West Indian Jungle

Bunji Garlin

I do this for every Trinidadian Wield the mic in hand like weapons of an Asgardian If you want to cross me line take your time I will direct you seek some advice from Dr Kavorkian I drop this on the station the rotation is as much as when the circus play organs and the accordions You aint got no venom, you'z a pseudo-scorpion You diss me and I embarrass you in front of your audience Tell them that I'm the West Indian Same level as the French Merovingian I am the IOS, you are just a Symbian I will meet you anywhere like an amphibian You see me black as night Represent red, and the black and white Cross me I snatch 'way yuh second life Make you Ride like a second hand bike bike bike... Chorus:

I'm from a tough West Indian jungle Lord
Born cool but I built to rumble
Please don't ever mistake my humble
For weakness, cause you surely will get crumbled
I swear-ear-ear,

let me see your hands up in the air Everybody put them up Let me see your hands up high

I'm from the W.I.Okay, then.Check, check, check.

Well me eh business who doh like me

My duty here is to keep the crowd lively

On that same note, big up Shabba and Lively

Only the realest of the real will stand beside me

Anything disrespect, we will kill it off politely

We to spare a disrespect, it is highly likely

As likely as Reebok sneakers making a Nike Likely as a bum sleeping with Keira Knightley

With no cash that means surely, maybe, might be

Flip me on the side A, flip me on the side B

Same Bunji Garlin who will fight you if you fight me

Parahna and shark doh wah nothin if they sight me (cause')ChorusWe mix it up just like a duck billed platypus

Spread across the globe eight arms like an an octopus
We enter any territory like a world of warcraft
Instance shattered hall, or the oculus

See them from afar while me cool with binoculars
And then we rush into them tough like rhinocerous
Through them werewolf, vampires, and the draculas
The scorpions and the dinner plate sized tarantulasTell them that I'm the West Indian
Same level as the French Merovingian
I am the IOS, you are just a Symbian
I will meet you anywhere like an amphibian
You see me black as night
Represent red, and the black and white
Cross me I snatch 'way yuh second life
Make you Ride like a second hand bike bike bike...chorus

Lyrics provided by https://www.songarea.com/