

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"Manhunt"

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Chitty chitty bang bang, bang, bang
Chitty chitty...

I make you jump jump, bang this shit
High or low, out your trunk-trunk
Spit that raw, give 'em
Give 'em, give 'em, what they want
Pumpin' and thumpin' and dumpin'
It's a manhunt, yo, it's a manhunt

Yeah, we get it crunk like Lil' Jon and them Eastside
Boyz
Them Brooklyn boys, G-O-D-Z, up in Tonka toys
Thirty mil' team, hand gleem, filled chips a'hoy
Self employed, get it from Evon and Peter Roy
Lumbers and heaters, jumpin' out the Z2 seaters
Rockin' Louie with them Gucci sneakers, live in
Cheetah's
Don't get it twisted, stay lifted, keep the metal biscuit
The grand wizard chameleon lizard, New York Blizzard
Live as can be, live on stage in Tennessee
Makin' that legal tender, seein' our dough, drink the
Hennessey
Son, you fake, you not a friend of me, not even a can-it-
be
You about to catch a John F. Kennedy
Then I escape through the assembly, ghost from the
vecinity
Vacant my suite, flash bring scenery
Typical moves for you pitiful dudes
Cupcakes and corn flakes, it ain't no love without hate

A thoroughbred since a young shorty, guzzlin' '40's
The forty-five on the right side, ready to ride
Do or die, Bedstuy, where heads fly, you don't ask why
Do the knowledge, add it up and apply
Some last words from my dying uncle, stay focused,
get that cash
Stay on the lookout, for triggers in masks
Move smart, blend with the dark, roll with men of heart
And every beast, shall play they part, young God

Mmmm... meditated, for a minute, high set it off
The green splendid, knew what he was sayin', knew he
really meant it
Survive on the street, you liable meat
Be a grown man, son, stand on your own two feet
It's real, from the gun to the grain, hustle my name
Too many stress and high, coming in son; I already
came
Muscle the game, stay clear, of them lames and
dames
Split hits campaign, like Rick James on cocaine

I do it to the death, dudes don't know
It be the nine or the tech, get the bread then we step
Got the handle like A.I., with his left
Young police thinkin' they Elliott Ness
Til they get popped in they chest
Throw the burner to ya neck, dude, dare you to flex
See you girly ass dudes, I lift up your dress
Got that criminal mind, like I'm Luther, the Lex
Want my CREAM lookin' long, when you writin' them
checks
Be a rebel to the game like Inspectah Deck
12 O'Clock, starts today, do ends in the morn'
When my bust in hers, see a star was born
Brooklyn, Brooklyn, dudes that's where I'm from
Get a nasty ass chick, like to swallow my gum
C-walking down my block, not knowing nobody, that's
crazy
Even if your gun got bodies
Got a man with a pitbull, one eye, call him Shock!

We got bangers that gon' feel this, the gritty grindz
We got hangers that gon' love this, gritty grindz
I'm in the hood, baby, all the time, gritty grindz
Get yours, cuz I'mma get mine, the gritty grindz

The gritty grindz!

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