Bad Men

Woodbox Gang

Transcribed by: azzdem, wilderness girl & ro-ad
Ninjaman around again
? ? ? ? ? problem
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? ? ? ? ? problem
Let me ask you one thing boy
Seems to me no matter why kill
Let them pretend it's bad boy
And in the meantime he's all right
Now when they put him in a cell he's the bad boy
Ninjaman ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
And them licence fi kill boy
And anything that he's gonna do tonight
They say man you better run ? ? ? you're a wise man
Chorus
Bad men got no law
Bad men got no stop
Bad men go nah no sittin'
With reporter ? ? ?
Bad men gonna sting
Bad men gonna see it all
You never see bad men
Gun lay down please
And they are wiser
Let me tell you boy you never come back home
But to kill don't tell them, he got no tell
? ? ? ? ?
? ? ? ? ?
Al capone or sylvester stallone
Kill them all and come back alone
I'll pretend I'm brown or negro ? ? ? ? ?
Shut out the pain and ? ? ? ? ?
Chorus
Let me tell you now
Hold me, like you would a m-16
Put your finger pon de trigger
Murder de nigger then ninja damn right
And you know me when you murder
Where the mutha are badder

Man as long as I'm barman
His life will be end ? ? ?
Chorus
Well the place shut down
Man me a that one and the boy gets stabbed

Man a me and that one
And the two I didn't murder me say me a that one
? ? shot in the foot me say me no that one
Me a shoot and miss that's why them come place
Some will end up in a barrell then ? ? ? space
Out of the lion's den they will curse
An' yes sir daddy me snow me I fi quench your thirst
With a bullet in the mouth and then them rub shoulder
Watch how the boy ? ? run up and roll
Bad boy straight out around ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
? ? ? ? ? ? ? they must them know
Them look in a de eye of one barrell
Them a say daddy snow has no ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
So many people want fi see i
Stop pulling at the trigger
So many people want fi see i
Stop pulling at the trigger
But me can't stop...
Now this is the one dem fi call daddy snow
Now in in a in in a dance a me say dance down low
Well daddy bad bwoy ? ? ? ? and man called snow
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? dance down low
They say so many people want fi see i
Stop pulling at the trigger
So many people want fi see i
Stop pulling at the trigger
Chorus
Let me tell ya know
Shoot the boy, me I shoot and miss
Yes sir daddy snow, yeah me boy dismissed
Roam up in ya dance yes me did quick
Pull out me gun it's there 'pon me hip
When me dem a shoot up, boy dem get flatter
Put 'em in a ? ? ? boy make that, so
18 19 21 10
Niggaz seen a gun, yah no see that again
Glance in the gun, no talk at all
Mother they thought that their baby in a hole
Wicked impression me bad for the skin

Murder that nigga then go dance in berlin
Oh man me are there, them there go dancing
Here ninjaman on the microphone boy
Chorus
It is the dying time...

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