

Bad Boy

Sandy

I want a bad boy

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I want a bad boy Papa going fe lick me if me not leave the bad man

My mum she's crying "lord have mercy, you better run come"

She asks "but wait, i don't know how you grow up so facety

But you don't see little boy them growing up much too lazy

Them want to whine and grind and then him leave you my daughter

Then buck up on another and take what him after

He tease you with him toy ad then whip your backside

He'll put you on the train and then catch the ride"

Papa him say the english man, him too arty-farty

My mum she say the german man, him too lardy-dardy

Boys from kingston town, them got some temper too fiery

Them smoking too much ganja and feeling too irie

You must be careful if by chance you buck upon the itie

Run go tell your friend and don't look in the brown eye

The african man him fool you with him heritage and self pride

Just jump around and tell him "goon and catch the ride"

No no, I want a bad boy

No no, let's play with your toy

No no, I want a bad boy

The kind of guy for me

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>