

Roots, Rap, Reggae

Run DMC

Reggae!
Rrrroots, rap, reggae!

.. and we don't stop
It's like that y'all, and then we're ready to play
It's no jive, it's live, and it's reggae

Roots, rap..

My homeboy Jay, don't scratch reg-gae
So listen to Jam Master as the Master start to play
(and when he go) just check the show
(cause they scratchin with the) toe
(and even his el)-bow! (HA!)

Rrrroots, rap, reggae!

Stomp your feet, clap your hand
At the microphone is King Yellowman
In Jamaica, I'm the champ-i-on
This is roots, rap, reggae! Ha ha ha, rip it
Roots, rap, reggae!
Hotta.. 'otta.. 'otta reggae music
'otta.. 'otta.. 'otta reggae music
'otta.. 'otta.. 'otta reggae music
I know we know that reggae is sweet
Reggae music is rap to de beat
Clap your hands an' stomp your feet
Roots, rap, reggae!
Roots, rap..

Now party people I'm so happy, don't know what to do
Cause I'm an MC with the rhyme, and down with the crew
Rock from Africa to France and the Kalamazoo
And every place that I play, I hear a YAY not a BOO
And now a party not a party and a jam ain't a jam
less D is who he be, and I am who I am
Or Jay is just the DJ cuttin for the two
And it's the three of us, baby and we're doin the do

Five plus five, equal to ten
Everywhere I go I've got a lot of girlfriend
Music is sweet, music is nice
Yellow 'ave about twenty-four wife
It's roots, rap, reggae! Ha ha ha
Roots, rap, reggae!
Don't drink alco-'ol, don't snort cocaine
Reggae music is not so strange
Know de cocaine will 'urt up your brain
This is roots, rap, reggae! Ha HAH!
Roots, rap, reggae! AIIIIYY SIAH!
It's roots, rap, reggae!