

# Citizen Cope, Appetite (For Lightin' Dynamite)

Everybody knows when he's coming to town  
They're locking the doors  
And they don't make a sound  
People want him dead but he won't die yet  
First he's got to live  
With the things that he did  
People want him leaving  
But he isn't leaving soon  
He gets him some smokes  
And some hoes  
And a hotel room  
Then you best duck when he's through  
He's clinching his fists  
And he's lookin for you

'Cause Darren's got an appetite  
For lightin' dynamite  
And letting it  
Blow up in his hands  
[repeat]

Ava's got a Frank Sinatra tune  
Ava's got the sun  
And the wind  
And the moon  
Ava's got a lawyer  
And a baller  
And a 4-foot taller  
And a bullfighter from Spain too  
But I guess you could never forget  
The way she moves  
She removes your stress  
"You ain't got a clue 'bout nothing like this"  
That's what she says  
And she means what she says

See Ava's got an appetite  
For lightin' dynamite  
And letting it blow up in her hand  
[repeat]