Missionary Man

E.C. Scott

Well I was born an original sinner
I was born from original sin
And if I had a dollar bill for all the things I've done
There'd be a mountain of money piled up to my chin
My mother told me good, my mother told me strong
She said, "Be true to yourself and you can't go wrong
But there's just one thing that you must understand
You can fool with your brother
But don't mess with a missionary man
Don't mess with a missionary man
Don't mess with a missionary man
Don't mess with a missionary man
Oh, the missionary man, he's got God on his side
He's got the saints and apostles backin' up from behind
Black eyed looks from those Bible books
He's a man with a mission, got a serious mind
There was a woman in the jungle and a monkey on a tree
The missionary man he was followin' me
He said, "Stop what you're doin', get down upon your knees
I've a message for you that you better believe"
Believe, believe, believe, believe
Believe, believe, believe, believe
Believe, believe, believe, believe
Believe, believe, believe, believe
Believe, believe, believe, believe

Believe, believe, believe, believe
Ugh
Hey
Ugh
Hey, hey, hey
Oh
Yea, yea, yeah
Yeah
Well I was born an original sinner
I was born from original sin
And if I had a dollar bill for all the things I've done
There'd be a mountain of money
Money, money, money, money

Money, money, money, money
Money, money, money, money
Money, money, money, money
Money, money, money, money
No, don't mess with him no, no
Oh baby
Don't mess with a missionary man
Oh
Please [Incomprehensible]
Don't you mess with him no, no
Don't you mess with a that man
Ahh, oho ho
Hey yeah

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