

U.S.D.A. "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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