

100 Little Curses

Street Sweeper Social Club

100 little cursesMay you tumble and fall down your grand
Marble stairway
May that caviar patÃ© you were eating
Block your airwayMay your manservant deliver the Heimlich
With honor
May this make you vomit on your Dolce GabbanaMay your wife's worried face show a horrific expression
May you realize she's not worried - that's
Just Botox injectionsMay all the commotion cause to crash
Your chandelier
And propel into your rear
Its sharp diamonds from DeBeersMay your Ferrari break down
May your chauffeur get high
And smash up your stretch Rolls up on
Rodeo DriveOff the breaking backs of others is where
You got all your bucks
'Til we make the revolution
I just hope your life sucksAll my people in the place put your fist
In the air
All my down muthafuckas get up outta
Your chairsAll my real down peoples, we got love for
You here
'Cept for that muthafucka right there
Get 'im100 little cursesMay your Champagne not bubble
May your pinot be sour
May that white stuff you snortin' be 96
Percent flourMay the famous rapper you bring to your
Daughter's sweet sixteen
Get some pride and walk out
As if born with a spleenMay the death squads you hire be bad
With instructions
And by mistake be at your mansion with
The street sweepers bustin'May this make your party guests forsake
Their white Russians
And dive behind the Jimmy Martin
Cryin' and cussin'May your chef be off pissin' in the bisque
In the kitchen
May I assume your autobiography is filed
Under fiction'Cause off the breakin' backs of others is
Where you got all your cash

'Til we make the revolution
I hope your life sucks ass All my people in the place put your fist
In the air
All my down muthafuckas get up outta
Your chairs All my real down peoples we got love for
You here
'Cept for that muthafucka right there
Get 'im 100 little curses

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