

Cornmeal Dumpling

Roots Manuva

Coming through with the hallelu vitalisation,
New talk sensation, vibe see vibration
Spitting on the bacon is my first result
You will never see this folk juckin in this pork
Wild blast from the chalice
Flood my blood stream, this blessing sting
Cleans my mind to a gleam
See the light my tips see be tight
With these intergalatic tackles to the core
Raw from the south of the thames
Bringing folks vision like a contact lense
Nothing but this ital, vital world roots recital
We don't follow fashion, nor fad, not at all
See me to town come fe nice up the ball
'long side the holy ghost, living like some pastor
Casting out the spell of this man made hell

Cornmeal dumpling give me strength y'all
Rebuke devils, make devils repent y'all
Hey

Flavour too dead, now they call me abortion
My look to twist a torsion made force uncontained
Pen 'em too hard he just might twist your brain
'cause I grace track with roots vibe syntax
Funkified, footloose like the old farmer slacks
I enter the arena with some next type of juice
This has the energy, clipping from the noose
Freeing up my mind, from that living dead fluck
Devil eyes have fe get to the hell from these mortals
We won't stop cry for little beady
Step up, stand up, you know you got qualities
And so we groove and so we gwan and so we skid
Motion splendid with this routique we fine
Fending of the heat of this shall bar-be we flame
Times is dark, we can't feel no shame, but

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Cornmeal dumpling give me strength

I sing, who's discoteque is this
It's my discoteque
I don't give a dam how you wish me to flex
Imma flex how I feel to flex
Light-years over the heads of heads
Who study cool, I know they fool
All you had to do was to be yourself
Who am I? hey
Who's discoteque is this
It's my discoteque
Who's discoteque is this
It's my discoteque
And I shall be
I don't want to be
I do