

# Bruce Lee

## Marcus Miller

Bullet got the wrong blokeLife kid suck

Drink from the box

The juice kicks up

Life give suck the box drink

YeahLife kid drink from the box

The juice kicks up

Life kids sucker

Box drink

Yeah

Bruce leeLife 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 leeLife kid suck from the box

Drink from the box

The juice kicks up

Life kid suck from the box

Drink

Yeah

Bruce leeLife 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 leeLife kid suck from the box

Drink from the box

The juice kicks up

Life kid suck from the box

Drink

Yeah

Bruce leeLife kid suck from the box

Drink from the box

The juice kicks up

Life kid suck the box

Yeah

Bruce leeLife 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  
Life kid suck the box  
Life kid suck the box  
Life kid suck the box  
Life kid suck the box  
Life kid suck the box  
Life kid suck the box  
Life kid suck the boxSkin 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

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