

Smosh

"Ultimate Assassins Creed Song"

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How many fools can I kill today?
Too many to count - don't get in my way.
I shoot a mofo in the throat with my bow
tomahawk chop is my death blow.

Freedom fightin' machine,
big-ass hatchet in hand.
Why d'you have to kill my bros?
I'ma slash your face, man.
I'm a very skilled assassin
killin' dudes in ones and twos.
Blood flowin' like a river-
need a box of tissues.

When I'm huntin' I be stuntin'
you can never find me.
In the bushes, in the haystacks,
in your mothers laundry.
Watch me comin', free runnin'
up the walls like a boss.
What you lookin' at bitch?
Taste my tomahawk chop!

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Tomahawk, tomahawk.
T-t-tomahawk, tomahawk.
Tomahawk, tomahawk.
Tomahawk, t-tomahawk.

From Boston to NY
always up to no good.
Don't know how I can see
out this big-ass hood.
Walkin' through the crowd
tochin' you on the back

usin' my hidden blade
for a secret attack.

Jumpin' off a giant buildings
like I was a Superman.
Use your mama as a meat-shield
every time that I can.
Take a break from the war
to hunt for some meat-
what?
A mans gotta eat.

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Up first in the verse
feel the clack of wooden teeth.
Bread and butter, lift the cover
where you find the fuckin' heat.
Revolution I lead
with the world I got beef
I dig my wigs powdered, wear boxers-
I don't wear briefs!
You can't step up to me
and my gang.
Horse and carriage drive-by's
bullet in the chamb.
Ridin' over your clique
like the Delaware son
I get my face on the dollar
before this shits done!

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