

## Mellow Man Ace

### "Babalu Bad Boy"

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[ 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 niÑ±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

Babaloooyee

Babalooyee

Babalu-ba-ba-la-ba-la-bam-boom

Babalu-ba-ba-la-ba-la-bam-boom

Babalooyee

Babalooyee

(The Babalu Bad Boy)

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