M.I.A., Bamboo Banga

Road runner, road runner

Going hundred mile per hour

With your radio on

With your radio on

Road runner, road runner

Going hundred mile per hour

With your radio on

With your radio on

Somalia, Angola, Ghana, Ghana, Ghana (hey!)

India, Sri Lanka, Burma, bamboo banga (hey!)

This the bamboo banga

I said bamboo banga

This the bamboo banga

I said bamboo banga

And we're hitting our records like a tennis player

And the drummers do the shit like the macarena

This the jungle banga

Or the cold jammer

I said jungle banga

I said cold jammer

I said jungle banga

I said cold jammer

I'm bored of eating banana

I want quanabana

I wanna warm my buns this summer summer summer summer

Now I'm sittin' down chilling on some gun powder

Strike / match / light / fire

Who's that girl called Maya?

M.I.A. coming back with power power (power power!)

M.I.A. coming back with power power (power power!)

I said M.I.A. coming back with power power (power power!)

M.I.A. coming back with power power (power power!)

I'm big timer, it's the bamboo banga

I'm knocking on the doors of your hummer hummer

Yeah, I'm knocking on the doors of your hummer hummer

Yeah, I'm knocking on the doors of your hummer hummer

Yeah, I'm knocking on the doors of your hummer hummer

You'll be hungry like the wolves hunting dinner dinner

And we're moving with the packs like hyena ena

Barbarella look like she's my dead ringer

When I'm dogging on the bonnet of your red Honda

I'm a road runner

I'm a world runner

I'm a road runner

I'm a world runner

I'm big timer, it's the bamboo banga

M.I.A. coming back with power power (power power!)

I'm big timer, it's the bamboo banga I'm big timer, it's the bamboo banga