

# 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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Eeh, cause she a husband crook, wol on  
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