

Jimmy Gillum

38 Special

I was raised up on the west side of town.
That's where I met Jimmy Gillum,
 Baddest man around.
 He'd rather fight than eat,
 Mister That's no lie.
If you cross him up smile and wave goodbye,
 Bad bad Jimmy baddest man alive.
 He was dynamite in a small pack,
 His fuse was short,
 He didn't cut no slack.
Oh that Jimmy Gillum was a bad cat.

[Chorus:]

 Talk about trouble
 You talk about mean
Jimmy was the baddest cat I've ever seen
 You talk about trouble
 Should have been his name
 Jimmy never pulled a punch
 He was a fighting machine
 Yeah he was he was a fighting machine
 Now I recall one night at the Sugar Bowl
 That's a honky tonk where Jimmy goes
 Yeah the One Percent were burning up the stage
 In walk Jimmy in a drunken daze
 Ready to fight son in the worst way
 So I ran for cover behind the stage
 Bottles started flying I began to pray
 Please oh Lord don't let him look my way

It's been years since I saw Jimmy last
When I pulled into a jiffy the other day
 Just to get some gas
I heard this guy screaming next to me
 Turn on this pump you dirty s.o.b.
To my surprise it was Jimmy alive and well
 Jumped in my car and took off fast
 Knew in a minute he'd be kicking ass

Oh that Jimmy Gillum was a bad cat

Yea he was talk about trouble, talk about trouble

Yea talk about trouble

Yea that boy was bad to the bone talk about trouble

Play it boys sound good

Us Gillums never die we just fade away

Um trouble boy

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