

# 100 Little Curses

## Street Sweeper Social Club

May you tumble and fall down your grand  
Marble stairway  
May that caviar [unverified] you were eating  
Block your airway  
May your manservant deliver the Heimlich  
With honor  
May this make you vomit on your Dolce Gabbana  
May your wife's worried face show a horrific expression  
May you realize she's not worried- that's  
Just Botox injections  
May all the commotion cause to crash  
Your chandelier  
And propel into your rear  
It's sharp diamonds from DeBeers  
May your Ferrari break down  
May your chauffeur get high  
And smash up your stretch Rolls up on  
Rodeo Drive  
Off the breaking backs of others is where  
You got all your bucks  
'Til we make the revolution  
I just hope your life sucks  
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 muthafuckas right there  
Get 'em  
May your Champagne not bubble  
May your pinot be sour  
May that white stuff you snortin' be 96  
Percent flour  
May the famous rapper you bring to your  
Daughter's sweet sixteen  
Get some pride and walk out  
As if born with a spleen  
May 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 guests forsake  
Their white Russians  
And dive behind the Jimmy Martin  
Cryin' and cursin'  
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 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 muthafuckas right there  
Get 'em

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>