

# Ma Baker

Milli Vanilli

Freeze, I'm Ma Baker  
Put your hands in the air  
And give me 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 mowed them down  
She had no heart at all  
No no no, heart at all She was the meanest cat  
Oh she was really 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 And then a man she liked  
She thought she'd stay with him  
When he informed on them  
They did away with him  
She didn't care at all  
Just didn't care at all {Here is a 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 the nearest police station} Don't anybody move  
The money or your lives One day they robbed a bank  
It was their last foray  
The cops appeared too soon

They couldn't get away  
They all gonna loose their heads  
It made them mighty mad And so they shout 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

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