

Ma Baker

Milli Vanilli

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
Oh 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 U.S.A.
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 And then a man she liked
She thought she'd stay with him
When 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 their last foray
The cops appeared too soon

They couldn't get away
They all gonna loose their heads
It made them mighty mad And so they shout 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

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