

Statik Selektah

"Down The Dustpipe"

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(Grossman)

Heading down the back turnpike, signposts are
pointing west
Fell into the lonely dustpipe, hope my pick-up can stand
the test
But I'm doing all right now
Rolling down the dustpipe, na-na-na-na nana-na-nana-
na

Rolling down the dustpipe now, got a ten dollar bill in
my jeans
Because there ain't no room for a kosher cowboy in a
town like New Orleans
But I'm doing all right now
Rolling down the dustpipe, na-na-na-na nana-na-nana-
na

Guess I didn't make it in the city, but that's just the way
that it goes
'Cos there's a lotta lunatics, crazy ghostmen, baby,
don't like the shape of my nose
But I'm doing all right now
Rolling down the dustpipe, na-na-na-na nana-na-nana-
na

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my jeans
Because there ain't no room for a kosher cowboy in a
town like New Orleans
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