

Jimmy Jazz

Frantic Flintstones

The police walked in for Jimmy Jazz
I said, he ain't here, but he sure went past
Oh, you're looking for Jimmy Jazz

Sattamassagana for Jimmy Dread
Cut off his ears and chop off his head
Police came looking for Jimmy Jazz

So if you're gonna take a message 'cross this town
Maybe put it down somewhere over the other side
See it gets to Jimmy Jazz

Don't you bother me, not anymore
I can't take this tale, oh, no more
It's all around, Jimmy Jazz

J-a-zee zee J-a-zed zed
J-a-zed zed Jimmy Jazz
And then it sucks, he said, suck that!
So go look all around, you can try your luck, brother
And see what you found
But I guarantee that it ain't your day
Chop! Chop!

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