## **Murder She Wrote (Original Mix)**

## **Chaka Demus & Pliers**

Now dis one dedicated to the girls

Dem wid di angel face and the devil heart

Yuh no say Ragamuffin Chaka Demus an youth called Pliers

Come to deal with your case, step up my youth, hear disI know this little girl, her name is Maxine

Her beauty is like a bunch of rose

If I ever tell you 'bout Maxine

You would a say, I don't know what I know

(But)Murder she wrote

(Fi real, fi real)

Murder she wrote

Murder she wrote

Murder she wroteWatch ya now, it name

A pretty face and bad character

Dem the kinda livin' can't hold Chaka

(Follow me)

A pretty face and bad character

Dem the kinda livin' can't hold ChakaSeh gal yuh pretty, yuh face it pretty

But yuh character dirty

Gal vuh just act too flirty, flirty

Yuh run to Tom, Dick an' also Harry

An' when yuh find yuh mistake

Yuh talk 'bout yuh sorry, sorry, sorry

(Come now) Have her di corner where she jooks an where she jam

(Cruise?)

She know about Lou, Crack an every money man

Me talk about coolie chiney, White Man and Indian

Di wickedest kind a girl whey Mr. Pliers buk uponNow when yuh heard about this girl, her name is Maxine

Her beauty is like a bunch of rose

(But)

If I ever tell you 'bout Maxine

You would a say, I don't know what I know

(But)Murder she wrote

(Murderation man)

Murder she wrote

Murder she wrote

(Na, na, na)

Murder she wroteWatch yuh now stand still, yuh no pay me light bill

If yuh tes di ragamuffin, gal ya gwan get kill

Gal keep 'way, caw yuh a crebbie crebbie

An di limits of me talk of if a DJ, gal come outBecaw yuh nuh shockout Now when yuh hear di ragamuffin, yuh haffi jump and shout

Now touch me gate, yuh nuh pay mi water rate

Becaw great is great, yuh cyaan underrate

(Follow me) Yuh pretty face an bad character

Dem the kinda livin' can hold Chaka

(Follow me)

Yuh pretty face an bad character

Dem the kinda livin' can hold ChakaSeh girl yuh pretty, yuh face is pretty

But yuh character dirty

Gal yuh just a have to flirty, flirty

Yuh run to Tom Dick an' also Harry

An when yuh find yuh mistake

Yuh talk 'bout yuh sorry, sorry, sorryNow every middle of the year dis girl go have abortion

Fi di coolie white man, Indian no seek inna

(Nail fun?)

An jus di other day me see her six months pregnant

Now she up an switch her girl with other baby inna pramSo yuh heard about this girl, her name is Maxine

Her beauty's like a bunch of rose

An' if I ever tell you 'bout Maxine

You would a say, I don't know what I know

(But)Murder she wrote

Murder she wrote

Murder she wrote

(Na, na, na)

Murder she wroteExcuse me

Gal me never know yuh a so yuh stay

Ragamuffin Chaka Demus com fi flash it same way

Waoh, woah

(Follow me) Yuh pretty face an bad character

Dem the kinda livin' can Hold Chaka

(Follow me)

Yuh pretty face an bad character

Dem the kinda livin' can Hold ChakaSeh girl yuh pretty, yuh face is pretty

But yuh character dirty

Gal yuh just a have to flirty, flirty

Yuh run to Tom, Dick an' also Harry

An when yuh plan yuh mischief

Yuh talk 'bout yuh sorry, sorry, sorryDi gal a pose an' a brag how she look sexy

All she worship is pure vanity

Di gal a pose anna brag how she look ready

When she wash her clothes it dirtyGal yuh no ready if yuh cyaan cook fi mi

Gal yuh no ready if yuh cyaan wash fi mi

Gal yuh nuh ready if yuh know yuh flirty flirty

(Follow me) Yuh pretty face and bad character

Dem the kinda livin' can't hold Chaka (Follow me now)

Yuh pretty face an bad character

(Murder she wrote)

Dem the kinda livin' can't hold Chaka

(Murder she wrote)So stand still

(Murder she wrote, na, na, na)

Yuh no pay me light bill an' if yuh tes di ragamuffin

(Murder she wrote)

Gal ya gwan get kill, gal keep 'way

Caw yuh ahaffi back way an 'di of him a DJ

(Limit see me talk)Gal come out becaw yuh nuh shockout

Now when yuh hear di ragamuffin

Yuh haffi jump and shout, now touch me

(Gate?)

Yuh nuh pay mi water rate

Becaw great is great is yuh gong fi di rate

(Come down)Now yuh heard about this little girl her name is Maxine

Her face is like a bunch of rose

Man a if I ever tell you 'bout Maxine

You would a say, I don't know what I know

## Songwriters

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