

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