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
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
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!!!

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