

Buck 65, Kennedy Killed The Hat

Baby

There's something wrong with you maybe
You take advice from the devil
In the heat of the night
Black leather, wild, wild animal
You know I'm down by law
And we're surrounded by assassins, phantomas, mutantes and serpents
Werewolves and sex fiends

New York, New York City, Lafayette Street
Alright now bang bang, London, Paris
Shout the lights out, come on now

Baby

We're not the beautiful people
Runnin' down the street on fire
They want us to see me jump that fence
Sometimes I'd rather be dead
These are the wages of sin
And we're surrounded by assassins, phantomas, mutantes and serpents
Werewolves and sex fiends

New York, New York City, Lafayette Street
Alright now bang bang, London, Paris
Shout the lights out, come on

Clear is the new black
Clear is the new black
Artists and models, let's go to hell together

Baby

You know we can't be stopped
Come here and kiss my neck
Some things were made to be wasted
I don't like a railroad man
You're like a tiger in the sun
And we're surrounded by assassins, phantomas, mutantes and serpents
Werewolves and sex fiends

New York, New York City, Lafayette Street
Alright now bang bang, London, Paris
Shout the lights out, come on