

# Roots, Rap, Reggae

## Run-D.M.C.

Reggae  
Roots, rap, reggae  
And we don't stop  
It's like that y'all and then we're ready to play  
It's no jive, it's live and it's reggae  
Roots, rap  
My homeboy Jay, don't scratch reggae  
So listen to Jam Master as the Master start to play  
And when he go just check the show  
'Cause they scratchin' with the toe  
And even his elbow, ha  
Roots, rap, reggae  
Stomp your feet, clap your hand  
At the microphone is king Yellowman  
In Jamaica, I'm the champion  
This is roots, rap, reggae, ha ha ha, rip it  
Roots, rap, reggae  
Hotta, hotta, 'otta reggae music  
'Otta, 'otta, 'otta reggae music  
'Otta, 'otta, 'otta reggae music  
I know, we know that reggae is sweet  
Reggae music is rap to de beat  
Clap your hands an' stomp your feet  
Roots, rap, reggae  
Roots, rap  
Now party people I'm so happy, don't know what to do  
'Cause I'm an MC with the rhyme and down with the crew  
Rock from Africa to France and the Kalamazoo  
And every place that I play, I hear a yay not a boo  
And now a party not a party and a jam ain't a jam  
Less D is who he be and I am who I am  
Or Jay is just the DJ cuttin' for the two  
And it's the three of us, baby and we're doin' the do  
Five plus five, equal to ten  
Everywhere I go I've got a lot of girlfriend  
Music is sweet, music is nice  
Yellow 'ave about twenty-four wife  
It's roots, rap, reggae, ha, ha, ha  
Roots, rap, reggae

Don't drink alcohol, don't snort cocaine  
Reggae music is not so strange  
Know de cocaine will 'urt up your brain  
This is roots, rap, reggae, ha, ha, hah  
Roots, rap, reggae, aiy siah  
It's roots, rap, reggae

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>