

# Dreadlock Holiday

## Endwise

I was walkin' down the street  
Concentratin' on truckin' right  
I heard a dark voice beside of me  
And I looked round in a state of fright  
    I saw four faces one mad  
    A brother from the gutter  
They looked me up and down a bit  
    And turned to each otherI say  
    I don't like cricket oh no  
    I love it  
    I don't like cricket oh no  
    I love it  
    Don't you walk thru my words  
    You got to show some respect  
    Don't you walk thru my words  
'Cause you ain't heard me out yetWell he looked down at my silver chain  
    He said I'll give you one dollar  
    I said you've got to be jokin' man  
    It was a present from me Mother  
        He said I like it I want it  
        I'll take it off your hands  
    And you'll be sorry you crossed me  
    You'd better understand that you're alone  
        A long way from homeAnd I say  
        I don't like reggae no no  
        I love it  
        I don't like reggae oh no  
        I love it  
        Don't you cramp me style  
        Don't you queer on me pitch  
        Don't you walk thru my words  
'Cause you ain't heard me out yetI hurried back to the swimming pool  
    Sinkin' pina coladas  
I heard a dark voice beside me say  
    Would you like something harder  
    She said I've got it you want it  
        My harvest is the best  
        And if you try it you'll like it  
    And wallow in a Dreadlock HolidayAnd I say

Don't like Jamaica oh no  
I love her  
Don't like Jamaica oh no  
I love her oh yea  
Don't you walk thru her words  
You got to show some respect  
Don't you walk thru her words  
'Cause you ain't heard her out yet I don't like cricket  
I love it (Dreadlock Holiday)  
I don't like reggae  
I love it (Dreadlock Holiday)  
Don't like Jamaica  
I love her (Dreadlock Holiday)

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