You Don't Mess Around with Jim  
Written by Jim Croce

1. Uptown got it's hustlers,  
The bowery got it's bums,  
42nd Street got Big Jim Walker,  
He's a pool-shootin' son of a gun,  
Yeah, he big and dumb as a man can come,  
But he stronger than a country hoss,  
And when the bad folks all get together at night,  
You know they all call big Jim "Boss", just because,  
And they say:

chorus A:  You don't tug on Superman's cape,  
You don't spit into the wind,  
You don't pull the mask off that old Lone Ranger,  
And you don't mess around with Jim.

2. Well outta south Alabama come a country boy,  
He say I'm lookin' for a man named Jim,  
I am a pool-shootin' boy,  
By name 'a Willie McCoy,  
But down home they call me Slim,  
Yeah I'm lookin' for the king of 42nd Street,  
He drivin' a drop top Cadillac,  
Last week he took all my money,  
And it may sound funny,  
But I come to get my money back,  
And everybody say Jack don't you know:

chorus A:
3. Well a hush fell over the pool room,
   Jimmy come boppin' in off the street,
   And when the cuttin' was done,
   The only part that wasn't bloody,
   Was the soles of the big man's feet, ooh,
   And he was cut in about a hundred places,
   And he were shot in a couple more,
   And you better believe,
   There come another kind of story,
   When big Jim hit the floor now they say:

   \textit{chorus B}:  You don't tug on Superman's cape,
   You don't spit into the wind,
   You don't pull the mask off that old Lone Ranger,
   And you don't mess around with Slim.

   \textit{coda}:  Yeah, big Jim got his hat,
   Find out where it's at,
   And it's not hustlin' people strange to you,
   Even if you do got a two-piece custom-made pool cue.