

Peter Tosh, What'cha Gonna Do

Mama, mama, dem hold papa,
say dem charge him fe' smoke ganja.
If me never jump the fence dem hold me too,
so tell me mama, whatcha gonna do?

Oh, mama, whatcha gonna do now?
Oh, mama, whatcha gonna do?
"(2)"

Next week, next week is the case.
Him have a dread judge to face.
Him ha' fe' either live in space
or make the doctor them work 'pon him face

Oh, mama, whatcha gonna do now...

Next door neighbor, dem hold your son,
said dem find him with one gun,
and it's no need him start to mention
him going to get an indefinite detention.

Oh, lady, whatcha gonna do now
oh lady whatcha gon' do
oh lady whatcha gonna do
say want some lady
whatcha gonna do

The cops dem say he know nobody
so him ha' fe' remain in custody.
Him see the Babylon, him stand up an' screw,
say, him never know it was the curfew.

Oh lady whatcha gon' do now
say want some lady
whatcha gonna do
oh lady whatcha gonna do now
oh lady whatcha gon' do

No bail lady
whatcha gonna do now
say want some lady
whatcha gonna do now...