

# Sugarcane

## Convoy

(Spoken)

My ladies! Hahahaha! You know you gotta run away with me to the Islands. Ha! Shaggy!

(Sung)

Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh

Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh

Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa

My Sugarcane

Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh

Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh

Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa

(Sugarcane)

She said she's tired of the city life

Says she wants a simple life

Tell me seh she need me want to settle down and be my wife

Introduce her to the Island life

She says it's everything that she likes

We bought some fruits from the fruit stand

Roots from the Roots Man

Coconut water well we get it from the Jelly Man

She had a piece of my Sugarcane

From then she hasn't been the same

She says

No bright lights no fame

Caviar or Champagne

She wanna be a plane old Jane

She likes the taste of my Sugarcane

It ain't hard to explain

How this girl rocks my brain

She likes being a plane old Jane

She likes the taste of my Sugarcane

Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh

Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh

Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa

She likes the taste of my Sugarcane

Girl the ain't no substitute

Don't you worry about the loot

Wanna be a mommy ripe and ready for a couple youths

Forever on this island cruise

Tell me baby how can we lose?  
She love the Ackee and the Salt Fish  
Yam from the Market  
Sweet Cocoa Tea or some real Hot Chocolate  
But when she taste my Sugarcane  
From then she hasn't been the same  
She says  
No bright lights no fame  
Caviar or Champagne  
She wanna be a plane old Jane  
She likes the taste of my Sugarcane  
It ain't hard to explain  
How this girl rocks my brain  
She likes being a plane old Jane  
She likes the taste of my Sugarcane  
Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh  
Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh  
Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh  
She likes the taste of my Sugarcane  
No bright lights no fame  
Caviar or Champagne  
She wanna be a plane old Jane  
She likes the taste of my Sugarcane  
It ain't hard to explain  
How this girl rocks my brain  
She likes being a plane old Jane  
She likes the taste of my Sugarcane  
Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh  
Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh  
Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh  
She likes the taste of my Sugarcane  
Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh  
Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh  
Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh Whoa Oh  
She likes the taste of my Sugarcane!!!

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