**Mi Rights by John Campbell**

Wha me want is good libing,

Plantain boiling in me pot,

Fair play and good, good, good larning.

Leh me talk me mind like massa,

Leh me worship how me like,

When me dead,

A me guh answer God.

Is he fuh judge who right

Me nah watch wha sahib got,

He can smaoke he big cigar,

Me gan ride me bicycle in wan safe spot,

Leh he kill he self wid he big fancy motor car.

Low me and me comrades fuh meet together,

Once we nah plan to kill.

Who choose fuh commit slander,

Mus’ remember jail deh still.

Me nah want wan big bungalow,

Wha me want, wan decent shelter.

Wid me lil fridge,

And me lil oil stove,

And a pick up wid wan loud, loud, loud speaka.

We nah blige fuh play golf and hockey,

Neither snooker nor skittle,

Jus give me bingo and lottery,

And leh me raise me twa’ twa fuh whistle.

The high man and me must have de same law,

And we pickney must get de same rights,

He own mustn’t sleep pun feather pillow,

And rain, ohh rain a beat me boy pun night.

Me son musn’t have to pass exam,

And he own get wuk through de back door.

Cause he born wid a silver spoon in he mouth.

And we pickney, owe, we picney dem born poor, poor poor.

Ha ha ha

Me na blige fuh get nuff, nuff money,

Wha plenty rich man a feed them horse wid,

Me nah care fuh gin and whisky,

Give me, me run and fuh quench me thirst.

Leh them fly high like kite,

Me want wan decent wage,

Fuh me and meh wife.

And more than all,

Leh me get meh rights.