

Zip Gun Bop

Royal Crown Revue

Well there's this dance, you ought to know
It's a little somethin' I made up cats
To keep your heads low
See there are lots of sore gangsters
Packin' iron all day
So you learn my two steps stay out of their way

Zip gun, zip gun bop
Ya better learn to do it 'fore yer poor heart stops now
Zip gun, zip gun bop

Well there's flat-foot Louie
Sittin' on his front stoop
He caught five rounds in the belly
He looked like a messed-up bowl of minestrone soup

Now you take that cat Mugs
He got iced the other day
He could have saved his mama
The dry cleanin' bill my way

Zip gun, zip gun bop
Ya better learn to do it 'fore yer poor heart stops
Zip gun, zip gun bop

So now you can see
Zip gun bop was meant to be
Lots of lead flyin'
Lots of lonely gals cryin'
But you can hear them cats shootin'
They're shootin' rat-ta-tat-tat
So you learn my two step Jack
Or that's that

Zip gun, zip gun bop
Ya better learn to do it 'fore yer poor heart stops
Zip gun, zip gun bop
Hey hey

Zip gun, zip gun bop
Ya better learn to do it 'fore yer poor heart stops
Oh yeah baby, that zip gun bop