

Shaggy

"Ah-E-A-Oh"

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AH-E-A-OH
It's like that to the maximum
Shaggy (Ha)
Sylva (Ha)
Rub-a-dub injection for them
She say

AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH

If only you know me
Woman you're looking lonely
ive me your name and number number, is it Ruta or it
Naomi
You no know me, can't blow me
Stop talking baloney
Try to control me but you know you couldn't hold me
Respect you need to show me when deh ya my man's
my homie
Inject you like a cassette to Dicay or it's a Sony
Woman a camouflage at nothing but the fucking
phoney
Fat or an bony, look like macaroni
Saddle up gal the hula-hula, ride mi pony

AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH, AH

Reach inna your body, things a run red
Sylva deh ya now me and mi text draw on a dread
Give me the 45 now bust, knock out, no bust no lead
Lyrical entertainment what me give them instead
Sylva, Mr. Shaggy up inna the call friends
Sting and Robert for production again
With no rub-ub, with no skin out we naw beg no friend
This one we bill out fi the gal pickney them

AH-E-A-OH

AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH

Look how the gal them a bubble and wine
Pump up a swing out pon the front line
She wine, she ram, she do the pump and everything
combine
The blister of the shake on them the splitted be a slime
Sting a lead them in the rhythm
While the Sylva arrive
This are Shaggy and Sylva
Lyrically combine
Flatbush combination
Wicked and vile
This time we're thin for foreign kin so watch with profile
We're wicked and wicked and wicked and wicked and
wicked and wicked and wild

AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH

Gal start fi move and the man them say aah
Rub-a-dub-a fling like the massive say hey
Hand inna the air and everybody shout hee
Gal a dotty gal and then the man them say hoo

AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH

AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH

If only you know me
Woman you're looking lonely
Give me your name and number, is it Ruta or it's Naomi
You no know me, can't blow me
Stop talking baloney
Try to control me but you know you couldn't hold me
Respect you need to show me when deh ya my man's
my homie
Inject you like a cassette to Dicay or it's a Sony
Woman a camouflage at nothing but the fucking
phoney
Fat or an bony, muddle like macaroni
Sit down pon the hm-hm, saddle up, ride mi pony

AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH

AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH

Reach inna your body, things a run red
Sylva deh ya now me and mi text draw on a dread
Give me the 45 now bust, knock out, no bust no lead
Lyrical entertainment me go give them instead
Sylva and Shaggy up inna the call friends
Sting and Robert for production again
With no rub-ub, with no skin out we naw beg no friend
This one we bill out fi the gal pickney them
Sing

Aaah, hm
AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH
AH-E-A-OH

Look how the gal them a bubble and wine
Pump up a swing out pon the front line
She wine and ram, she do the pump and everything
combine
The blister of the shake on them the splitted be a slime
Sting a lead them in the rhythm
While the Sylva arrive
This are Shags man and Sylva
Lyrically combine
The Flatbush combination
Wicked and vile
This time we're thin for foreign kin so watch with profile
So we're wicked and wicked and wicked and wicked
and wicked and wicked and vile

What sing

AH-E-A-OH (What)
AH-E-A-OH (What)
AH-E-A-OH (Respect to the maximum)
AH-E-A-OH (Sting International upfronts)
AH-E-A-OH (Robert, respect do all the time)
AH-E-A-OH (Respect to Bajja Jedd, Red Fox)
AH-E-A-OH (Nikey Fungus, Screechy Dan)
AH-E-A-OH (Respect to the man a them call name
Lapoo)
AH-E-A-OH (I reach it out proof)

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