Roots, Rap, Reggae

Run Dmc

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

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