

## **Firesign Theatre**

### **"Driveby Miss Daisy"**

Visit "[Driveby Miss Daisy](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Picture a nigga on the warpath,  
And he'll spread terror through the city and leave a trail  
of blood baths.  
And to those that know, he's not a phony.  
But tonight he'll get his vengeance on the fool who killed  
his homey.  
Don't give a fuck, he'll take you smooth on out.  
Cause the hood is where its good is what its about.  
Geah. Don't wanna squable, through down or even kick  
him.  
Just pull the fucking trigger cause to him your just a  
victim.  
Jumped in the car, ash traces of dub.  
Hit a couple of corners and pulls up at the bud  
spot where its hot. Yeah boy he knows it.  
But before he does the killing, he's got to get loaded.  
Throws up the set, then he bones out quick.  
Then he spits at a bitch just for riding his dick.  
Now he's at the curb and yeah he gots the feeling.  
He tells his homey, "G lets get ready for the killing."  
Little did he know Miss Daisy's in the kitchen  
Standing cooking chicken, 9 started clicking.  
Ran up to the back of the house like releigh races.  
Just like a train robbery, bandanas on their faces.  
He heres this fucking little voice in his brain.  
And its saying dont kill, we're all in the same gang.  
He tells it back, that aint the gang I'm in.  
Because the gang I'm in is like in it to win.  
So he killed off the sucker right there he didnt stop.  
Ran through the rooms and went pop pop pop.  
The explenation for this, he must was crazy.  
I guess thats why he had to driveby miss daisy.

[And now the driveby].....[Say hello to my little friend.]  
[You die mutherfucker...]

Check out the high rolling, young balling, pimp mack  
daddy.  
Drive a 190E, ain't got no time for a caddy.  
He got snaps because he jacked a nigga.  
But he fucked up smooth and didn't pull the trigger.

Now theres a contract for your head on a platter.  
If theres somebody with you they'll kill them too it dont  
matter.  
Now your laying low at your girlfriends crib.  
And your thinking of the shiesty shit that you did.  
Now you got balls and you pull another jack.  
Another and another, your pockets on fat.  
Dont give a fuck if he spends time in jail.  
Just load up the 9 with the hollow point shells.  
So nows he's on a mission, to kill or be killed.  
Since somebody's got to do it and the shoes are to be  
filled.  
So now its 12 o'clock, and its time for a jack.  
Not even thinking it was time for payback.  
And yeah you spot a fool who'll get the rag pack.  
Rolling close behind while you blase a 20 sack.  
He stops at a light on Elandra and Central.  
Jump the fuck out put the gun to the window, its kinda  
simple.  
But you know how it deal, and what the fuck was in  
store.  
It was the same punk who you tried to jack before.  
And he wont give up shit. Point blank hesitation.  
Innocent Miss Daisy at the mobile gas station.  
His 9 went click, your 9 went clack.  
Miss Daisy tried to run but got a shell in her back.  
The explanation for this he must was crazy.  
I guess thats why he had to driveby Miss Daisy.

[And now the driveby].....[I'm gonna get you  
mutherfucker...]

[Say hello to my little friend]....[so long..have a good  
trip.]

[You die mutherfucker...]

Visit [Firesign Theatre](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.