Beastie Boys, Looking Down The Barrel Of A Gui

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 Becuase 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