

Beenie Man, Dance Hall Queen (Chevelle)

It's a dancehall thing
She's a dancehall queen for life
Gonna explode like dynamite
And she's moving outta sight
Now she a guh mash up di place like dynamite
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Gal, how yuh so full a etiquette and yuh so clever?
Thru a Selassie mek a you design fi be the dancer
If a fi m alone a woulda tun yuh inna mi lover
Gal mi waan mi name, mi waan fi knock yuh wid mi hammer
Den mek mi get back pon track, yah
Marcia Fus time mi see yuh mi woulda walk inna macka
Now mi see yuh wine mi waan fi bun up inna fire
Tan up inna clothes like a tinkin Fila
Fi da gal yah a wine she look like mumma killa
One touch mi touch mi it bun mi like pepper
But hear di DJ a utter, mi halla
Chevelle now or forever yuh halla
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Contest a gwaan fi di dancehall queen
Who a wear di crown nuh di one
Alovene Hell and powder house when miss lady come in
Den everybaddi staart scream, seen
Where di girl come from nobody don't know
She's a devil angel and she's a go-go
Ask mi I don't know, all mi know
When mi hitch up dung a African Star
Mi see bus, mi see truck, mi see bike, mi see car
Night time come and video light it tun on
Har body staart to alarm, gal because Chevelle, watch mi now
She can cork any session
Wid a cute face a create 'nuff heat inna di place
An try nuh touch a button
If yuh touch a button she a guh try an duh yuh suppen
An go girl, faah mi naah stop say so
Go girl, to the rhythm whey a throw
Go girl, to the bass whey a blow
Beenie
Chevelle
DJ Repeat
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