

2 Skinnee Js

"The Good, The Bad, And The Skinnee"

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It's the Good
the bad
and the Skinnee

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the Skinnee!

The sun in the sky
and I know it was high noon
Hit the town center and enter the saloon
Six shooter by my side but I'm down by five
And the sign says J Guevara dead or alive
Who shot the sheriff?
I swear it wasn't me
Case taken by mistake identity
Now deputies and mounties
hunt my black ass for bounty
Now I'm jetting to avoid
these Boba Fetting fiends that hound me
There's a rally for an ally
with voice loud like town crier
On a steed name of tumbleweed
arrives the Pale Rider
It's the honkee
on the donkey,
my compadre
Special J
J Guevara knows the graveyard,
but I know the grave
We're guys in our disguises,
with our mustaches phoney
As we exit stage left
we go express like a pony

Then we're loose from the noose
and we're back in the saddle
Lil' Bruto's in the pack
of the riff raff and rabble

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We're lost like Atlantis
in this land of the lawless
Legendary mercenary
with an aim that is flawless
In a mess nonetheless
I confess like a sinner
Special J's got my back
while the buzzards got my innards,
for dinner
The cowards cower,
the brave brave the elements
I search the scenery for signs of intelligence
Is this the fate of the J's,
Special and Guevara
Take our last breath of air
up there on the Sierra
Our hopes are dropping,
the temperature is rising
But look over there,
where,
there on the horizon
A lone horseman
approaches behold With gold from stagecoaches
and fortunes fortold
Now dreams of more clams
than found by the seashore
Have got J and I digging graves like Igor
But when the world divides
and men turn on their sons
Those with their shovels

and those with their guns

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Badges,
we don't need no stinking badges

Badges,
we don't need no stinking badges

Badges,
we don't need no stinking badges

Badges,
we don't need no stinking badges

Badges,
we don't need no stinking badges
Where justice comes looser
than swedish massages
Special J blowing up like a spark of dynamite
I'm the rootinest tootenist hombre
since Samuel Yosemite
And I up the ante,
you cant beat the J vigilante
In the shanty
bring inferno like Dante,
or disco or towering foes are endangered
like Manatees
I cause calamaties like Jane

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