

Mystic Roots

"DJ Inna Dance"

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A long, long time I man a DJ inna dance
Come watch me DJ in your dance
Long, long time I man a DJ inna dance
Come watch me nice up the dance

Said long, long time I man DJ in the dance
Put the mic inna me hand and come nice the session
Said people a dance and people a gwan
And everywhere we go dem say "Ram-pam-pam"
Tellin' you say

Have you ever tried to mix the dance-hall style
With some flava from a playa make ya dance for a
while
I got the recipe without no glock in hand
So open sesame, here come that rasta-man

Sweet, sweet sounds; I said sweet, sweet reggae
You really want to dance; I said you really want to play

Yes, yes y'all. Hip-hop with dance-hall
Cootdog baby and Rason Jahmal
I got that wicked sh*t like the Wu-Tang Clan
'cuz I triumph forever when the mic is up in me hand

Teacher, teacher, teacher: spittin' game in your class
So fast; sucka-mc's catch a whiplash
On the throttle, potent so put me in a bottle
Label it 151, put me up in your mouth and swallow
Feel me in your liver, quiver when I deliver
Make your blood hot, shiver in the Babylon river
A youngin, but I'm stunnin', commin' straight from the
Bay
I got ya runnin' and ya' runnin' and ya runnin' away

We got ya runnin' away, here me come say
We don't want no trouble so back and go way
Inna big-big trouble, I said we don't want that
A how we just cool wit the somethin', a we just try fe
relax
Now cool out with the trouble, said we don't want that

A we just cool it with somethin', a we just try fe relax

In the studio, chillin'; write a little rap
Burn it to CD and watch it go triple-plat
Top notch performer on the dance-hall tip
There's not a mic in the world that Rason can't rip a like
that

A me say get up and dance a me say get up and dance
Jump up and dance me say get up and dance
A we have the sound so you must love that
A we have the sound so you must love that

I pick up the mic in the evening and rhyme
Rip it for a minute, then blaze upon me Thai
Strictly Roots band put me pon de stage
Billboard chart me top the front page
See me, I ain't even put the flame to the bud
I'm still insane off the love and the game in my blood
I've been doin' it since 1986
Writin' underground hits; West Marin in the sticks
Been down with the Roots since the ranch in Sonoma
And now I'm up in Chico on a street called Pomona
Avenue; and I be havin' brew
Butte Creek every week; cootdog a freak up on this
beat..

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