

Dance Hall Crashers, Street Sweeper

There he goes running down the street
He's moving and panting and stomping his feet
He's hoping and trying to lose the law
He's almost away but there is a flaw
He hit a dead end and there is no way out, but it seems as if he has
not doubt
Look at that hole in the wall to his right
He's punching the bricks out with all of his might
He's making his way through little by little
One minute more and he'll get to the middle
He gets to the other side and sees it, his big black car with his
driver in it
The cops are gaining with each passing moment
It's making him nervous but he'll never show it
He's too rough for anyone...
He's the 7th street gangster

He looks in the mirror and pulls out his gun, cocks it and aims it
ready for fun
Got a big problem, his bullets are gone
But even worse his driver named Don is passed out on the floor of the
car
With him down there they won't go far
The only solution is under his seat, he pushed the button --the
ground leaves his feet
Once again the 7th street gangster has won
Why do people challenge him when they know what will be done
He's never lost and I doubt he ever will
A word of warning to you all--don't mess with the SSG