

He's got a sharkskin suit
And a diamond earring he's got jet black hair
Just like his mother
He's got a jail tattoo, from his long-lost brother
He's got a shotgun fuse, don't you pull his trigger

Broke from jail without a gun
Public enemy number one killed a man on the run
On the lam without bail headed straight back to jail
Nowhere else for him to go daddy-o, daddy-o

He's gonna make his mark at a vegas hotel
He rolls snake eyes down
He's gonna make his money
But he's headin' west, on a killin' spree
Down in L.A., you know the killin's free

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He was born on the 4th of july the kind of guy
When he spoke to you
He stared you straight in the eye you know, man
When he walked into the room you would feel it
And man when he walked in the room
It sounded like this

He got a hundred years, and the electric chair
His final words were, I don't care

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Daddy-o
Daddy-o
Daddy-o

The way the legend goes is he was executed shortly after midnight
Some witnesses say, he seemed to be enjoying himself
One witness said he died with a smile on his face
He was one bad, bad man