

Bruce Lee

Marcus Miller

Bullet got the wrong bloke
Life kid suck
 Drink from the box
 The juice kicks up
 Life give suck the box drink
 Yeah
 Life kid drink from the box
 The juice kicks up
 Life kids sucker
 Box drink
 Yeah
Bruce lee
 Life kid seen from the box
 Seen from the box
 The juice from the box
 Kids suck life
 Kid get suck from the box
 Drink
Bruce lee
 Life kid suck from the box
 Drink from the box
 The juice kicks up
 Life kid suck from the box
 Drink
 Yeah
Bruce lee
 Life gets in from the box
 Seen from the box
 The juice from the box
 Kids suck life
 Kid get suck from the box
 Drink
Bruce lee
 Life kid suck from the box
 Drink from the box
 The juice kicks up
 Life kid suck from the box
 Drink
 Yeah
Bruce lee
 Life kid suck from the box
 Drink from the box
 The juice kicks up
 Life kid suck the box
 Yeah
Bruce lee
 Life kid joke from the box

Seen from the box
Drink from the box
The juice kid suck
Life kid suck the box
Drink
Yeah

Bruce leeTanglonLife kid suck the box
Life kid suck the box
Skin hard sails in jail
Hair always cut with a blunt tool
Muscular but thin like springs
But not steel
For Ford men
Four Ford men

They sell it into vaporizing rulers
Each way up in his own head
Hold up in its fly flicking markses
Piggy little piggy little eyes
Holds and scape
Just enough to let in light
Bullet got the wrong bloke
But he don't die anyway
Its nothing mortal if you don't move
You still have slot the wall in a blanket

I have been this way for daysBullet got the wrong bloke
It's happened mortuary, you die it means
Skin has it off the wall and it goes like this
I have been this way for days
Oh no, there's a gun
Over there under the bed
Turn, let's see what's in the other room
He grew up faster
Just the disco with the one get my rope
Pull through again

A third rat a fourth to his head is calm the sheets of calm
Bullet got the wrong bloke
He's out of the eyes now
Strained gas on his head
It's dark, he comes up with his darknessTanglon

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