

Forty-two

"Modern Day Mugging"

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he used to get straight A's
nowadays get way payed is the pet phrase
set the stage, preferably night time
daylight reserved for research and writin' rhymes
things is harder than the tarnish on the garnish
and his gold seems to ?, gosh darn-it we, we hold heat
goin' all out to the fullest, all dipped
chrome four-fiddith, no bullets no clip
black electric tape over the hole in the handle
if you hold it right and hit 'em with it they can't tell
but still, you gotta be careful
dudes be so scared they cop pleas by the earfull
v personally favors, "please dont kill me"
empty out your pockets and I probably wont willy
but if you don't hurry up and shut up, I'll kill ya
so lay down and count to a hundred loud will ya?
when the nickle gleam like its greased up
thugs turn to icicles, hard rocks freeze up
this could all be a distraction just to buy time to blast
you
so keep something to cut in case you has to
if he was on the island he'd probably rob a millionaire
and be known for wilin' out like Bob Dylan here
these clever war tips
you wont get from cats who never wore skips
now lets get down to brass tacks
follow procedure and count stacks like nasdaq
dont be caught snoozin
in the early morning hours from a long night of boozing
stick 'em up chump, you know what this is
do the right thing you might live to see your kids
all he said was "c'mon don't shoot!"
so shook I think he shit his sean jean suit
why you starin'? run your chain like an errand
and your girls earrings, and what you wearin'
survival tactics for when things get too gritty
he feels its his duty to the people of the city
just so long as nobody get hurt
it keep your average citizen on point and alert
and don't forget to check her d-cup
now I bust how he got this duck for his re-up

then he's back on the bricks, smokin indo'
never let a handy fiend fix your broken window
oh, who wanna hate the witty lurker
who follow y'all on the late, dressed like a city worker
ok miss, come up off that bracelet
just got your hair did don't make me waste it
so, go to hades get the devil for his stash
but no old ladies unless you're sure they carry mad
cash
like the one from the liquor store
he watched her for weeks now, ready for the quick
score
before he told her whore get on the floor
she pulled out and let off like quick draw mcgraw
damn yo, he lucky, she barely nicked the camo
he would've let her have it, if he had the ammo
its all in good fun, true
moral of the story son duke
senior citizens'll bust their guns too

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