

No Doubt, Dear John

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