

## **Beastie Boys**

# **"Looking Down The Barrel Of Gun"**

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I'm rolling down the hill, snowballing, getting bigger  
An explosion in the chamber, the hammer from the  
trigger  
I seen him get stabbed, I watched the blood spill out  
He had more cuts than my man Chuck Chillout

24 is my age, and 22 is my gauge  
I'm writing rhymes on a page, I'm going off in a rage  
Beucase I'm out on a mission, a stolen car mission  
Had a small problem with the transmission

Three on the tree in the middle of the night  
I have this steak on my head 'cause I got into a fist  
fight  
Life comes in phases, take the good with the bad  
You bought those coins on the street, and you know  
you got had

Because it's all high spirit, you know you gotta hear it  
Don't touch the mic baby, don't come near it  
It's gonna getchya, it's gonna getchya  
It's gonna getchya, girl, it's gonna getchya

Looking down the barrel of a gun  
Son of a gun, son of a bitch  
Getting paid, getting rich

Ultra violence be running through my head  
Cold Medina, y'all making me see red  
Rapid fire Louie like Rambo got bullets  
I'm gonna die harder like my kid Bruce Willis

I love girlies, waxing and milking  
Coordinating chicks is my man Dave Scilkin  
Predetermined destiny is who I am  
You got your finger on the trigger like the Son of Sam

I am like Clockwork Orange going off on the town  
I've got homeboys bonanza to beat your ass down  
Well I'm mad at my desk, and I be writing all curse  
words  
Expressing my aggressions through my schizophrenic

verse words

You're a headless chicken chasin' a sucker free basin  
You're looking for a fist to put your face in  
Get hip don't slip knuckle heads  
Racism is schism on the serious tip

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