

Man Royal

Beenie Man

Yeh man, mi know she mek yu sick man
Yu see how she a mek yu a vomit, laugh
Yu see it a das why mi tell yu nuh Brethren
Yu see me Beenie Man mi a go tell yu something
Hear mi

Mi nuh wha nuh Man Royal gal, gal
Gimmi di gal dem wid di real born serial
Gal come a dance dress up in a man material
All in a dress like she a go funeral-al
Mi nuh wha no Man Royal, gal, gal
Gimme di gal dem wid di real born serial
Gal come a dance dress up in a man material
All in a dress like, wol on

Gal come in a dance an all a walk an al a push
Call har patel that's exactly how she look
Gal can't even cook, she all a read out a book
Every night she an a gal gwan in a bush
Eeh, cause she a husband crook, wol on
Gal come in a dance an all a stand up an pose
A wiggle an a wine up ina people ole clothes
Yuh draw fi a lighter, an she draw fi a hose
Cause she no wha bun di clothes
So sing along

A how she walk, a how she talk, a how she flex
A just di way mi hear she stay
Bout she wha look di D.J.
A itch up an a wine up wid har friend dem
An di ole a dem a guy
And mi hear she stay di same way
Reason why mi hate di Man Royal gal dem
All ways end up wid nuff ole bwoy friend
All six, seven, eight, nine, fifteen a dem
Eeh, wid all a one gal friend, so sing again

Wol on, wol on, wol on

Anytime mi see dem pon di street affi laugh
Some gal weh a walk wid all dem head bawl off
Strong like a samson, like a weight dem pop off
Mi haffi drw fi mi mask, wol on deh
Mi know a Man Royal gal name Jone
Feminine creature full a man harmones
Last week mi hear Patsy in har love zone, muh
Mi tell har leave mi alone, an fling a stone

Mix up, mix up, mix up, time again man

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