

Reni Juis

"Dreadlock Holiday"

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I was walkin' down the street
Concentratin' on truckin' right
I heard a dark voice beside of me
And I looked 'round in a state of fright
I saw four faces, one mad, a brother from the getto
They looked me up and down a bit and turned to each
other
I say, I don't like cricket, oh no
I love it
Don't you walk through my words
You got to show some respect
Don't you walk through my words
Cause you ain't heard me out yet
Well, he looked down on my silver chain
He said: "I'll give you one dollar"
I said: "You've got to be jokin', man
It was a present from me mother"
He said: "I like it, I want it, I'll take it off your hands
And you'll be sorry you crossed me
You better understand
That you're alone, a long way from home"
And I say, I don't like Reggae, oh no
I love it
Don't you cramp me style
Don't you queer me pitch
Don't you walk through my words
'Cause you ain't heard me out yet
I hurried back to the swimming pool
Sinkin' Pina Colada.
I heard a dark voice beside me say
"Would you like something harder "
She said: 'I've got it, you want it
My harvest is the best and if you try it
You'll like it and whollow in a Dreadlock holiday
And I say, don't like Jamaica, oh no
I love her
Don't you walk through her words
You got to show some respect
Don't you walk through her words
'Cause you ain't heard me out yet
I don't like cricket, oh no
I love it (Dreadlock holiday)

I don't like Reggae, oh no
I love it (Dreadlock holiday)

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