

Papa Winnie, Rootsie & Bootsie - You Are My

The dance hall has to ram, the dance hall has to ram
It has to ram in a style and fashion
The nation has to jam, the nation has to jam
We gonna jam in a style and pattern
Because is I, Papa Winnie, on the microphone stand
The people doesn't know where I really come from
Me tall, me no short, me slim, me not fat
And everytime I rap, me say

You are my sunshine my only sunshine
You make me happy, when skies are gray
You never know, Dear, how much I love you
So please don't take my sunshine away

You are the woman, and I am the man
And everything we do, jah knows we do it real strong
We are just modeling up the dance hall, is a style and fashion
Me and my girl, her name is Liana
The talk of the town, is that we have two babies, twins
One of them fat and one of then slim
We call them Rootsie, Rootsie,
Rootsie and Rootsie, Rootsie, Rootsie, Rootsie and Boops

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So please don't take my sunshine away

Sufferation in the land, sufferation in the land
Killing al my nation, Lord I can't understand
Famine in the land, tribulation getting strong
they always have a plan to fool we Africans
Creating war in the East
War in the West
War in the Nort
And wat in the South
If love were a thing that money can buy
The rich man would live, and the poor man would die

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You never know, Dear, how much I love you
So please don't take my sunshine away