

Beastie Boys, Looking Down The Barrel Of Gun

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 22 is my gauge
Writing rhymes on a page going off in a rage
Out on a mission a stolen car mission
Had a little problem with the transmission
3 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 got had
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 get you it's gonna get you
It's gonna get you girl it's gonna get you
Looking down the barrel of a gun
Son of a gun son of a bitch
Getting paid getting rich
Ultra violence running through my head
Fuzzy navel y'all making me see red
Rapid fire Louie like Rambo got bullets
I'm a gonna die harder like my kid Bruce Willis Drummond
I love girlies waxing and milking
Got more excuses than 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 posse bonanza to beat your ass down
I'm mad at my desk and I'm writing all curse words
Expressing my aggressions through my schizophrenic verse words
You're a headless chicken chasin' a sucker free basin
Looking for a fist to put your face in
Get hip don't slip knuckle heads
Racism is schism on the serious tip