

Street Dogs

"100 Little Curses"

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May you tumble and fall down your grand
Marble stairway
May that caviar p?t? you were eating
Block your airway
May your manservant deliver the Heimlich
With honor
May this make you vomit on your Dolce
Gabbana
May your wife's worried face show a hor-
rific expression
May you realize she's not worried- that's
just Botox injections
May all the commotion cause to crash
Your chandelier
And propel into your rear
It's sharp diamonds from DeBeers
May your Ferrari break down
May your chauffeur get high
And smash up your stretch Rolls up on
Rodeo Drive
Off the breaking backs of others is where
You got all your bucks
Til we make the revolution
I just hope your life sucks

All my people in the place put your fist
In the air
All my down muthafuckas get up outta
Your chairs
All my real down peoples we got love for
You here
Cept for that muthafuckas right there
Get em

May your Champagne not bubble
May your pinot be sour
May that white stuff you snortin be 96
Percent flour
May the famous rapper you bring to your
Daughter's sweet 16
Get some pride and walk out

As if born with a spleen
May the death squads you hire be bad
With instructions
And by mistake be at your mansion with
The street sweepers bustin
May this make your guests forsake
Their white Russians
And dive behind the Jimmy Martin
Cryin and cussin
May your chef be off pissin in the bisque
In the kitchen
May I assume your autobiography is filed
Under fiction
Cuz off the breakin backs of others is
Where you got all your cash
Til we make the revolution
I your life sucks ass

All my people in the place put your fist
In the air
All my down muthafuckas get up outta
Your chairs
All my real down peoples we got love for
You here
Cept for that muthafuckas right there
Get em

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