

City Boy "The Hap-Ki-Do Kid"

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I heard that you get tougher with every reel
The kids say you got fingers made of steel
They say your belt gets blacker by the hour
I know you like your victims sweet and sour.
Watch out ... He don't need no pistol in his hand
Watch out ... With so much bread and twice as many
fans.
Watch out ... He scowls at you and then he chops you
down
Watch out ... He's the seventh son of the holy seventh
Dan.
Hap - Ki - Do, Hap - Ki - Do . . .
(He ... He's the kid, here he comes)
So you embrace the beauty and the beast

A wisdom given to you from the East.
And there your masters taught you where it's at
The noble art of breaking someone's back.
Watch out ... He don't need no pistol in his hand
Watch out ... With so much bread and twice as many
fans.
Watch out ... He scowls at you and then he chops you
down
Watch out .., He's the seventh son of the holy seventh
Dan.
Hap - Ki - Do, Hap - Ki - Do ...
(He ... He's the kid, here he comes)
Hap - Ki - Do . . . Here he comes ... Watch out ...

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