

Cris Cab

"Pumped Up Kicks"

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Robert's got a quick hand.
He'll look around the room, he won't tell you his plan.
He's got a rolled cigarette, hanging out his mouth, he's
the cowboy kid.
Yeah, he found a six-shooter gun
In his dad's closet in a box of fun things, and I don't
even know why
But he's coming for you, yeah he's coming for you

All the other kids with the pumped up kicks better run,
better run, out run my gun.
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks better run,
better run, faster than my bullet.
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks better run,
better run, out run my gun.
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks better run,
better run, faster than my bullet.

You're not faster than my bullets
Yeah

You're not faster than my bullet

I got that heater like Miami sun and it's shinin' down on
you no matter where you're from.
A couple rockets in your stadium and we're gonna blow
this thing until kingdom come.
Another sweatshirt and a black hat, I make the most of
everyday 'cause there no comin' back.
I snap the creatures in their habitat, I had 'em all keep
pacin' like we're runnin' track.

All the other kids with the pumped up kicks better run,
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