APPENDIX

SELECTED CALYPSOS AND PITCHAKAREE SONGS
APPENDIX.

Selected Calypso and Patshakaree Songs.
I am the seed of meh father
He is the seed of meh grandfather
Who is the seed of Bahut Ajah (great grandfather)
He came from Calcutta
Ah stick and ah bag on he shoulder
He turban an he Kapra
So I am part seed of India.

CHORUS

The indentureship and the slavery
Bind together two races in unity
Ach-cha Dosti (yes friend)
There was no more Mother Africa
No more Mother India,
just Mother Trini.
Janambhomi (Motherland)
My Bahut Ajah (great grandfather) planted sugar cane
Down on the Caroni plain (a largely Indian settlement area in Central Trinidad)
So Ramlogan, Basdeo, Prakash and I
Is Jahaaji Bhai (Brotherhood of the boat)
Jahaaji Bhai (Brotherhood of the boat)
Jahaaji Bhai (Brotherhood of the boat).

It would be a disgrace to Allah (God)
If I choose race, creed, or color
Bahut Ajah had to make that journey
For I to have Zindagee (this life)
So it is a great privilege
To have such unique heritage

Fifty percent Africa
Fifty percent India

CHORUS

I have Doe Chuttee (two holiday)
Emancipation and Arrival Day
Aunt Bhala so Bhala (All’s well that ends well)
Since Fatel Razack made the journey
One hundred and fifty years gone already

Bahut Ach-cha (Great yes!)
Whether You’re Hindu, Muslim or Christian
Let’s walk this land hand in hand
We could only prosper if we try
As Jahaaji Bhai (Brotherhood of the boat)
Jahaaji Bhai (Brotherhood of the boat)
Jahaaji Bhai (Brotherhood of the boat).

Kumayah Zindahey Ayayoo (come let us rejoice)
Oh Meera Dost Meera Sathi (Oh my friend, my friend)
Chal Tahalna Ek Matt (come let’s walk together)
Agal Bagal (side by side)

For those who playing ignorant,
Talking ‘bout true African descendant;
If you want to know the truth
Take a trip back to yuh roots,
And somewhere on that journey
Yuh go see a man in ah dhoti,
Saying he prayers in front of ah Jhandi
(place of worship)

CHORUS

Then and only then you’ll understand
What is a cosmopolitan nation
Hant Metawo (let’s shake hands)

There’s no room for prejudice at all
United we’ll stand, divided we’ll fall
Bete Baat Ko Garro (bury the past)
So to all races here in Trinbago
Ap-ko Kalyan Ho Dhaniaho
Let us live under the sky
As Jahaaji Bhai (Brotherhood of the boat)
Jahaaji Bhai (Brotherhood of the boat)
Jahaaji Bhai (Brotherhood of the boat).
Ah want to tell Brother Marvin 'bout Jahaaji Bhai (brotherhood of the boat).
Ah really love de calypso but boy between you and I,
How can you so denigrate my African history?
Ah feel you mistake a sokoto (African male dress)
and call it a dhoti (Indian male dress).
Kwame Toure' must be feel that down in his bones
But if you get faith, better leave Africa alone.

CHORUS

Jump off African Business, jump off!
Jump off African business, jump off!

Dr. J.D. Elder and the whole clan must be blue
In this age of enlightenment, boy don't misconstrue.
The first trace of humans is in Tanzania
And to Adam God showed up with brown clay and woolly hair,
so evolution or creation
Everyone came from the Black man, so you better,

Jump off African Business, jump off.
Jump off African business, jump off!

Ah Kumayah, kumayah,
leh we dance a bongo.
Kumayah, kumayah,
leh we do a Shango.
Kumayah, kumayah,
ungrateful negro (Brother Marvin).
Boy you make me sing Jahaaji Blues,
yes, you make me sing Jahaaji Blues.

I must salute Brother Marvin
for melody first
I cause ah nearly get diabetes just from listening to verse

That magic song is a montage of sweet melodies
even man from Exodus dance, before he break yuh two knees.
But when you chastise "all who playing ignorant"
That's a bad joke
You compromise such a classical piece of work.
Marvin,
Jump off African business, jump off!
Jump off African business, jump off!

If your personal journey leads you away from the truth
Well then speak for yourself and don't be so damn absolute.
No problem if your roots are in India
But distorting Black history,
that's a different matter
Me brother Nel Mandela woulda exile you
forever, so better

CHORUS

Jump off African Business, jump off
Jump off African business, jump off!
Ah Kumayah, kumayah,
leh we dance a bongo.
Kumayah, kumayah,
leh we do a Shango.
Kumayah, kumayah,
ungrateful negro (Brother Marvin),
Boy you make me sing Jahaaji Blues,
yes, you make me sing Jahaaji Blues.

So leh we talk Brother Marvin,
'bout douglarization
And let's go back to indentureship.
for some information,
Indentured boats brought Indian woman six
man to one
And these were raped and abused by white
man on the plantation
so when Indian hoys wanted to make love
and raise family
Their natural choice was African woman
'cause there was plenty,
so dey, Jump on African business,
jump on Douglarise
Jump on African business, jump on.

That word douglar was unknown before
1845 landing
It is Hindu, it means two races
it describes the offspring;
So it is dishonest to now talk 'bout race
and refugee;
And project the poor Black man like if he
Indian crazy
when since before 1850
Indian man was loving black beauty,
when dey

Jump on African Business, jump on!
Jump on African business, jump on!
Ah Kumayah, kumayah,
leh we dance a bongo.
Kumayah, kumayah,
leh we do a Shango.
Kumayah, kumayah,
is one Trinbago,
So don't make me sing Jahaaji Blues,
yes, don't make me sing Jahaaji Blues.
(repeat)

Kwame Toure, whose "real" name is Stokely Carmichael, is a very famous Trinidadian who was a prominent civil rights leader in the US in the 1960s. He actually coined the term "Black Power." He later became an African and took the name Kwame Toure.

A prominent Afro-Trinidadian Anthropologist.
November 7th I see Blackman cry
Look blood still running from Black people’s eye
But I remember when I sing
“Rise Africans Rise”
And I beg Black man to open his eyes
While I was singing and busting my liver string
Black man asking me where Atlantik playing
Then they put they voting finger on the shelf
So today Blackman you must blame yourself
Cause when I sing they don’t listen to what
Cro Cro say
Black man telling black man how black man come out to party
I remember when I sing
“Sham We Don’t Want it”
Them same brothers say Cro Cro singing

So today is not my fault that you lose your heart

CHORUS

Blackman all you look for that
I wonder why black man always want a kick start
Black man all you look for that

A man on a charge for interfering
Black man all you still go and vote for him

Black man how on earth you could condone this
Your daughter might have to work in this man’s office
Then imagine this sex silver-headed pest
Quail fingers under your daughter’s dress
Me eh saying that Patrick shoulda win
But even Jim Baker woulda be better
All them woman who went Beijing the other day
About this mister what all you have to say
Concerning this thing all you silent and talking peace
So the office girls must be at the mercy of this beast
He was charged so whether it is false or true
I’m concerned because I have a daughter too
I talking from my heart I telling you flat

CHORUS

Blackman all you look for that
I wonder why black man always want a kick start
Black man all you look for that

Tobago I am really surprised about you
All you take part in that jackassness too
So why all you always against Trinidad so.....
But all you smile when Robbie marry to Panday
I hope all you understand what Sat Maharaj say
If he daughter marry a black man he chop she flat
Tobago all you look for that

Remember slavery on the plantation
Massa used to use black man to beat black man
So when I hear 17-17 I got a pain
Black man give black man soup but black man want ham
Black man intention is to pressure he own black man
He give them soup they say he treat them like outcast
So now black man take smoke herring in your ....
"Sat " and them could always say what they want
Black man always have a fear of going in front
Black man does tell this man

Boy why you don’t shut up
"Crocs" I sure this year they go lock you up
But the truth does offend these people eh soft
They might just pay a man to bump you off
But I go sing until I grow or until I fall
And if I dead then is my funeral
Arthur Robbie on behalf of the Africans
With two seats bred you have the sword in your hand
I spoke to Leroy Clarke and Khafra Kambon
Up to now they can’t understand what going on
You went and was up in Africa
When Abu Bakr reach and the shooting start ....
All you look for that

And if your daughter should pass in the prime minister path
All you look for that.
This is the land of Calypso,
this is the land of Jam
In Trinidad and Tobago,
we have plenty Calypsonian
Calypso is heavy jammin,
commentary and picong
So if you can't bounce and swing you just
don't belong
and if for some reason calypso making you blue
Listen to me carefully I have some advice for you

CHORUS

If the ills of society is reflected in Kaiso
and you cyar take the jammin pack-up yuh thing and go
If the Hindu man is a racist and the
Calypsonian say so
If you cyar take the jammin pack-up yuh thing and go
Pack yuh bag, back to Caroni, pack yuh bag, you and yuh AG
You could try yuh thing with the Media but
yuh cyar muzzle Kaiso
If you cyar take the jammin pack-up yuh thing and go
Pack yuh bag, pack yuh bag, pack yuh bag and go (repeat)

Williams, Chambers, Robbie and Manning,
Calypsonians jam all ah them
You was right there sitting down laughing

Calypso was no problem
But soon as you enter office everything change-up
Calypsonians are now racist, wicked and corrupt
I want to remind you just in case you forget
the journey now start, this party cyar done, we now start to fete

CHORUS

Nobody eh send and call yuh, yuh jump-in the thing just so
If you cyar take the jammin............... You have a problem with timing and this everybody know
If you cyar take the jammin................ pack yuh bag, back wey you come from, pack yuh bag, go and drink yuh rum
The girls could climb up yuh ladder from Couva to San Fernando
If you cyar take the jammin.............. pack yuh bag, pack yuh bag, pack yuh bag and go (repeat)
You have yuh own religion,
exclusively for your race
That is racial discrimination taking place up front we face
Then you have yuh radio stations playing music just for you
Perpetuating your culture and yuh race too
Then yuh big-belly partner sat on a panel
and say if his daughter take an African spouse he'll disown she the same day
CHORUS

That is dividing the society but you wouldn't tell him so
If yuh cyar take the jammin

Now that a Hindu name on the money that is a booster to his ego
If yuh cyar take the jammin

pack yuh bag, yuh and yuh party,
pack yuh bag pack with unity
You and yuh partner is the real maccy but
Ken Gordon is a pseudo
If you cyar take the jammin

Pack yuh bag, pack yuh bag,
pack yuh bag and go (repeat)

The Culture of the people is what you must understand
yuh have to learn to handle mama guy and mauvaise langue
Take a tip from Eric Williams and let the jack-ass bray
But listen attentively to what the jack-ass say
If we know you like liquor regardless of your points of views
When we meet you in the Savannah we sure to kill you with boos

CHORUS

We are a very expressive people, how we feel we go let you know
If you cyar take the jammin pack up yuh ting and go
That's the way it has been and will continue to be so
If you cyar take the jammin,
pack yuh ting and go
pack yuh bag Ellis have a flask,
pack yuh bag,
Watchman have yuh glass
with due respect the Right-Honorable I ent call yuh name in meh Kaiso If you cyar take the jammin

Pack yuh bag, pack yuh bag, pack yuh bag
and go (repeat)
THE year is 2010 my vision is bold
National Unity finally take hold
Shat Barrage is Prime Minister,
come along my friend Leh me view
Trinidad in the year 2010
Plenty changes in de old scenario
Shat control Trinidad & Tobago

For all who had family on de Patel
Razack
Pull down Kitchener from the Roxy area
Jones P. Madiera
And Put up Panday standing up on

CHORUS

No more Red House in Port of Spain
in yellow it now prevails
and if yuh say “amen” when you pray
you could make a jail
Church communion is not bread and wine
is dhal and pulorie and yuh sign
wid a chutney hymn rising and falling
behind

National Unity - is Shat whey controlling
we
National Unity - Shat finally on top
National Unity - could test mih sanity
National Unity - Somebody wake me up

He banish NJAC to Guaya and bring
dem to a stubble
And give John John Towers to Ali’s to
sell doubles
Bee Wee giving free passage to India
and back

Calypsonians hiding all down in de mang
Because Watchmen, Aloes and Cro cro don
sentenced to hang
Panorama scrapped, no calypso tent
Sitar is now de national instrument And if
yuh is a wealthy black man
yuh bank money is dont
Cause yuh have to pay a Hindu to take it
out.

CHORUS

Cipriani Statue pull down
In place is now Sonny Mann
Superior Radio by law 90% Indian
And if you play pan and break de rule
Less dan 100 miles from on Hindu school
Is jail and cat with Shat applying de tool.

The year is 1998
And just wake up meh body still trembling
Thank God the vision stop
Ah fell asleep after hearing
Some racist talk on TV
And meh-mind multiply the
Nonsense for me to see
That racism is a bottomless chasm
To be avoided at all costs because it is poison.

CHORUS

We have a new thousand-dollar note
Only in Hindu banks it on show
It have a picture of Marvin giving
Shat a co-ki-o-ko
All mixed marriages, have to abandon
Castration or Carrera for de man
And as dougla children born
is fingerprint in de Police Station
The chief cook in the party
Wanted National unity,
So he cooked for his guests a new Callalloo recipe.
But an East Indian waiter
They call Mr. Tabla
He say boss that callaloo is a disaster.
Tabla say: You can't cook callaloo for Trinbagonians just so
Cause good dasheen bush you must know.
And you using old hard ochro.
He say boss your tallllia hush from Caroni roundabout,
So without a doubt, it bound to scratch the guests mouth.

CHORUS
Tabla say: You must have black pepper in the callaloo;
Yellow pepper alone wouldn't do.
You can't have geera alone from Ma Baksh shop;
Ma Ning's store does sell milk you must put a cup.
You can't go quite town (Kwei Tung) to buy Chinese seasoning
And put in garlic last (Lasse) from Pt. Fortin.
You can't put saffron and ghee inside the stew
And boss they don't put curry in callaloo.

Oh no! it go come out blue;
Curry can't go in callaloo.
Tabla the East Indian waiter
Ask the chief cook to remember
When a man named Eric was chief cook and butler.
And after Eric came Chambers
Who couldn't serve callaloo because
A cleaner named () 'Halloran thief all the plates and saucers.
The next cook from Tobago a curry pelau he brought in
But Trinis didn't like his cooking;
They say nah (NAR) too much Tobago seasoning.
The pelau made them constipate;
You ent see (UNC) how they put on weight.
And after they ate, they rob he (Robbie) and mash up the plate.

CHORUS
Tabla say: You must have black pepper in the callaloo;
Dem black grains is what flavor the stew,
You can't put masala from Maraj place
And leave out chive from Paramin trace,
You can't put in onions from Ma Ning's store and garden
And after tell the guests the onions rotten.
You can't call Rawlins the soldier to taste the brew
And boss you can't put curry in callaloo.
The chief cook say: listen Tabla,
The guests complain ‘bout the dinner,
So Ah change the menu to give the food
some flavor.
It is high time the guests ate
A high protein balanced diet
Dem stale food they were serving had they
stomach upset
A good cook can’t cook the same food day
after day
He must server them a nice entrée
And next day give them a bouffée.
Some like roti; some guests like bhaji,
But since Ah cooking for everybody,
Ah can’t please a few, so Ah come up with
something new.

CHORUS
The cook say: You must have blackpepper
in the callaloo;
But blackpepper alone wouldn’t do.
You must have plenty seasoning and blend
it right
And swizzle it to your guests delight.
You must have red tomato and green ochro
White salt and pumpkin ripe and yellow.
And callaloo goes best with yellow coo-coo
So why Ah can’t put curry in callaloo.
oh yea! It’s a new menu.
Why curry can’t go in callaloo.
Congratulations! I'm really glad for Gypsy.
Yes! Gypsy is the king.
Gypsy is the monarch finally.
But with all due respect to his majesty,
The lyrics of 'Little Black Boy' really offend me,
Cause I have black roots and I am proud
And am going to shout it out anywhere clear and loud.
I am proud of my black ancestry,
And the contributions they have made to world history....tell Gypsy

I admit many little black boys are going astray
But we have to motivate, educate and show then the way.
If they are to make a meaningful contribution,
If we are really serious about building a strong and vibrant nation....listen man

CHORUS

A little black boy............gave the world Mathematics
Gypsy put these facts in your lyrics
So little black boys can be proud of their heritage
A little black boy............built the first university
In Timbuktu and from that everybody copy.
Today, any Jane and John could get a degree
That's why Gypsy's kaiso is a sacriilege
To be a little black boy is a privilege

So many black role models to choose from living today
And so many more deceased and have passed away
But the example Gypsy used in his calypso is no joke
Is a tout on a maxi taxi addicted to coke,
He won the crown, he fulfilled his lifelong dream.

A little black boy......was Mandela
Who suffered persecution and torture
To purge the earth of scourge of apartheid
A little black boy......Pele king of soccer.
Mohammed Ali, a heavyweight boxer
Halsey Crawford, Ato Bolton, Dwight York,
and Brian Lara
I Gypsy is really want me to be a fan sing songs to motivate the black man.

CHORUS

Four verses and four chorus in a winning song,
Four verses and four chorus putting little black boy down.
What about the little black boys who working hard and really conscious
He didn't differentiate he attack all ah them
Hard and vicious
But in the process he destroyed so many little black boys self-esteem. Because both the innocent and the guilty Gypsy put all in the same maxi tout category.......listen to me

CHORUS

A little black boy........was Martin Luther King
And until the time of his shooting
Dedicated his life fighting for civil rights
A little black boy........was all them Pharaoh
In construction dem black boys was really pro
How they built the pyramids up to today scientist don’t know
This song is to stem that negative tide.
Dem little black boys have good flip side.

Questions from John Public,
DeLamo why you sing this calypso?
Is it for the fame and the glory, or just to build your ego?
I want to send hope, transmit a positive message
To destroy the myth of that negative little black boy image.
To the little black boys of Maloney and Laventille,

To besides all the little black boys in this country.
With education, discipline, and ambition,
You have the world right here in the palm of your hand......ah talking us man

CHORUS

A little black boy........was Hannibal
A brilliant African general.
He defeated might Rome in days of old
A little black boy........was Winston ‘Spree’
He invented from the ghetto of Laventille.
The only musical instrument of the twenty-first century.
So if Gypsy is really to be my king,
Positive songs like this he has to sing.

A little black boy........was Rodney Wilkes a strongman
He had to practice weight lifting railway iron
Two silver medals an early Olympian.
A little black boy....... was this very same Gypsy
As a street child he overcame delinquency
Today he is businessman and Kaiso monarch of T&T
This proves all we need is the right formula.
An’other little black boys would do similar.
It grieves me when ah black sister or brother ridiculously pulling down one another. The contents it may have the remarks we make like if it's only Africans does make mistake. Some even go as far to say that black people would never ever see they way but when ah blackman keep ah blackman off the shelf he's automatically pulling down he own self.

CHORUS

Is like yuh telling yuh self that yuh self ain't good, Ask yuh self if yuh thinking the way yuh should, read history 'bout the bad days of slavery when so much Africans was killed by Mussolini, Jack de Ripper and Hitler were not black men but it ain't have one blackman who was bad like them

Love yuh self first and take some examples, how the other races live with they people. They are united they treat they women sacred and disrespect they will be aggravated.

Help yuh brother or sister if they falling down and don't laugh when yuh see them flat on the ground.

CHORUS

Yuh telling yuh self that yuh self ain't good, ask yuh self if yuh thinking the way you should, PNM supporters here in Trinbago ah wonder why they want Mr. Manning to go?

CHORUS

The other races not thinking this way, they want Panday stay until resurrection day. So ridiculing yuh self is just ignorance Mr. blackman give yuh own self ah chance.

Those of you who have some form of education, impart yuh knowledge to assist yuh brotherman. Do not assassinate his character only to prove that you are superior. Not like the MP for Tobago East who always describes his people like beast.
His own race he loves to attack
like he vex with the father
for making him black

CHORUS

'Cause he telling he self
that he always right
he even say Laventille people blight.
Calling women stray dogs
breeding in garbage and he own black
brothers
swine and savages.
But whilst he walking round
talking this rubbish no Indian wouldn't say
that 'bout Ramesh.
So ridiculing yuh self
is just ignorance
Mr. blackman give
yuh own self ah chance

Many people were enslaved
through world history
many faced domination
and treachery.
It even happened right here
in the Caribbean.
Caribs and Arawaks were
enslaved to extinction..
So we must take some examples
if we want to progress as a people,
read history so we could unite and fuse
and stop using slavery as an excuse.

CHORUS

Stop telling yuh self that yuh self ain't
good,
ask your self if yuh thinking
the way yuh should.
Read 'bout Hannibal and Marcus Garvey
Makandal Daaga
and Walter Rodney.
Respect yuh self and respect yuh self
in all that you do no body in this world
wouldn't do that for you.
So ridiculing yuh self is just ignorance
Mr. Blackman give yuh own self ah chance.
CHORUS

Sob janjula bhouj na lotay la
jhoot bole la bhouji na lotay la
de maan tell ah lot ah lies, jhoot bole laa....

Maan telling bhaiya how bhoujie lotay la
since then mih bhouja bhoujie marela.
She call mih and tell me she side ah de
story so now yuh go really hear
what bhoujie khela....
'cause he lie, he lie, he lie.....

CHORUS

She ketch the maan watching
through de khiriki
ah bhoujie like ah mother he shouldn't look
at she when he see,
she see he 'fraid she tell on he
he take front before, it take he
and start to slander she.....he lie...........

CHORUS

The vice in maan head
and what he really said,
put she in ah real strife.
It mash up she life please do believe me
what ah really see

de moosal in de okhri
bhoujie pounding rapidly.....

CHORUS

Bhigan in the kitchen bhoujie bhunjaying
to make it so tasty she take a little halidi
what de maan really see was bhoujie on
she knee with the seeal and the lorha
bhoujie pesaying massala.....

CHORUS

He doh like to wuk only playing dholak,
ah really shame to say
'maan stop home one day.
He take ah six for ah nine
he ha' had in he mind,
she wasn't lotaying at all
jus' leepying the wall'...........

CHORUS

Rice in the yard wind was blowing hard,
dust went inside he eye.
He couldn't see ah while
so she step towards he.
Ah wish you could ah see
with de soup in she haan'
bhoujie assawaying de dhaan.
She take the rice pan,
and beat up the maan.
Cause he lie, he lie, he lie............
with pain he cyah stand.

maan rolling in de dhaan
he cry, he cry, he cry.......... 
He say ah lie, ah lie, ah lie
mai jhoot bole laa, bhoutjie ne lotay la 
ah really tell ah lot ah lies, jhoot bolela.
CHORUS

After Monday, Panday this is what de people say sam pyaar tarenge
is one love again.......... 

Ah cook called Mr Ryan
in ah kitchen cost ah million.
He say in he menu it did'n ha no chalo ek
baar phir se aaloo
Manning smell de cataloo
and say; 'boy yuh could cook for true'.
But when he taste de cataloo
he find too much ah aaloo
Ryan why yuh didn't say ...........

It was around midnight
on election Monday night.
A miracle in fron mih eyes
a shining sun on de rise.
Over the three mountain the sun started
rising shining on every man,
Indian, white and African
the sun rise brings a new day........

Ah smelling ah chaunkay,
don by de Caura river.
De taasaa is rumbling quite dong in Couva
and quite up in Lavantee.
They really love de pan day on all de radio
ah hearing
sohni raut is playing,
and Sundar drop he baliser
now running after Panday............
For us to have a brighter day,
the sun is not without a ray.
Ah know this is the season for you to be
happy in de rainbow country,
we must have unity.
So next time Ryan go say
ah next five for Panday,
so next time Ryan must say
a high five for Panday.
Mera naam hai Mister Democracy
Bhaiyo Suno
Mera naam hai Mister Democracy
Freedom I bring to this country.
Manning bakke and complain to me
How Panday destroying democracy.
He already pay me bahoot paisa
Through O'Halloran in Canada
So ah walk with me choolhah and
phooknee to blow
ah walk with me bartan and phoran for so
Ah blowing phookee till...oil get hot
Man ah chhowkeing democracy in the pot.

CHORUS

Democracy, democracy look who complaining 'bout democracy
Democracy, democracary Manning doh want national unity
That man belly cyar take curry
He want back callaloo democracy
Democracy, democracy I come to chhowke democracy.

Ah see who get ponging from calypsonians
Ah know who get ridule in religion.
Ah watch how ah people just taking jaming
So humble and cultured yet elevating.
Ah witness democracy in carnival
Ah listen to Mukesh “What is National.”
Ah hear song like “Keep Mr. Panday Blind”.

It say where the paisa gone so ah make up me mind
When ah learn how they boo Geeta
“Letter to Chalkie”
time to chhowke the phoran an blow phooknee.

CHORUS

Manning take me to ah big panchiat,
He wanted the party to shed some light.
Inside ah room some men ghoosre
Phooos poosing khochoor to throw out Panday.
The say ballot box election eh clean
So bring back that good old voting machine.
As ah see Panday picture on ah punching bag
That Rotwielder hapke me and then start to wag
So ah pull out me phoran and me phookee
Man ah bhoonje they callaloo with chatak curry.

CHORUS

Is years people had to grind and wait
For ah radio station to communicate.
A whole generation they didn’t let
Ah Hindu to be in cabinet.
The utilities went to their power base
Civil service mainly one race.
That was democracy from Papa Willie
They kill al the **barakat** from this country.
Like Manning forget Indians eat rice and maar
Me eh chhowkeing again is **phooknee** in he.....?

**CHORUS**

Democracy, democracy look who complaining ’bout democracy

Democracy, democracy Manning doh want National Unity.
Was plenty lati from Rowley
He just get ah **Mookdar** from Ken Valley.
Democracy, democracy
He begging for **phooknee** from Pandayji.
Democracy, democracy
But Panday sharing national unity
Democracy, democracy But Panday sharing national unity.
Kaljug is the culture of violence and desire
We are victims of ah cultural style
but when yuh play with fire
yuh go bun in fire.
Holikaa in de fireside what happen out
there start from inside here.
Is yuhselself yuh have to fear
so everybody frighten now what going to
happen kaljug take over now......

What really happened quite down in Cedoras
de whole nation is really at a grave loss.
Little children go and take they own life
what could ah drive dem to kare su-i-cide.
The world so fast,
so de children have no soul
Mom and Dad busy,
so the deeya went cold.
What we really giving to dis generation
separation an' sense gratification.
A throw 'way culture and plenty doll-aar
never miss' them with tani mani don-laar?
When kaljug culture,
capture the center humanity from dharti
gone....

CHORUS

So when we teaching children to jam and
wine [chatnee],
we make dem big man an' ooman before
dey time.

Miss in jail have a baccha for she student,
is class in de maxi that make incest
Papa breeding the Young and the Restless.
Ah mother get on woss dan ah flag
'ooman.
N de stage showing she beta de big truck
wine.
Is de kalhug culture what have we so
corrupt
even old man and children, dey too sex up.
When taraana in de gaana is only houjie
know that we karma is a sharaap to dharti.
Kaljug in society
we gone pleasure crazy,
Maryaadaa in ashoka batikaa.

CHORUS

London and Chandrontie kill all dey
children
so we media sampat you religion.
De media just didn't care to understand
what happen when dealin' with a raawan.
None so evil as devil I heard it said,
but de devil is de culture in man head.
Look dey kidnap and cut out a man head
rape and kill a woman right on she bed.
Giving toy gun to children to shoot in play
Ra-ta tat culture imported from U.S.A.
This vi-o-Ience bhai, it en no accident.
TeeVee in de bedroom is kaljug agent.
So when we make de teeVee
de heart[h] of society,
what go happen to the country?
Child'ren loose de godi nanna is
tanty soany,
TeeVee is de holikaa now.

Some blaming all dis on dis government
some say mapapire was de real agent.
The fruits that we eating is no accident
it was planned by a deaf agent.
All de new Jeep and de new Police Station,
all the new Laws and new Legislation,
even changing the ole’ Constitution,
they eh go bring no real solution.
Manthara is the mother of dis culture
remember who banish Raama from
Ayodhya.

De solution is to jhaaray what passing
for culture.
Mr. Panday Karen jhaaray on de culture,
Pichakaaree calling to alter dis culture.
’Cause de culture is de mother of the future
so bring back long time culture
where family and de neighbour
cared for each other.
A man lived for good name
and woman used to ha’ shame.
Life was not just a game
people nahin frighten,
we could make it happen
let dharma be de culture now....
Ah dream ah get ah phone call from Panday recently
Telling me dat de UNC in jeopardy
He say Aloes meh boy ah want ah remedy quick
Because meh Minister of Finance he took in sick
Ah doh no what went wrong but like he get de squeeze
De other day in Parliament he began to sneeze
And de only time he gets de allergy
Is whenever Imbert and Valley questioning him

**CHORUS**

Who own Royal Castle fry chicken, Ish
De travel agency ‘Aladdin, Ish
Who got de job in de Savannah, Ish
Who own Northern Contractor, Ish
Me say Sugars boy dis thing is so frustrating
Ah doh believe is squeal Mister Kuei Tung squealing
But somehow ah feel he trying to tell de nation
De whole of de UNC involve in corruption.

He say Aloes ah doh understand what’s going on,
But ah never see ah man sneeze so since ah born

Just like Nigel Lewis de man get de urge
Find he nose start to run like when yuh take purge
De Opposition begin to stomp and shout
Vincent Lasse make him ah sign to cover he
Ah see he make up he face as doh he in pain
And with dat de man gone back sneezing again.

**CHORUS**

Six hundred acres in Mathura, Ish
And fifty-two million for Winsure, Ish
Who own de Maritime Casino, Ish
Who have de contract for Piarco, Ish
Ah see Kuei Tung make ah draft like he want to fall, Ish
Still Imbert and Valley won’t ease de pressure at all
He block he nose with ah kerchief, but to no avail
Ah swear de whole of de UNC going to jail.

Well in de dream ah tell Mr. Panday listen sah
Why don’t you take Mr. Kuei Tung to a bush doctor
Doh mind he medicines (is) outdated and very old
Am sure dat he would give him something good for de cold
Or he could try zebopoke and Hosay maruse
Shandileer, christmas bush and shadow beni
Panday say Aloes dis thing ain't no accident
Ah feel is Manning throw black pepper in Parliament.

CHORUS

To build de ferry port in 'Toco', Ish
Who was de last chairman of TIDCO, Ish
About de Cherokee jeep matter, Ish
Who own de lands up in Balandra, Ish
He say Sugars boy dis thing getting outa hand
Remember I'm still de Prime Minister of this land
And if de sneezing doh stop ah tell you as man
We sure to loose the next General Election.

In my dreams ah saw Parliament in disaster
So ah decide to step in as translator
Ah pay respects to Hector McLean who is de speaker

He acknowledge den ask me Sings what yuh doing here
Ah say Mr. Speaker I'm here for de UNC
Because ah see meh partner Kuei Ting in an quandary
And before de Opposition tarnish he name
Allow meh to ask him ah few more questions again.

CHORUS

Money for campaign for UNC, Ish
Who bought de seats from Pam and Robbie, Ish
Who is going to profit from dis, Ish
Who buy out Vincent Lasse and Griffith, Ish
After ah few moments ah sit down taxing meh head
Ah start to laugh boy ah laugh till ah nearly dead
Is den ah told de Speaker dis man not sneezing
What he's trying to say is Ishwar Galbaransingh.
Ah hearing ah rumor
Ah get it from me good partner
Dey planning to jail some calypsonions
Dey say its overbearing
De kind of sa nK
that we singing
We come out to destroy politicians
As far as as I understand is me, Cro-Cro
and Watchman
Dey say we singing songs to divide Afri-
cans and Indians
But I was watching Issues Live
And it really hurt me to see
Sat procrastinating on de TV

CHORUS

Ah was right in front meh TV set
When Sat told Leroy and Chalkie
Is thirty long years we Indians had waited
for this opportunity
And while African children was beating
pan
Indian children was beating books
Hence the reason who African children turn
out
vagabonds and crooks
But when I sang meh song to show Africans
On election day how dey slip
Sat Maharaj, Lawrence Maharaj and
Panday
start talking 'bout censorship
So if ah can't educate my people in meh
calypso
Ah done change me clothes
I ready to go.

Sat said it openly
Williams take their money
And put it in banks and Credit Unions
While dey was eating bhagi
We was in Kentucky
'Cause dey money was given to Africans
He say how dey sacrifice and dey work so
hard to provide for their children
Planting garden, cutting cane
Dey contribute to dis land
Car could bounce dey children on de
highway
Selling chive and lime
Se we can't change de facts now is Indian
time.

CHORUS

But when I sing and say Indians don't
forget
All ah dem want to lambaste me
De kind ah things day keep in dey mind
dey could never want unity
Robbie was Prime Minister of dis nation
When he give three of dem de slack
Look how Panday sit and wait eight years
patiently
just to pay him back
So when ah see [he] make him de President
One time I know it was ah trick
Cause when his term of office comes to an
end
He'll be out of politics
So if ah can't sing and show meh people de
facts dat dey should know
Who de hell is Panday
To stand up and say
He’ll make sure it never happen again
We have democracy
To sing on anybody
Next election dey ain’t sure to reign
When I sang on Robinson dey give meh so much money
Dey even applauded Plain Clothes for singing
Chambers dunsee
When Chalkie had won de crown
Singing de driver can’t drive
Caroni and Couva had come alive.

CHORUS

But now is their turn to take picon
Dey so thin-skin dat dey start acting dread
In de country ah Negro sand ah kaiso and an Indian kill him dead
All ah dem was offended when I say two jackass
made Panday Prime Minister
But look how NAR and UNC end up in disaster
And Sat Maharaj add fire to fury when on TV
He told de nation
It is de first time he feel so proud to sing de National Anthem
If I can’t refresh your memory
in my calypso
Ah done change meh clothes I ready to go.

Aloes what yuh doing, careful what yuh singing
Stalin say dey go put yuh in jail
He say jail for Cro-Cro, jail for Watchman also
and yuh know all yuh won’t get no bail
but dis UNC Government really afraid of de truth

so dis Calypso art form dey trying dey best
to uproot
and I truly believed all what dey doing is out of spite
’Cause dey move Calypso from Sunday to Thursday night.

CHORUS

But dey could rant and rave and den misbehave
I singing ‘bout dem any day
And in de same breath ah want yuh talk
de truth what yuh think bout Mrs. Man-day
Check back from Georgie wife, Robbie and Manning wife
dey all have social carrie
But dis never see come see johnny come lately
just don’t fit any where
No social activity for de community de woman so out of place
’Cause de only thing she could do is boo
and wipe sweat off Man-Day face.
But between Man-day and de news media
who she love more ah just don’t know
but I don change meh clothes and ready to go.

Morgan Job so boldface
Dam fast and out of place
With he nose spread out on he face like ah rash
As dey talk ‘bout Kaiso
He must mention me and Cro-Cro
What we do him God in heaven know
But I wouldn’t waste meh time to sing and say how Pam treat him like dirt
According to Watchman he’s just ah walking afterbirth
An if ugliness was sin brotherman it ain’t hard to tell
Sat and Morgan Job going straight to hell.
CHORUS

All who talking 'bout opening ah Kaiso school
None of dem never write ah tune
But dey quick to condemn we calypsos
Especially de jam and wine
As someone launch an attack on Calypso
All ah dem want to have ah say
But you'll see dem jumping to de same jam and wine

on Carnival day.
From since in slavery it was ah struggle
Kitche and Sparrow should let dem know
If dey want to censor dey have to pass through me
Watchman and Cro-Cro
So if ah can't tell all who condemning hands off we Calypsos
Ah done change me clothes
Ah ready to go.