

The Rascalz

"High Noon"

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[Red 1]

Yo yo

We rude bwoys Van-city outlaws

Yo, the Red reaper, bust back your street sweeper

Call Mr. Martin and the preacher

To the saloon, the showdown high noon

Men dressed all black, yo pon cock platoon

Outlaws, shedding blood by the liter

Saddle up, ride into the sun, done defeat ya

Ride out and scout a safe hideout

With a bounty on my head, that's the word of the moth

Misfit and Red, wanted alive or dead

But Billy bad on the draw, cowboy ninja dread

Retreat to the bush where the Indians live

To survive off the land, recuperating

Yo, walk the warpath like a brave Mohican

Then scalpel the tongue chief rocker speaking

Young gun, bust and murder the sound boy

Anything in my way, no choice but to destroy

CHORUS

"Hold my ground like it's high noon"

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