

Boys Beastie**"Looking Down The Barrel Of A Gun"**

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Rolling down the hill snowballing getting bigger

An explosion in the chamber the hammer from the trigger

I seen him get stabbed I watched the blood spill out

He had more cuts than my man Chuck Chillout

24 is my age 22 is my gauge

Writing rhymes on a page going off in a rage

Out on a mission a stolen car mission

Had a little problem with the transmission

3 on the tree in the middle of the night

I have this steak on my head cause I got into a fist fight

Life comes in phases take the good with the bad

You bought those coins on the street and you got had

It's all high spirit you know you gotta hear it

Don't touch the mic baby don't come near it

It's gonna get you it's gonna get you

It's gonna get you girl it's gonna get you

Looking down the barrel of a gun

Son of a gun son of a bitch

Getting paid getting rich

Ultra violence running through my head

Fuzzy navel y'all making me see red

Rapid fire Louie like Rambo got bullets

I'm a gonna die harder like my kid Bruce Willis
Drummond

I love girlies waxing and milking

Got more excuses than my man Dave Scilkin

Predetermined destiny is who I am

You got your finger on the trigger like the Son of Sam I
am

Like Clockwork Orange going off on the town

I've got posse bonanza to beat your ass down

I'm mad at my desk and I'm writing all curse words

Expressing my aggressions through my schizophrenic
verse words

You're a headless chicken chasin' a sucker free basin

Looking for a fist to put your face in

Get hip don't slip knuckle heads

Racism is schism on the serious tip

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