

## 4Lyn "Bahama Mama"

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This is a tale about a man, his vision is blurred  
And his world is spinning fast like fan  
A brand new day means a brand new problem  
And all things seem to fail just before he wants to start  
them

No explanation for this bullshit, brain is out of order  
Mouth is like a full clip  
Of ordinary things that he wanna tell the world  
The man I talk about is me, the problem is a bad girl

Yo, she's a foxy one and full of ginger  
Able to turn men in to mice and battlecats into  
cringers  
It was hard to handle this shocks  
When Ms. Sunny Island" met Mr. Brompton City  
Boondox

It ain't hard to tell that the way that I feel  
Is like I'm trapped in a living hell  
This mamacita drives me crazy and if this situation  
stays that way  
I'm pushing up some motherfuckin' daisies

When she crosses the alley, cars crash  
And if you whistle after her you might risk a bash  
(Ouch)  
If you ask her for a date you might catch a smile  
But she is too hot to handle so don't even try  
(Don't even try)

So what the deal, mommy? Haha  
Bahama mama makes me wicked in this fuckin' game  
of love  
So what the deal, mommy? Haha  
I give you everything that I've got

I told her everything I did in the past  
To find out more about the girl, that's only made for  
the braz  
Valentine cards, I bought her flowers and shit  
A bunch of roses that I'd put to her door got stolen by a

bunch of kids  
I tried it all but nothing seems to fit

Until my buddy Chino came to me and told me  
basically this  
(Chino)  
Put it in a song, a reggae tune, you know  
Under her balcony I stood and sung so

Nah, me the rude boy from Brompton city  
Singing for the irie girl that doesn't love me  
Why don't you come down and hold me close?  
The only thing that really came down was some water,  
ice cold

Now we are staring at each other without a plan  
She says, "I've got to tell you a little something  
Maybe then you understand, the things you did for me  
Were cool but better hit the trail 'cuz  
I love to make love but only to a female  
(To a female, what the hell)

So what the deal, mommy? Haha  
Bahama mama makes me wicked in this fuckin' game  
of love  
So what the deal, mommy? Haha  
I give you everything that I've got

Stop romancing, start dancing  
(ladies, shake that nasty ass, come on)  
(Oh, I like dat, ey, yo, chi, hit, it off)

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of love  
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