The Good, The Bad, The Skinnee

2 Skinnee J's

It's the Good the bad and 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 It's the Good the bad and the Skinnee It's the Good the bad and the Skinnee It's the Good the bad

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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 It's the Good the bad and the Skinnee 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 stick 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 It's the good the bad and the skinnee It's the good the bad and the skinnee It's the good the bad and the skinnee It's the good the bad and the skinnee