Mike Doughty, I Got The Drop On You

I got the drop on you And it was easy-Japanesey When I chase your lies in the light Don't you look so cutesy

Down in the basement Where your captives scratch and they cry Rattling the chains, and They long to snap the bonds and abscond out to the night

I got the drop on you Cause I'm sharp-eyed and I'm shameless You knocked me out of your mind No pity for the placeless

Sorry isn't good enough. Sorry isn't good enough.

I got the drop on you In the last frame of the picture I rode that I.R.T. out No pity in the mixture No pity in the mixture.