

Grinspoon

"Babalu Bad Boy"

Visit "[Babalu Bad Boy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[VERSE 1]

I came all the way from Cuba just to babalu ya
On a raft to the river, from the river on to ya
Steppin like a prisoner who came por El Mariel
With a mission incomplete, cause I didn't kill Fidel
I brought a conga drum and some Celia Cruz records
My mother had me dressed in high-water pants with
checkers
Talkin 'bout, "Oye niÃ±o, no te hagate porfiado"
"Grow up and make some records, so you don't have
to live quemado"
So now I'm that kid that brought the Spanglish lingo,
baby
With a guayabera shirt and a hat that drove you crazy
Ladies tried to play me, so I had to play em back
And called em mentirosa, but I'm fly and attract
Now I'm a mega, ???, you see me on the pista
Talkin 'bout Spanish Fly, my man, ???
And all my boys sit around and call me coy
They gave me the name of Babalu Bad Boy

(The Babalu Bad Boy) --> Grand Puba

[VERSE 2]

If you don't think that I can swing
Check out the way I do my thing
Yo, I move and shake and bake it
Cause that's the way I make it
I never front a move and everything just come butt-
naked
I lift it, uplift it, and shift it nifty
Change my flow with two words you don't know
Like mentirosa, maÃ±ana otra cosa
And like I got your girlie hangin by the chocha
Hangin and we're swingin it
I think she like the way I came this year
Oh what a cha cha, I mean what a muchacha
Dancin to my hip-hop like it was some salsa
But yo, this chumpie is comin sorta funky
And Mellow is your mellow that be swingin like a
monkey

And the way I rhyme is makin sucker MC's mad
Cause Mellow Man Ace is just Babalu bad

(The Babalu Bad Boy)

Take me to Cuba
Straight from Havana

[VERSE 3]

Now you say I ain't no bickey
But you're always on my dickey
I tell ya, ??? so Ricky is sticky
The way I run my rhyme makes you think I hit the hooter
If Cypress got my back, well, that don't mean I hit the
buddah
I'm clever than ever and ever
For who shall ever stop this endeavour
To bring you bilingual lingo
Liked by Hispanics, blacks and all you gringos
Yo lo mezclo, I mix it, ??? and fix it
Serve it up right so that you wanna kick it
Spliff it like it was a joint
Yo, it's the joint
Yeah, burned to the point
Get with it
If you can't swing, just quit it
Forget it, now just let it
Flow, flow like Ricky Ricardo
Yo Muggs, do me the favor and kick in the bongo
Cause what's a Cuban man without a little conga
A little salsa into my samba
A little mambo into my bongo
Boom-cacka-boom - that's how they go
So Muggs, we quit, we're outta here
I think I like the way I came this year
See, I'm the Babalu bad boy...

Babalu-ba-ba-la-ba-la-bam-boom
Babalu-ba-ba-la-ba-la-bam-boom
Babalooyee
Babalooyee
Babalu-ba-ba-la-ba-la-bam-boom
Babalu-ba-ba-la-ba-la-bam-boom
Babalooyee
Babalooyee
(The Babalu Bad Boy)

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

