

BADDA-BING

Sabodog

Wadda-you-bad, Wadda-you-good?

I grew up in, an old Italian neighborhood.

But I'm not Italian, I stood out as different, and sometimes that wasn't real good

I walked passed " Our Lady of Pompeii" every day, to and from school.

Things could get, pretty ugly, if those catholic school kids ever caught up with you.

And, if they did.....

Badda-Bing, Badda-Boom, right up-side your head

Badda-Bing, Badda-Boom, Badda-dead

I knew this guy, his name was Rocco, and he really wanted, to get made.

He worked for a while, for the big man, doing his illegal trade.

But one day, he disappeared, he wasn't seen for a while

Until one day, they found his body, in a dismembered pile.

Badda-Bing, Badda-Boom, right up-side your head

Badda-Bing, Badda-Boom, Badda-dead

They've made, a lot of movies, where Italians feature real big.

There's always yelling, yelling and screaming, and gesturing with the hands.

Some are about love and families, some are about criminal gangs.

There's always a lot of drama, there's always a lot of angst.

Badda-Bing, Badda-Boom, come in and take a seat.

Badda-Bing, Badda-Boom, You're just in time to eat

Wadda-you-do, Wadda-you-do

Italian love and hate parade

Badda-Bing, Badda-Boom