Target Practice

Asian Dub Foundation

[Verse 1:]
We come guns blazing like the young sons of Satan
Some occasions gun play comes into the equations
Gotta keep the chrome for home invasions and break-ins
Go to your location with no notification
Quick to pick up the Glocks, fill the clip to the top
Kill the kids too little too big to adopt
Got a whole lot of lost souls, pick of the crop
Tape playing the oldies when you hear the click and the pop
It's nothing but ice in my veins, the devil has a mic in my brain
Has a lot of good advice to retain
What's not to like about the guy who had Christ slain?
I don't have the right to gripe and complain
I have to hide the remains, I have to get Tide for the stains
I have to buy ties that can bind and restrain
I have to find lives to attain
I'm looking for a homicide, offering a ride from the rain
[Chorus:]
Yo buscare el camino hacia ti, yo buscare el camino a? tu? amor
[Verse 2:]
All you motherfuckers days is numbered
Attack the winter and I slay the summer
Pressure bust pipes god, I don't pay the plumber
Y'all don't put me to sleep, it's more of a state of slumber
Pimp shit, smash skins like your favourite drummer
I'm a shooter and a shooter do what a shooter please
A history of the broken land of the Sudanese
I spit a verse and a motherfucking computer freeze
The right hand is a bomb, it'll cost you two MCs
It's suicide rapper you can hang from Judas trees
We destroy and rebuild while y'all just shoot the breeze
Me and Buddha are separated by two degrees
The army gear is military and the boots are trees
The kevlar isn't a problem, I'll just shoot his knees
I rock a Panerai watch, y'all are boosting tees
Dirty money on the block, I recoup with ease
Y'all can't afford a sixteen, I'm charging stupid fees
[Chorus:]
Yo buscare el camino hacia ti, yo buscare el camino a? tu? amor

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