

Bom Bom Diggy

Tricky

To the bom bom diggy
Who is he?
Me the Tricky
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I said like the willing
I'm known for gangsters killing And my peace for my peace
My soul controls the beast
Get the rest off my chest
Keep it far from the rest
Progressive best A wham bam, thank you maam
Who the man
With the transnational plan?
Gonna smack my Uncle Sam Ever since Joni Mitchell
Rappers look like them rich
Kill the bombs, kill, kill, kill, kill
The Fonz Henry Winkler How does he think up?
How does he drink up?
Or does he sink up? With those punk rock eyes
Girls don't treat me nice
Gonna burn off those wings
With those shiny things To the bom bom diggy
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Who is he? Although we can't we men creep
Were inseminatin' the east end
Were not teasin'
Pretend the gasoline went In the very ground between them
We 'bout money
Why to keep firm
When they can't go talk
Their God will police them? That's we inside for assault
We live in our world with the helicopter
Mind sent around to get a robber
Who knows what the hell a cop does Street dog, I hate them police
Wanna see me and HIV
One ho or one with scrubs
Plus wanna do my girls for drugs

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