

## **Bob And Tom "Mama Was A Hitman"**

Visit "[Mama Was A Hitman](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I remember when I was 'bout 2 years old  
in a play pen on a grassy mole countin cars was some  
new schoolbooks Mr. Oswald said were ours  
Mama would take us to work and some Cuban held on  
our hand

Mama was a Hitman

WeÂ'd cross the country changing schools  
Mama me and some guy named Raul  
I failed the fourth grade cause they said I was dumb  
they found the principle floatin in a 55-gallon drum  
then all the teachers put me on the strait a plan

Mama was a Hitman

I tried basketball in the 7th grade  
you could count on one hand the shots that I made  
I got to practice so little and didn't play none

until the coach found an ice pick stuck threw his  
cranium  
the assitence coach said son IÂ'm you biggest fan

Mama was a Hitman

She baked seined cookies and red car bombs  
all the while disguised as a soccer mom  
our little league coach was James Earl Ray  
our team pictures were takin by the CIA  
she could wack out a witness wile workin the  
concession stand

Mama was a Hitman

Our babysitter was Mr. something sir hand

Mama was a Hitman

She could build a bomb in a bowl of rasin brand  
Piced us up from school and we flew to Afghanistan

Mama was a Hitman

Visit [Bob And Tom](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.