

I was walkin' down the street  
Concentratin' on truckin' right  
I heard a dark voice beside of me  
And I looked round in a state of fright

I saw four faces, one mad  
A brother from the gutter  
They looked me up and down a bit  
And turned to each other

I say  
I don't like cricket (Oh no!) - I love it  
I don't like cricket (No no!) - I love it

Don't you walk through my words  
You got to show some respect  
Don't you walk through my words  
'Cause you ain't heard me out yet

Well he looked down at my silver chain  
He said "I'll give you one dollar"  
I said you've got to be jokin' man  
It was a present from me mother

He said "I like it, I want it  
I'll take it off your hands  
And you'll be sorry you crossed me  
You'd better understand that you're alone  
A long way from home

And I say  
I don't like reggae (No no!) - I love it (Eh!)  
I don't like reggae (No!) - I love it (Eh!)

Don't you cramp me style  
Don't you queer me pitch  
Don't you walk through my words  
'Cause you ain't heard me out yet

I hurried back to the swimming pool  
Sinkin' pina colada  
I heard a dark voice beside me say  
"Would you like something harder?"

She said, "I've got it, you want it  
My harvest is the best  
And if you try it, you'll like it  
And wallow in a Dreadlock Holiday"

And I say  
Don't like Jamaica (Oh no!)  
I love her (Eh!)  
Don't like Jamaica (Oh no!)  
I love her (Oh yeah!)

Don't you walk through her words  
You got to show some respect  
Don't you walk through her words  
'Cause you ain't heard her out yet

I don't like cricket (Oh no!)  
I love it (Dreadlock Holiday)  
I don't like reggae (Oh no!)  
I love it (Dreadlock Holiday)  
Don't like Jamaica (Eh!)  
I love her (Dreadlock Holiday)