

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 madAnd 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 friendsMa 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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