all along  
So dem want me to put it  
In the form of a song  
Cause is like seh, oonu betray we trust  
So this is to all of you from all of us

Verse 1

Providing no jobs and  
Telling us stop the crime  
Is like beating a child  
And telling him not to cry  
With all the highways you a build  
And go through  
You never build a little avenue  
Fi di youths dem earn a buck,  
Things a run a muck  
Tell me what the fuk  
You really think a go happen  
If dem enuh earn a buck gun a buss  
And none of us  
Really want that shit to happen  
You mistah, you know me nah try fi dis ya  
But everything no so criss ya  
We jus a look a little help prime ministah

Chorus

Do you expect me to turn  
The other cheek  
Taste my tears and admit defeat  
Do you expect me to listen  
When you speak  
You never ever practice what you preach  
Do you expect me to still come  
Out and vote  
No matter what happens  
Were always broke  
And the people seh dem  
Tired of being poor  
A that the emperess a chant  
And the lion a roar

Verse 2

Even the richest man haffi go  
Learn fi tek a stance when

Them realize seh dem no safe  
Inna dem mansion  
Is a tough way fi learn seh yuh  
No really secure  
When the problems of the poor  
Come kick dung yuh door  
The youths dem a get 2000 guns  
Fi everyone oonu cease  
Instead of treating the symptoms  
Why don't you cure the disease  
You know things must really get wicked  
When your paycheck is less  
Than your speeding ticket  
Mistah, you know we nah try fi dis ya  
But everything no so criss sah  
We just a beg a little help prime ministah  
Do you expect me to turn  
The other cheek  
Taste my tears and admit defeat  
Do you expect me to listen  
When you speak  
You never ever practice what you preach  
Do you expect me to still come  
Out and vote  
No matter what happens  
Were always broke  
And the people seh dem  
Tired of being poor  
A that the emperess a chant  
And the lion a roar  
Well we say, money fi run and  
It fi run inna bundle  
Let it go a rema let it go dung a jungle  
Dung a garden need fi water  
Right down to the dirt  
When last you touch a maverlywhen  
Last you go Kirk  
Oonu better fire up the oven  
Oonu need fi start bake  
And the brook valley man dem need a slice a di cake  
Well the man dem outa east dem ready fi  
Put down the gun  
A nuh war dem love war  
But the food haffi run  
Well white hall and Red Hills road,  
You know dem have a little message fi disclosed  
It goes like dis, mistah  
Yuh ego big  
Yuh mighta think we a dis ya  
But everything no so criss sah  
We jus a look a little help

Prime ministah  
Do you expect me to turn  
The other cheek  
Taste my tears and admit defeat  
Do you expect me to listen  
When you speak  
You never ever practice what you preach  
Do you expect me to still come  
Out and vote  
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