Bad Boy

Sandy

I want a bad boy
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I want a bad boyPapa going fe lick me if me not leave the bad man
My mum she's crying "lord have mercy, you better run come"
She asks "but wait, i don't know how you grow up so facety
But you don't see little boy them growing up much too lazy
Them want to whine and grind and then him leave you my daughter
Then buck up on another and take what him after
He tease you with him toy ad then whip your backside
He'll put you on the train and then catch the ride"Papa him say the english man, him too arty-farty
My mum she say the german man, him too lardy-dardy
Boys from kingston town, them got some temper too fiery
Them smoking too much ganja and feeling too irie
You must be careful if by chance you buck upon the itie
Run go tell your friend and don't look in the brown eye
The african man him fool you with him heritage and self pride
Just jump around and tell him "goon and catch the ride"No no, I want a bad boy
No no, let's play with your toy
No no, I want a bad boy
The kind of guy for me

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