

## Roots Manuva "Strange Behaviour"

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[Verse One]

I can't quite remember the month nor date  
Nothing was gwan and I was jammin round my gate  
Started fiending for a Jack& but had no cash  
I had no choice to piggy-bank or trash  
It was me and my bold self with five bags of coppers  
Splashed out on the counter at PJ Patel's  
He's far from happy with my method of pay  
I shrug my shoulders, I'm like what can you say?  
It's money, ain't it? I ain't begging you jack  
And mood I'm in, I might just give you a slap  
I grip my Jack&s and I leave in peace  
As I stepped through the door he heard the kiss of my  
teeth  
Minding my own business, rolling down the street  
I swear I heard a female voice call my name  
I stopped for a second loud as Charmaine  
Some sis I used to park with from way back when  
We weren't on no bone-tip, just real good friends  
We on some hug-up and kiss, boy she looking neat  
Head-to-toe in new gowns and two new gold teeth  
I said 'What you want?' and she says 'This and that'  
'Well, come around my yard and let's crack this six-  
pack'  
Back at my yard we heavy-chilling, killing time  
Exchanging views and getting thoughts off the mind  
For three whole hours everything was cool  
Around quarter to twelve they took the strangest twist  
I'm looking in her face, I swear it looks off  
She's sweating like she dipping in some horse's trough  
Then she flips out, screaming 'quick, I hit a last  
Trying to kick this brown but it's busting my arse'

[Chorus]

Seems like the planet gone mad  
What you staring in my face for?  
I told you dudes, I can't save ya  
What the frigg is with this strange behaviour?  
Strange behaviour..

[Verse Two]

Charmaine the headstrong. proud miss missy

Fell for the local fluff dealer, she were living the high  
life  
Sitting in the luxury's lap  
Little did she know she were braving a trap  
Cause the thug that she loved was a two-bit thug  
The notes that she speed with were dripping blood  
She were mesmerized by the rude boy charm  
Two years had passed, she thought she's safe from  
harm  
But the past has strange way of rearing it's head  
Just when she think it were dusted and dead  
It's like petrol bombs come flying through the window  
Cause there's a ten grand price on his life  
Ready to be cashed when his heartbeat ceases  
All that he tried, he can't get no peace  
Cause he's running from the beast, running from the  
crims  
After all's said and done it's the beast that wins  
Whyilin on borrowed time, soon to get nabbed  
Two keys of fluff that he just did grab  
When her man got nicked, Lord knows she couldn't  
cope  
Started hitting the bottle, started tying the rope  
Now she's trapped in the chains of the oldest trade  
Flashing her vag' in my face and I'm far from keen  
I don't want got business with no drugsman's queen  
Nahmean?

[Chorus x3]

What the frigg is with this strange behaviour?

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