

I was raised up on the west side of town  
That's where I met Jimmy Gillum  
Baddest man around  
He'd rather fight than eat  
Mister That's no lie  
If you cross him up smile and wave goodbye  
Bad bad Jimmy baddest man alive

He was dynamite in a small pack  
His fuse was short  
He didn't cut no slack  
Oh that Jimmy Gillum was a bad cat

Talk about trouble  
You talk about mean  
Jimmy was the baddest cat I've ever seen  
You talk about trouble  
Should've been his name  
Jimmy never pulled a punch  
He was a fightin' machine  
Yeah he was he was a fightin' machine

Now I recall one night at the Sugar Bowl  
That's a honky tonk where Jimmy goes  
Yeah the One Percent were burnin' up the stage  
In walk Jimmy in a drunken daze  
Ready to fight son in the worst way  
So I ran for cover behind the stage  
Bottles started flyin' I began to pray  
Please oh Lord don't let him look my way

It's been years since I saw Jimmy last  
When I pulled into a jiffy the other day  
Just to get some gas  
I heard this guy screamin' next to me  
Turn on this pump you dirty s.o.b.  
To my surprise it was Jimmy alive and well  
Jumped in my car and took off fast  
Knew in a minute he'd be kickin' ass  
Oh that Jimmy Gillum was a bad cat

Yea he was talk about trouble, talk about trouble  
Yeaaaaaooooowwww talk about trouble  
Yea that boy was bad to the bone talk about trouble  
Play it boys sound good

Us Gillums never die we just fade away  
Ummmmmm trouble boy