James Brown

Big Audio Dynamite

Hey Yeah! Hey Yeah!

I got soul
Dress got holes

Got a brand new van
Gun and Cherokee
Driving fast like flashes past
Cops are chasing me
Hotpants she looked fine
She said that she was mine
She was cute torched my suit
And that's the bottom line

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On my trail
Car chase boogaloo
FBI `n CIA
And the Russians too
Kicking down the door
Couldn`t take no more
When I`m about there is no doubt
That papas` word is law

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High speed chase
On my case
Radio ahead
A.P.B. after me
They said I shot the bed

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Shooting up her mink Gunshots in the air Jumpback my car Goodfoot out of there Roadblock ahead Try to flag me down Soul power and miles per hour Feet don't touch the ground

`Cause I got soul
Dress got holes
Intent to kill
But she loves me still

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I got soul
I`m superbad
Living in America
Sure does drive you mad

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Bullets hit the wheel Riccochet could sweat Talking loud black`n proud Said papa don't mess Can you walk the line Rookie read my rights Million hits Did the splits This is Dynamite Funky time behind Road block up ahead Driving fast flashes past Superbad I said Papas` on the run With a cherokee and gun People and need a hit When you`re chasing number 1

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