Gunslinger

Tomorrows Bad Seeds

(yes, yes, i'm glad to be on this one. Its a hot one.)

Tomorrows Bad Seeds, Indie, Indeed. huh
I told em they be fuckin with a veteran
A warning like a cross bones and skeletons
When slugs hit there melon their brain looks like gelatin
Get it together than strechin my regiment.
We brought the bottle around just incase you dont want to let us in.
I light em up like Edison, so fly pelicans.
The zy man? is on the loose, like o.j. he might kill again
And if im sick of it you loose a ligament
So dont act a fool then you better keep it cool like a peppermint
Focus on stackin chips, keep my aim accurate
all i need from you is some space so back it up a bit
Quick with the knowledge of self and good politics
My motto is i got to get the chips, and alot of it
Sippin on that captain and coke chewing kalonapins
Ridding with Tomorrows Bad Seeds dont even gotta win.
Block it and we walkin it non stop around the clock again
Modeling a new technique and i be haller in.

Ive been told of a guy a wild gun slinger with a ghost in his eye
Known to rely on one finger and his colt 45
The one thing that he holds to survive
The unseen the gets colder with time
Hes unseen till the forces arive and some think that hes only a lie
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Lyrics submitted by Nick.

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