

## Mighty Mighty Bosstones

### "Dead Birds"

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Bla-awww-ah-ahhh (dead birds)  
Four scores, thousands of years ago  
Ahhh  
RZA, Killah PZA, Shza, chosen  
Aiyyo camouflaged samurais...

Aiyyo camouflaged samurais, battle scars  
Analog, his hands are claws, bears or Gods  
Digi {blank} criminals, alkaline generals  
We stick you for your minerals  
You speak subliminal clues in interviews, log on  
We send the news as Brooklyn Zoo, like psalms  
Turn around disguised, standin on the roof with Merlin  
eyes  
A wizard suit, I hurl these rhymes, down  
Like twirlin dust devils, amongst the bad luck ghettos  
I give 'em hope

Dead birds flyin with wings that's broke  
Dead birds flyin with wings that's broke  
Dead birds flyin with wings that's broke  
Dead birds flyin with wings that's broke  
With wings that's broke, with wings that's broke  
With wings that's broke, with wings that's broke  
With wings that's broke, with wings that's broke  
With wings that's broke

Metal blades, hand of the spade, duckin grenades  
Cuttin through brigades, 20 men searchin for aid  
Hurtin for days, murderous ways, left 'em decayed  
I creeped, I creeped through the shade, back with that  
green jade  
My teammate, rainin fire for dead gates  
50 renegades send 'em leakin to the grave  
My teammate, rainin fire for dead gates  
50 renegades send 'em leakin to the grave

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