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| **Baby Brigade**When I came out of my mother's womb,I found myself in a delivery room.All bloody and wet I repelled to the floor,cut the umbilical and crawled to the door.Cruise the ward and I'm a looking good,baby little marine like I should.Camouflage diaper, black baby shoes,butter knife sword, baby dress blues.Hum-v stroller, tricycle tank,three diaper pins on my collar for rank.Down the hall I heard some crying like heck,walked right in called attention on deck.I said listen up wimps I'm in command,all your cryin' and sniveling I will not stand.They said aye aye sir and I had it made,I was commanding officer of the baby brigade. **C-130**C-130 rolling down the stripThis platoon's gonna take a little trip Stand up, hook up, shuffle to the doorJump right out and shout, "Southeast!"If my main don't open wideI've gotta another one by my sideIf that 'chute should fail me tooLook out ground, I'm a-comin' throughIf I die on that old drop zoneBox me up and ship me homePin my metals upon my chestBury me in the leaning rest**Everywhere We Go**Everywhere we go-oPeople wanna know-oWho we areSo we tell themWe're not the ArmyThe land-lovin' ArmyWe are the Navy The mighty-mighty NavyWe're not the Air ForceThe low flyin' Air ForceWe are the Navy The mighty-mighty NavyWe're not the MarinesOorah Marines\*We are the Navy The mighty-mighty NavyWe're not the Coast GuardBoat full-a retardsWe are the Navy The mighty-mighty Navy **P.T. Double Time**One mileNo sweatTwo milesBetter yetThree milesGotta runFour milesTo the sun   **I Wanna Be A Drill Instructor**Thunder, lightnin drizzlin rainNothin but PT on my brainUp in the mornin with the rising sun(your unit) gonna take a little runI love workin for Uncle SamLets me know just who I amI don't want no teenage queenall I want is my M-16They put a rifle in my handand told me to defend our landThen they dropped me on a foreign shorean told me to go fight a warIf I die in a combat zonebox me up and ship me homePin my medals upon my chestTell my momma I did my bestPut me in a set of bluesand don't forget to shine my shoesThrow my body six feet downTil you hear it hit the groundWhen it hits the bottom you'll hear me say...I WANNA BE A DRILL INSTRUCTORI WANNA CUT OFF ALL OF MY HAIRI WANNA BE A DRILL INSTRUCTORI WANNA WEAR THAT SMOKEY BEAR **Engineer, Engineer**Engineer, engineer running down the roadRunning so fast makes the others look oldWe're running hard and we're running longStill singing another stupid songBuild a road or cut down a treeOr dig some graves for the InfantryWorking hard and working all dayKnocking down anything that gets in the way **C-130 Variation**I don't know but I think I mightJump from an airplane while in flightSoldier, soldier, have you heard?I'm gonna jump from a big iron birdUp in the morning in the drizzlin' rainPacked my chute and boarded the planeC-130 rollin' down the stripSoutheast Cadets on a one-way tripMission Top Secret, destination unknownThey don't even know if they're coming homeWhen my plane gets up so highAirborne troopers gonna dance in the skyStand up, hook up, shuffle to the doorJump right out and count to fourIf my main don't open wideI got a reserve by my sideIf that one should fail me tooLook out ground, I'm a-coming throughIf I die on the old drop zoneBox me up and ship me home **Mama & Papa**Mama & Papa were lyin' in bedMama rolled over and this is what she saidUh-Give me somePTGood for youGood for me**PTing With Granny**When my ol' Granny was ninety-oneShe did PT just for fun.When my ol' Granny was ninety-twoShe could PT better than you.When my ol' Granny was ninety-threeShe could PT better than me.When my ol' Granny was ninety-fourShe did her PT on the floor.When my ol' Granny was ninety-fiveShe ran PT to stay alive.When my ol' Granny was ninety-sixShe ran PT just for kicks.PTing With GrannyWhen my ol' Granny was ninety-sevenPT killed her and she went to heaven.She met Saint Peter at the Pearly GateSaid, "Hey Saint Pete, I hope I'm not late."Peter said, "Granny you're welcome inBut first drop down and gimmee ten!"But Granny said, "Peter, you're full of it'Cause I got me a light duty chit!" **Count Cadence**Delay cadence Count cadence Delay cadence Count (one) Can't Hear you (two) Little louder now (three) All together (four) Everybody (one) Hit it (two) Kick it three) Stab it (four) Kill it one, two, three, four, one, two, three, four we like it here we love it here It's a home away from home (A what?) a home away from home (A what?) a home away from home**Master Sergeant**Up in the Morning at half past 3First Sergeant Hilliard is bringin' heathe's got cadets all around his deskgot two JG's in the front leaning rest  First Sergeant, First Sergeant can't you seethis PT is nothing to meI can run to Page like thisall the way to Page just like thisI can run to Northeast like thisall the way to Northeast just like thisI can run to Cary like thisall the way to Cary just like this  |