

## Renee Olstead

### "Dreadlock Holiday"

Visit "[Dreadlock Holiday](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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)

Visit [Renee Olstead](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.