

## It Bun Me

Shaggy

Respect is going on tonight aspect  
Ward a man in a prison for all the a reason  
Can't judge a man before you walk a mile inna him shoes  
Shags man say so  
Watch this

It bun me fi see mi little brother in a jail  
Bun me fi see the youth stand up behind the rail  
It bun me, another black man in a jail  
Bun me fi see the youth stand up behind the rail

Hurt me fi see mi little brother in a jail  
A 25 years to life and 50 million dollar bill  
Many time trying to escape and many times fail  
And eat him bread that is stale and get him lick with gippo  
Now the tracks are in tears, the boy face look pale  
Man them beat him with the baton, read him personal mail  
Him could a graduate Harvard and graduate Yale  
But him muma have rebut it 'cause she know her son fail

It bun me fi see mi brother in a jail  
Bun me fi see the youth stand up behind the rail  
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Bun me fi see the youth stand up behind the rail

Before you  
Commit the crime make sure you can do the time  
No bother pair with no idiot 'cause them we drop dime  
Bank book have fi find in case you're off and bare the find  
'Cause they will lock you in a prison  
Away from mankind  
Everyday you bark your face when you have no gal fi grain  
Inna one big, dotty parlour catch up and you're behind

It bun me fi see mi little brethrin in a jail  
Bun me fi see the youth stand up behind the rail  
It bun me, another black man in a jail  
Bun me fi see the youth stand up behind the rail

Jamaica a the land of wood and water  
The wood might a free but you have fi pay fi water  
Everytime light go down they use the wood make fire  
Ressources use up the country  
Hand up and shout  
Another man lick, yell help, we neither see or go  
They here beat, be and bib well none of them no better  
Right a now we want a new brand prime minister  
We want a little ghetto youth with some bright idea

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Youths and youths hitch up on the corner  
Better you be a hustler than to be a smuggler  
If you is a smuggler you 'bout go kill all danger

Better you sell some stockist, cough up all gleaner  
If you is a smuggler you carry a revolver  
You either behind the bar or six foot under

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Bun me fi see the youth stand up behind the rail  
It bun me, another black man in a jail  
Bun me fi see mi brethrin behind the rail

Bun me fi see mi little brother in a jail  
A 25 years to life and 50 million dollar bill  
Many time trying to escape and many times fail (ME)  
Eat him bread that is stale and get him lick with gippo  
The tracks are in tears, the boy face look pale  
Them beat him with the baton, read him personal mail  
Him could a graduate Harvard, graduate Yale  
Him muma have rebut it 'cause she know her son fail

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They here beat, be and bib well none of them no better  
Right a now we want a new brand prime minister  
Want a little ghetto-youth with some bright idea  
Want fi make the ghetto-people them start prosper  
Want fi make the ghetto-people them start live better  
Come take it from Shaggy deh round mike a lecture  
Put your hand inna the air and read the Holy Script  
Chaka

'Cause it bun me fi see mi brethrin in a jail  
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Bun me fi see the youth stand up behind the rail