

# Down Town

## F.D. Project

I am the big broom who cleans up your act  
A huge wall at the gate, dressed in black  
It got the shiny head, V on the chest  
And if you can't be clean this is what you get  
Go hang your coat, or get the fuck out  
And when I take you out, I'll take you out loudly  
Eternal frown on the face and bored to death  
Well if I get the call, you know what you get  
I say yeah  
Take out the trash  
I am the king of Down Town  
I am the king of Down Town  
I am the king of Down Town  
I am the king of Down Town  
Down, down, down, down, Down Town  
I tell you what, you won't get in  
But it's the tennis shoes, not the colour of your skin  
These are the rules only I can bend  
The Judge is here  
On my feet, the rest of the night  
While you all dance, I wait for a fight  
Eternal frown on the face and bored to death  
Well if I get the call, you know what you get  
I say yeah  
Take out the trash  
I am the king of Down Town  
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