

Tom Morello & Boots Riley**"100 Little Curses"**

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Woah, woah, woah (100 little curses) Woah, woah,
woah (100 little curses) [Boots Riley] May you tumble
and fall down your grand marble stairway May that
caviar p'tÃ© you were eating block your airway May
your manservant deliver the Heimlich with honor May
this make you vomit on your Dolce Gabbana May your
wife's worried face show a horrific expression May you
realize she's not worried, that's just Botox injections
May all the commotion cause to crash your chandelier
And propel into your rear It's sharp diamonds from
DeBeers May your Ferrari break down, may your
chauffeur get high And smash up your stretch Rolls up
on Rodeo Drive Off the breaking backs of others is
where you got all your bucks Till we make the
revolution, I just hope your life sucks [Chorus: Boots
Riley] All my people in the place put your fist in the air
All my down muthafuckas get up out of your chairs All
my real down peoples we got love for you here 'Cept
for that muthafucka right there, get him Woah, woah,
woah (100 little curses) [Boots Riley] May your
Champagne not bubble May your pinot be sour May the
white stuff you snortin be 96 percent flour May the
famous rapper you bring to your daughters sweet 16
Get some pride and walk out as if born with a spleen
May the death squads you hire be bad with instructions
And by mistake be at your mansion with the street
sweepers bustin' May this make your party guests
forsake their white Russians And dive behind the Jimmy
Martin cryin' and cussin' May your chef be off pissin in
the bisque in the kitchen May I assume your
autobiography is filed under fiction 'Cause off the
breakin backs of others is where you got all your cash
Till we make the revolution, I hope your life sucks ass
[Chorus: Boots Riley] All my people in the place put
your fist in the air All my down muthafuckas get up out
of your chairs All my real down peoples we got love for
you here 'Cept for that muthafucka right there, get him
Woah (yeah), woah (yeah), woah (100 little curses)
Woah (yeah), woah (yeah), woah (ch-ch-ch-ch-ch-ch-,
wha- ow!) (*Guitar solo*) All my people in the place put
your fist in the air All my down muthafuckas get up out

of your chairs All my real down peoples we got love for
you here 'Cept for that muthafucka right there, get him
Woah (yeah), woah (yeah), woah (100 little curses)
Woah (yeah), woah (yeah), woah (ch-ch-ow)

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