

French Affair

"Acid"

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[Mighty Jarrett]

Nuff killin dis year
Acid bu'n dem skin, we nah run fa dem
Ya done know?

Me say, Dubplate pop off, nuff sound drop off
One man let off, de next one jet off
We hot like peppa, sound boy ruffa
In a dance hall know de whole place wet up
Gal a get wet up, true me have pen, inspecta
Rob it up, stab it up, ruffneck
Neva leave off de rubba
Melly's are cryin, scream to ya motha
True Don Dada, melt ya like butta
Eat a worm me oughta, style gone popular
Bite ya like Dracula, see ya like binoculars
F.B.I. plottin us, ain't nuttin stoppin us
Superduper fabulous, this a one, ya murderers
Whole world 'fraid of us, Babylon scared of us
Bad man officas partin, you know me have to partin
Catalon' me callin, neva stop de chatta
Make the black man fallin, all in togetha, unified foreva
Bonified brotha, just like de weatha
Whateva, wheneva, ya ready?
Acme break the Dreddy, oh we kill Eddie, bad man
spreadsheet
Dubplate heavy, heavy, heavy

[Chorus - Mighty Jarrett]

Acid, bu'n down de whole place rapid
Acid, in a dancehall we have ta drop it
Acid, Dubplate gone 'pon de market
Acid, de gal dem like it and love it
Acid, selecta in me, here have it
Acid, in a dancehall dem have ta drop it
Acid, Dubplate gone 'pon de market
Acid, bu'n down de whole place rapid

[Mighty Jarrett]

Well, I am all dry, yes I, the most high
Must I, have to shot a man? I'm right, aight?

Sound guy, don't try, to test I
Know I, from Bed-stuy, we're alright
If ya like, our sound, wave ya hand all around
Dubplate on the ground, make a sound hap' around
Ya know me have to raise me gun
Nuff shot we have ta done, hear he a champion
Upset de Babylon, true dem nah undastand
Ruffneck raggaman, make de girl and have some fun
Dubplate numba one, whole world have de gun
Know me ready to smoke a blunt, chocolate tai like a
skunk
Will want anotha one, pass it off to betta mon
Roll up de next one, quick make me flex 'pon
Dubplate Connection, Royal Fam invention
But weed make me mention, dancehall affection
I get me 'no' weapon, pon, pon

Chorus

[Mighty Jarrett]

Me said, well dem make me kill dem, me have a lost
friend
Bredren warn dem before we have a problem
Ya done know, how we got when we have ta start again
Dat me nah have ta offa dem, write it down upon de
pen
Selecta of de dividend, threw him like how it end
Check out de violin, word up, it's murderin
Double up, buckle up, ya done know how it got
Sound boy murderera, neva eva heard a ya
Which part ya come from, down in de Brooklyn
Run from de come from, we don't run from Babylon
Show dem de Rahmaddan, grand slam wit me song
Yes mon me own a run, this one ya at mon
This you know it cut, when me start me nah stop
Reggae hip-hop if you really wanna rock
Dem ya have ta get got, in a record shop
DVD 'pon stocks, if ya can't talk
All a mine forgot, acid bu'n ya skin true me yardie,
yardbox
Sell pine get dem, me nah left de tracks
Fling true, Dubplate and all ya head back
Sound boy ya get wet when ya hear God talk
You know me nah laugh, here down dancehall, hall,
hall

Chorus

