

Ms. Dynamite

"Booo!"

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It's Dynamite inside the place, Listen to the
Dynamite... with the Sticky.
And you know we gonna get dem hyper... inside the
place.
And we tell them...

We tell them,
Get it with da rhythm get it with the drum,
Get it with da rhythm get it with the drum,
I fight on my tongue, like you na' want some.
Let my lyrical tongue be your medicine.

Feel the bad gal bass,
Feel the bad gal bass injection.
Yes, indeed you're wid tha boom selection,
This one's psychotic it should be sectioned.
It's the rage, insane when I feel no pain,
Excuse me while I get into your brain.
Let tha bass a vibrate them veins,
Go fuck you up like it was cocaine, cuzza,
Dib E Dibbie Dy-Na-Mi-Tee to get the people get them
lively...

And den we shout Booo inna you head,
Lyrical shot, get up I sed.
Gotta do de song dat everybody should mek da
gunman run da conversation.

Getta widda little bitta base and drum,
Hear nah ya so fuck da poor en fuck da gun.
Becoz back in da day woz all about fun.
Tekin ya bak on ma lyrical tongue, my only weapon.
Fu**ed hard up at fills, a thrill, no cost don't kill
Yeh stan still, I'm a lick ya wid a vibe that you can feel.

Becuz it's not about dem bad attitudes, and it's not
about da bad vibes,
No matta who you are and no matta wat ya do,
You can get sum of our natural high.
Becuz it's not about dem bad attitudes, and it's not
about da bad vibes,
No matta who you are, and no matta wat ya do...

Imma nah care wot ya crib, No dogs aloud in a d race
assassan.

But ders most beÂ'aviour, boy
Please, Sort dem, fuck hurry's,
About ya grab breas an gay en wonder why,
She vex so wen ya grabby grabby,
Tel him flea, if he step direspectfully (it's he)
Had enuff,
Tellin us, tellin me, tellin me, tell him flea.

Tho sum gyals think dem to nice,
Dey stan up innna place,
Demma pay big price.
Dark talk, but demma cold like ice.
Try screw bout ya scary az spies,
Man in a venue demma 2 rah rah,
Wen dey wanna get it at a pu-na-na.
An IÂ'm like cha, Coz dem blah blah,
Dat's it, I rest, me not a rah rah, Rah rah it,
Bumba bumba clart it, it.
Gedda wid da rhythm, now get me started.
Me nah cum fer dex, me just on raves, (hey)
Nat fuss nat fuss ta fight a.
Girlfrend top, ya nice is nat right a.
Let enuff ta every brotha in sight a.
I donÂ't mean ta b impolite a.
But its like ya begga begginÂ'
Fer ya breas tonight....

Listen to the dynamite,
Listen to the dynamite,
Listen to the dynamite, inside the place,
Its not about about tha fire lite
Not about the, drugs...
It's just about, about the love...
Love for the music, Love for the base...
There's no need...
For all this badness in the place.

Dibby D, d dy-na-mite-ee
Ta get da ppl demma lively BOOO

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