

Beastie Boys, Looking Down The Barrel Of A Gun

I'm rolling down the hill, snowballing, getting bigger
An explosion in the chamber, the hammer from the trigger
I seen him get stabbed, I watched the blood spill out
He had more cuts than my man Chuck Chillout
24 is my age, and 22 is my gauge
I'm writing rhymes on a page, I'm going off in a rage
Beuase I'm out on a mission, a stolen car mission
Had a small problem with the transmission
Three on the tree in the middle of the night
I have this steak on my head 'cause I got into a fist fight
Life comes in phases, take the good with the bad
You bought those coins on the street, and you know you got had
Because it's all high spirit, you know you gotta hear it
Don't touch the mic baby, don't come near it
It's gonna getchya, it's gonna getchya
It's gonna getchya, girl, it's gonna getchya
Looking down the barrel of a gun
Son of a gun, son of a bitch
Getting paid, getting rich
Ultra violence be running through my head
Cold Medina, y'all making me see red
Rapid fire Louie like Rambo got bullets
I'm gonna die harder like my kid Bruce Willis
I love girlies, waxing and milking
Coordinating chicks is my man Dave Scilkin
Predetermined destiny is who I am
You got your finger on the trigger like the Son of Sam
I am like Clockwork Orange going off on the town
I've got homeboys bonanza to beat your ass down
Well I'm mad at my desk, and I be writing all curse words
Expressing my aggressions through my schizophrenic verse words
You're a headless chicken chasin' a sucker free basin
You're looking for a fist to put your face in
Get hip don't slip knuckle heads
Racism is schism on the serious tip