

Beenie Man "Bad Man"

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Oh, a dat a oonu a gwan wid
Oonu a bawl, caan oonu claim mi come pon T.V wid
rupaul
No man caan jump bad man wall
No naah stall alright first

Dong, dong, dong, dong, dogger, diggy, diggy
Dong, dong, dong, dong, dogger, diggy, diggy
Dong, dong, dong, dong, dogger, diggy, diggy
Dong, words wid meaning, hey

Man, a bad man and man, nuh mingle wid nuh rodman
And if yuh dis di program, yuh is a dead man
Either by a shot or yuh hang
Jah, Jah ranks pass mi m-i

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(Niggers bleed jus' like us)
Picture me being fraid of a
Bwoy weh bus di same gun as me
(Niggers bleed jus' like us)
Picture me being 'fraid to defend my life a g.p

(Niggers bleed jus' like us)
Picture me run away from a fight a some bwoy mussy
bright
(Niggers bleed jus' like us)
Picture me being fraid fi lock off a bwoy life like a light

Willie haffi squeeze the desert es
Better yuh ease nigger leave
Well, gun shot a surround yuh like breeze
Well, copper shot a tek a bwoy like bees
Caan believe, yuh hear mi steve
Bad man just get grieve and sing seh

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And if yuh dis di program, yuh is a dead man

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Jah, Jah ranks pass mi m-i

Well, fi live dung ainna di jungle, yuh haffi have whole
heap a skill
Yuh haffi tek a lot a chill pill to kill
Well, big up all di man dem from warricka hill, hill, hill
What is my favourite attack when mi dress up in a mi
frock

Wid mi wig pon mi head, sixteen over back
Bragga, dagga, dagga, da twenty five body drop
But Mr. Ria, Mr. Squire, bredda nia, bad man a flex like
vampire
Mi wi shot dung a bwoy and nyam him liver
But first the D.J haffi utter

Weh yuh think all my guns are for
Forty-five in control jus to explode on a bwoy soul
Time changing things re-arranging more guns bussing
More man dying from back in the days of pure mass
murdering

Well, everyday yuh hear another likkle youth gone
And another m-16 man born
Man plant peas and waan reap corn
What a gwaan, what a gwaan

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