

# Ma Baker (Bonnie and Clyde Remix)

## Boney M.

Freeze I'm ma Baker  
Put your hands in the air and give me all your money  
This is the story of ma Baker the meanest cat from old  
Chicago town  
She was the meanest cat  
In old Chicago town  
She was the meanest cat  
She really mowed them down  
She had no heart at all  
No no no heart at all  
She was the meanest cat  
For she was really tough  
She left her husband flat  
He wasn't tough enough  
She took her boys along  
'Cause they were mean and strong  
Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker  
She taught her four sons  
Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker  
To handle their guns  
Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker  
She never could cry  
Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker  
But she knew how to die  
They left a trail of crime  
Across the USA  
And when one boy was killed  
She really made them pay  
She had no heart at all  
No no no heart at all  
Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker  
She taught her four sons  
Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker  
To handle their guns  
Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker  
She never could cry

Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker  
But she knew how to die She met a man she liked  
She thought she'd stay with him  
One day he informed on them  
They did away with him  
She didn't care at all  
Just didn't care at all Here is a special bulletin  
Ma Baker is the FBI's most wanted woman  
Her photo is hanging on every post office wall  
If you have any information about this woman  
Please contact the nearest police station Don't anybody move the money or your lives  
One day they robbed a bank  
It was last foray  
The cops appeared to soon  
They couldn't get away  
With all the loot they had  
It made them mighty mad  
And so they shot it out  
Ma Baker and her sons  
They didn't want to hang  
They died with blazing guns  
And so the story ends  
Of one who left no friends Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker  
She taught her four sons  
Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker  
To handle their guns  
Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker  
She never could cry  
Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker  
But she knew how to die Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker  
She taught her four sons  
Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker  
To handle their guns  
Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker  
She never could cry  
Ma ma ma ma  
Ma Baker

But she knew how to die

Songwriters

FRANK FARIAN, FRED JAY, GEORGE REYAMPublished by

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