

Bahama Mama

4Lyn

This is a tale about a man, his vision is blurred
And his world is spinning fast like fan
A brand new day means a brand new problem
And all things seem to fail just before he wants to start them
No explanation for this bullshit, brain is out of order
Mouth is like a full clip
Of ordinary things that he wanna tell the world
The man I talk about is me, the problem is a bad girl
Yo, she's a foxy one and full of ginger
Able to turn men in to mice and battlecats into cringers
It was hard to handle this shocks
When Ms. Sunny Island" met Mr. Brompton City Boondox
It ain't hard to tell that the way that I feel
Is like I'm trapped in a living hell
This mamacita drives me crazy and if this situation stays that way
I'm pushing up some motherfuckin' daisies
When she crosses the alley, cars crash
And if you whistle after her you might risk a bash
(Ouch)
If you ask her for a date you might catch a smile
But she is too hot to handle so don't even try
(Don't even try) So what the deal, mommy? Haha
Bahama mama makes me wicked in this fuckin' game of love
So what the deal, mommy? Haha
I give you everything that I've got
I told her everything I did in the past
To find out more about the girl, that's only made for the braz
Valentine cards, I bought her flowers and shit
A bunch of roses that I'd put to her door got stolen by a bunch of kids
I tried it all but nothing seems to fit
Until my buddy Chino came to me and told me basically this
(Chino)
Put it in a song, a reggae tune, you know
Under her balcony I stood and sung so
Nah, me the rude boy from Brompton city
Singing for the irie girl that doesn't love me
Why don't you come down and hold me close?
The only thing that really came down was some water, ice cold
Now we are staring at each other without a plan
She says, "I've got to tell you a little something
Maybe then you understand, the things you did for me
Were cool but better hit the trail 'cuz
I love to make love but only to a female
(To a female, what the hell) So what the deal, mommy? Haha
Bahama mama makes me wicked in this fuckin' game of love
So what the deal, mommy? Haha
I give you everything that I've got
Stop romancing, start dancing

(ladies, shake that nasty ass, come on)
(Oh, I like dat, ey, yo, chi, hit, it off) So what the deal, mommy? Haha
Bahama mama makes me wicked in this fuckin' game of love
So what the deal, mommy? Haha
I give you everything that I've got

Songwriters

Duessler Bjoern; Carrilho Sascha; Clauss Ron; Ekebrecht Benjamin Published by
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