

Bob And Tom, Mama Was A Hitman

I remember when I was 'bout 2 years old
in a play pen on a grassy mole countin cars was some
new schoolbooks Mr. Oswald said were ours
Mama would take us to work and some Cuban held on our hand

Mama was a Hitman

We'd cross the country changing schools
Mama me and some guy named Raul
I failed the fourth grade cause they said I was dumb
they found the principle floatin in a 55-gallon drum
then all the teachers put me on the strait a plan

Mama was a Hitman

I tried basketball in the 7th grade
you could count on one hand the shots that I made
I got to practice so little and didn't play none
until the coach found an ice pick stuck threw his cranium
the assitence coach said son I'm you biggest fan

Mama was a Hitman

She baked seined cookies and red car bombs
all the while disguised as a soccer mom
our little league coach was James Earl Ray
our team pictures were takin by the CIA
she could wack out a witness wile workin the concession stand

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Our babysitter was Mr. something sir hand

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She could build a bomb in a bowl of rasin brand
Piced us up from school and we flew to Afghanistan

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