

# Midtown Bootboys, Coon Hunt

Shine them boots and grab a gun  
Were gonna go out and have some fun  
Were gonna pile up in the pick-up truck tonight  
Knives and guns and shotguns shells  
Going to the part of town that smells  
Bring a rope cuz were gonna do it right, all right!  
Going north of the railroad tracks  
Gonna get drunk and thump some blacks  
Cuz thats the type of thing we like to do  
So if you hear us scream and cuss  
Youd best get the hell away from us  
Cuz if you dont, we might just thump on you ya hear?

Chorus:

Call us racists, call us Nazis, Call us what you want to  
That wont change a god damn thing  
Were still the Tulsa Skins (x2)

A gang of niggers out to rob  
One chewed up by a pitbull dog  
The others whomped with black jacks, chains and bats  
They rape our women and rob our homes  
We want our kinfolk left alone  
Lets put em on a boat and send em back  
Lets drag their bodies through the mud  
Lets paint the walls with nigger blood  
I reckon even nigger blood is red  
Burn the Northside to the ground  
Lets run them negroes outta town  
And fill them savage monkey boys with lead

Chorus