

# I'm Bad

Bo Diddley

I spell, B-A-D  
I'm bad  
That mean no messin' me

Now, all you women  
Remember when I was twenty-one?  
That was a year, baby  
That I had a-lots of fun

But a year has gone by  
I'm now, twenty-two  
I can eat nails, honey  
And drink gun powder soup

I spell B-A-D  
I'm bad  
Don't mess with me

Now, honey you better tell yo' husband  
Quit sneakin', peepin', at me  
He wanna fight off the man  
That I'm the s'posed to be

I'll make sure the drill's runnin'  
And mess up his face  
I'll even try to snatch bof'a  
His legs outta place

B-A-D, bad  
One mo' question, honey  
Before I start to studder  
I can even tell you why  
White milk make yellow butter

I'm B-A-D, bad

You ask me, honey  
What it was all about  
Ya even asked me where the light went  
When it went out

I'm B-A-D  
I'm bad  
Don't mess with me

All, all, all, all

All, all, all, all

Wah-hoo!