

## Tom Mcrae

### "100 Little Curses"

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Woah, woah, woah (100 little curses)  
Woah, woah, woah (100 little curses)

[Boots Riley:]

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 horrific 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  
Till we make the revolution, I just hope your life sucks

[Chorus: Boots Riley]

All my people in the place put your fist in the air  
All my down muthafuckas get up out of your chairs  
All my real down peoples we got love for you here  
'Cept for that muthafucka right there, get him  
Woah, woah, woah (100 little curses)

[Boots Riley:]

May your Champagne not bubble  
May your pinot be sour  
May the white stuff you snortin be 96 percent flour  
May the famous rapper you bring to your daughters  
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 party 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  
'Cause off the breakin backs of others is where you got  
all your cash  
Till we make the revolution, I hope your life sucks ass

[Chorus: Boots Riley]

All my people in the place put your fist in the air  
All my down muthafuckas get up out of your chairs  
All my real down peoples we got love for you here  
'Cept for that muthafucka right there, get him  
Woah (yeah), woah (yeah), woah (100 little curses)  
Woah (yeah), woah (yeah), woah (ch-ch-ch-ch-ch-ch-,  
wha- ow! )

[Guitar solo]

All my people in the place put your fist in the air  
All my down muthafuckas get up out of your chairs  
All my real down peoples we got love for you here  
'Cept for that muthafucka right there, get him  
Woah (yeah), woah (yeah), woah (100 little curses)  
Woah (yeah), woah (yeah), woah (ch-ch-ow)

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