

MAD DOG

Baker Boy

I don't need a leash
I don't need a collar
You couldn't stop me
So don't even bother
Don't need a kennel
Don't need a muzzle
I'm out the yard and I'm looking for trouble
I be the dog
Now I be the maddest
Ducking and weaving, I'm playing the traffic
Wind down your windows
Flick on your hazards
Come get a taste of this blak boy magic

I'm out here running amuck
Marking my number-one spot
A mut from the mud
I was out doing it tough
Kicking up dust
Remember them roads, they were rough
Baker Boy is a different breed
This my house, my territory
Oh, you'se bark, I ain't impressed
I got that dog in me, DMX, hoo!

Mad dog
You got me feeling like a mad dog, mad dog
Mad dog
You got me feeling like a mad dog
Go off

Darra'li gumurr'yun wanḍirri-nha nhakun ḡarra bulldozer
Manginy ḡulanha
Yaka monha'mirr
Luku-nha may'yun wanha nhe
Larrum nhuḡu djulḡi djulḡithirri nhāma'nhama
Dhurrutj dhurrutj marrtji bullet guman dhukarr-ḡur raḡi'ḡur djuḡum'ḡur
Shoulda coulda, but I didn't wanna miss a thing
If there's a knock knock, I'ma barking
Little bit dog, but a hunnid charming

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If you let the dogs out
Then you gotta let me go
I'ma do it for the pound
I'ma do it for the bros
Holler at your dog when you see me at the show

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