

# Ma Baker

## Daddy Cool Kids

Freeze, I'm Ma Baker, put your hands in the air

Gimme 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 moved them down

She had no heart at all

No no no heart at all

She was the meanest cat

Oh she was realy 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  
She met a man she liked  
She thought she'd stay with him

One day he formed with them  
They did away with him  
She didn't care at all  
Just didn't care at all  
{Here is 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 your nearest police station}  
{Don't anybody move, the money or your lives}

One day they robbed a bank  
It was their last hooray  
The cops appeared too soon  
They couldn't get away  
And all the loot they had  
It made them mighty mad  
And so they shot 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  
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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