

## A Smile Lyrics by Swings Out Sister

### "Come Out and Play"

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[Verse 1]

Where you at motherfucker heard you been talking shit  
But everytime I come around it's like you seem to  
forget  
Shut your mouth you little hoe before I scalp your lip  
In other words you'll be a dead little punk ass bitch  
I won't forget you every time I'm pissing over your  
grave  
Or when I'm slanging payote in hoods that you once  
claimed  
Learn about the tribe you're dissing cause we all ain't  
the same  
Tomahawk steady swinging as I'm dancing for rain  
So come and play with me, at least until the sky turns  
grey  
Shooting off my arrows like AK's  
Amazing situations, four colors of man, represent the  
wicked nations  
Underground street level, running this course  
Keeping you shady bitches scared to come up off your  
porch  
So come and hang with me, unless you blaming me  
Because the native hydro keeps changing me

[Chorus]

Come and play with me (even if it means your death)  
Though you hated me (my tomahawk swings right to  
left)  
You bet just wait and see (I'll be a juggalo till my very  
last breath)  
Then you hate to see (these hatchet men up on our  
chest)

[Verse 2]

Warriors, come out and play  
Roaches I spray, I'm ABK  
I'd rather be dead than fade away  
All my life I been a scrub, I wouldn't change a day  
What I'm saying quit playing I'm a tell you how it's  
slaying  
See me in the streets psychopathic chain just swaying

Anybody Killa so it ain't no delaying  
Dead body six feet in the ground decaying  
When I come I'll rub the serial numbers from my gun  
out  
The tribal war paint on my face will make you run out  
Bust shots in the sky and shoot the sun out  
An keep us in the clip until every last run out  
Erasing all the drama that this world brings  
Moon light shine bright on shattered dreams  
Keep away from a killer with a god damn fiend  
Get your own fucking bullshit scheme

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Jamie Madrox]

Twiztid Madrox and the ABK  
Buying automatic weapons from renegades in Bombei  
Fuck Alize and a fake ass bitch  
We the sharks in the water, y'all popcorn shrimps  
So you can eat my cocktail sauce and ass  
Throwing east in the air when we walk past think fast  
You can be a hater with a lot to say  
But you're talking from the door so come out and play

[Chorus: Repeat x 2]

Come and play with me (even if it means your death)  
Though you hated me (my butcher knife swings right to  
left)  
You bet just wait and see (I'll be a juggalo till my very  
last breath)  
Then you hate to see (these hatchet men up on our  
chest)

These hatchet men up on our chests (until fade out)

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