

## Roots Manuva

### "Bashment Boogie"

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[Intro: Roots Manuva] More vibe, more vibe, more vibe, more pressure, more vibe Who's that? Who's that? More vibe, more vibe, more vibe, more pressure, more vibe Who's that? Who's that? [First Verse: Roots Manuva] Overblown inna the zone, come check the poet Natural shiznit and nobody to show it Step up to the bar and the clean girls know My incredible vedible, my new talk tongue Most cool when the world seems highly strung Sit dung (down) inna the corner and me beat me drum Me soon get the vision of the big lump sum Its Saturday morning, you're playing the lottery It could be you, it could be me Fuck that, let's get this plan together We were born to go live in a place With nice weather Bishi bashment crew, just push up your hands Bishi bashment crew, just study your band Bishi bashment crew, go'head go get grands Bishi bashment crew, go'head go get land Fire fluid in my belly, I'm flaming hot ??? Ayyo me do something me hustle, this is all your crops We take that to the roll for just two G a pop I hear them say Manuva sound like money And ain't it funny, reflecting on the drama it took to get hook up Big tings gwaan for us now Each time we come we get dangerous now I paid my dues in community studios Late night sessions I refined my flows I got to bring in from the good fire, the fee marshall I'm mackin to the modes in my council flat castle, And we don't partial! Whos the rascal? I wont ask you for... [Chorus: Ricky Rankin] Don't want a fuss so me say turn with the fight now Me say the ghetto make me horny at night now Look in the window and the earth get around now I say you rocking to the champion sound now [Repeat 2x] [Second Verse: Roots Manuva] More style, more vibe, niceness we bring You hear me MC now me going try sing Simmer down, every posse just simmer down Go get the pound! Max relax now, we nuh want stress Some of them inna sequin, some inna string vest Bashment boogie, we dress fi impress Step out the bath and me smell well fresh Splash on cologne and we ready fi bone First thing we do, we have fi pick up da phone Yo Gordon G, I beg you, don't make me late The coach is gonna

leave about quarter past eight Pack my backdrop, pack  
my dubplate Pure love we get when we step through  
the gate Roots fi disco deh pon the go Step inna the  
room and everybody know We cream we toe and  
cream we elbow Gang like we, ???we bad than po po!  
[Chorus: Ricky Rankin] Don't want a fuss so me say turn  
with the fight now Me say the ghetto make me horny at  
night now Look in the window and the earth get around  
now I say you rocking to the champion sound now  
[Repeat 2x] [Outro: Ricky Rankin] Sound like surcharge,  
ah yeah dem was big and large Man nuh use no  
camouflage People here and people there and people  
almost everywhere Uh-huh All corners of South London  
was rammed East London was jammed Lemme tell  
you, one of days My God! Jesus Christ, we nice Sweet  
like sugar Love like the spice You know that

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