

# Roots & Chalice

Chronixx

Roots!  
Uh Uh!  
People dem a bawl roots  
Umm umm  
Roots!  
Oh roots!  
Hey!

Inna rastaman party  
Chalice we burn  
Chalice fi lick  
Inna rastaman party  
Malice we burn  
And a roots we sip  
Roots and Chalice  
Sippin' roots and chalice  
Inna rastaman party  
Chalice we burn  
And a roots we sip

Load up di kutchie nuh  
Me puff it, den she puff it, den you puff it so  
Di massive dem a wonder how me love it so  
I man nuh drink no rum  
Ha ooooh yeah  
Oh what a Saturday  
See Viva coming wid di roots bokkle deh  
Mi see Jahmiel, him a forward wid a grabba leaf  
Mi tek it from him, and tell him, "don't carry none a these!"

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Chalice fi lick  
Inna rastaman party  
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And a roots we sip  
Roots and Chalice  
Sippin' roots and chalice  
Inna rastaman party  
Chalice we burn  
And a roots we sip

Look how much people pack up in yah, (eeh)  
Look how much vehicle park up in yah, (hey!)  
So me know Selassie is the winner  
Uh uh, ooooooh yeah  
The world get nuff love from rasta  
So how Babylon a puff pon rasta  
And if you come inna di dancehall to trouble I, we  
I beg you, don't bother cut a fit

Inna rastaman party  
Chalice we burn  
Chalice fi lick  
Inna rastaman party  
Malice we burn  
And a roots we sip

Roots and Chalice  
Sippin' roots and chalice  
Inna rastaman party  
Chalice we burn  
And a roots we sip

Give a little love  
A little love  
Show some love (show some love)  
Rastaman say, give a little love  
A little love  
And show some love (show some love)  
Yeah, a rastaman party  
A little love  
Show some love (show some love)  
Heights and give a little love  
A little love  
And show some love (show some love)

Roots!  
Oh roots, hey!  
Hey, roots  
Roots!  
Rastaman party, hey  
Rastaman party  
Rastaman party

Phenomenal!  
And me say  
Steaming out, Chronixx steaming out  
Nah lef' me chalice when mi a leave mi house  
Steaming out, Chronixx steaming out  
Never come with no knife, rollin' with mi spouse, huh  
And rasta nah play no cat, nor no mouse  
And mi a nuh no duppy bat, nor no ghost  
So me say, watch it, mek a poppa Chronixx come down and chose  
Like mi and di riddim married and we will never divorce

As me step inna di place, di people dem a bawl out  
So man haffi go sing until me throat get hoarse  
Somebody pass mi chalice dem, now!  
Na na na, no no, no no no, now!

Wild, wild, look how me wicked and wild  
Now welcome poppa Chronixx in original style  
And di people dem a bawl, say mi well versatile  
And me step inna di place, and di dance get spoil'  
And mi rough and me tough, plus mi meek and mi mild  
From mi shirt to mi shoes, well clean, nah no soil  
And a watch it poppa Chronixx in original style  
Wild, wild, look how me wicked and wild

From mi likkle, yeah mi tek it from mi was a likkle child  
Now mi big, look how mi rough, look how mi tough, like crocodile  
And mi lyrics dem a flow, and dem a run, like river Nile  
Mi say, sekkle poppa Chronixx, people dem love your style  
Dem love your style, and mi say, dem love your style  
Dem love your style, and mi say, dem love your style