

# Ah-e-a-oh

## Shaggy

Ah-E-A-Oh

It's like that to the maximum

Shaggy, Sylvia

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  
Give 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

Reach inna your body, things a run red  
Sylvia 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  
Sylvia, 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 Sylvia arrive

This are Shaggy and Sylvia 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 hey  
Gal a dotty gal and then the man them say ho

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  
Sylvia 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  
Sylvia 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, 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 Sylvia arrive  
This are Shags man and Sylvia 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  
Ah-E-A-Oh  
Ah-E-A-Oh  
...

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