

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!