

Dandy Warhols

"BMS On the Attack"

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Yo man
Brother Madness Style, c'mon, let's let's do this shit
Motherfuckers done rolled on 'em
Nah nah it wasn't the gangsters man
It was, it was them motherfuckers, yeah (who was it?)
(yeah, right right) Them motherfuckers, (??)
(Shoot them motherfuckers man!)
Yo yo, yo Create man, you got the strap?
Rex T man, pop in the clip

Give, give me the gun man
Give me the gun that motherfucker is slippin

One-eighty-seven

[RBX]
Fuck it! I gotta do this quick
I grab my glock seventeen, the clip went click
Dat-da-da-dot-da tec, perfect
So I keep on I - pop him and drop him
That oughta stop him from comin up blocks
Dead in his tracks from stacks of facts
Relax! I'm about to take my respect
I lower, and aim straight for his fuckin neck
Boo-yaa boo-yaa then I fade into the wind
Hiden by the night, reflected by moon
Soon comes the wrath of blacks actual facts
Pistol cracks..

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