

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 hoAh-E-A-Oh
Ah-E-A-Oh
Ah-E-A-Oh
Ah-E-A-OhIf 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 meRespect 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 ponyAh-E-A-Oh
Ah-E-A-Oh
Ah-E-A-Oh
Ah-E-A-OhReach 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 insteadSylvia 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, singAaah, ah-E-A-Oh
Ah-E-A-Oh
Ah-E-A-Oh
Ah-E-A-OhLook 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 slimeSting 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 profileSo we're wicked and wicked and wicked and wicked
And wicked and wicked and vile, what singAh-E-A-Oh
Ah-E-A-Oh
Ah-E-A-Oh
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