

N'Maya Patricia



Tanty Joan at the Airport

[A . T . A F L I G H T N O . A A 0 8 8]

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Fed up ah cold New York an' workin' so hard everyday
So ah decided to book ah flight to Trinidad on A.T.A.
To spend de Christmas, relax, an' enjoy some sea breeze
Drink some babash, some rum punch set meh mind at ease

Ah ent cook, ah ent eat, ah so busy, ah can't be late
Dey say get dere early, an' absolutely no overweight
An' girl, dey ent give ah seat when ah book meh flight
Ah feel dey overbook, but de eh go add to meh plight

De flight leave at seven, but ah reach dere since three
A.T.A. section close, ah cold, an' ah have ah hot pee
Ah can't find ah bathroom, ah trembling, is ten degrees
Wish ah could do it dere, but ah 'fraid meh butt freeze

When de door open, ah bolt in, an' ah was third on de line
Inside warm, dis is heaven, yuh girl feelin' super fine
Ah waitin', yes ah watchin' as de line gettin' really long
De flight manager come to de desk an' start singin' ah song

Sorry for the inconvenience, please can you bear with us
Bear wit' us my ass, yuh know, all dem Trini start to cuss
As I was saying, excuse us, we are very sorry for de delay
De counter we are using for dis mornin' is nine doors away

Ah been waitin' here for hours was third on line now ah las,
All dem A.T.A. people could line up an' kiss meh black ass
We reach de check in counter me, Noreen, Kiesha, Auntie Joan
She thirty pounds overweight, Joan shoulda leave dem ting home

Calabash

Ah get in she suitcase trowing ting left, trowing ting right
Ah don't care what get leave back ah ent missin' dis flight
Ah throw way all de clothes she was carryin' for she friends
An' ah twenty pound ham, Lord, it look like we nightmare end.

We get check in, oh boy de departure gate half ah mile away
When we reach dere we tired, we ent bitchin', no, not today
Ah sit down dere blowin' short, ah tryin' to ketch meh breat'
Ah fat woman comin', she crawlin' an' she covered wit' sweat

She say can yuh move 'round lemme sit down, recover, get at ease
No overweight dem people throwin' way all dem good clothes please
She say ah work so damn hard in dis bitter cold to spend meh money
Ah have on every piece ah extra clothes, dey going home wit' meh

After ten minutes de woman stand up, start to take off clothes
She peel of five pants, two belt, an' eight pair ah panty hose
She take off seven shirts an' ah tell yuh four extra brassiere
Before she get down to de original outfit she was goin' to wear

De flight was off de ground, finally, more than three hours late
Ah ent care ah goin' home for Christmas yuh better get dat straight
Once again when we reach Trinidad for Auntie Joan ham ah apologize
She say ah went for it after check in, it in meh bag check de size

