Cornbread Mafia

Molly Hatchet

NoYea, meet me in the alley, Vargas Rendezvous
Call the boys, get some ribs and a mess of cold beer too
Lord get the feet bag on back to Mississippi
The boys are totin', knives and guns
You don't want no part of me, no no noBaby, get my suite in down the street at the Peabody Hotel
I got a skirt, and Lord have mercy, she know how to do it so well
Grab the crew, come around at two and carry me to Rum Boogie
Hear the tattoos of the blues, the Night Hawks' boogie woogieCornbread mafia, Memphis mojo man
I get you anything you need, said I get it when I can
I don't get up till the sun goes down
Out there roamin' the night
Cornbread mafia don't you cross that line, no noBetter watch out which side of the street you walk on boy
Yo, Jack and the boys, grab the crew
I drag you through the swamp, chomp, chomp, chomp
Get a big old fire, yeahCornbread mafia, Memphis mojo man
I get you anything you need said I get it when I can
I don't get up till the sun goes down
Out there roamin' the night
Cornbread mafia don't you cross that lineCornbread mafia, Memphis mojo man
I get you anything you need said I get it when I can
I don't get up till the sun goes down
Wrong side of the tracks
Cornbread mafia don't you cross my path

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