

# Swashbucklin' In Brooklyn

## Fun Lovin' Criminals

My man was workin' at the seafood spot  
Sellin' fish 'n chips and dealin' bags of pot  
Dressed in a pirates uniform and all  
Lookin' like a fool, headin' for a fall  
He was walkin' home late one night, God bless  
Heard the scream of a woman in immediate distress  
[Unverified]  
He headed down the alley hoping for the best  
He saw the girl who was screamin' her mouth beat shut  
Two guys standin' by her 'bout to get fucked up  
He said you don't hit the bitches while I'm still alive  
Stabbed on in the neck, the other in the eye  
The girl ran home, told her daddy she was saved  
By a pirate with a shiv and a real smooth way  
The vision of the pirate would surely never fade  
So she called the New York post and tried to get paid  
Super hero, you're my super hero  
Super hero, you're my super hero  
Now the story ran the following day page two  
But swashbucklin' in Brooklyn is all he want to do  
I tried to sit him down and think things through  
But swashbucklin' in Brooklyn is all he want to do  
Now he was havin' problems like diving without drowning  
The city, the cops, the mob trying to stop him  
He needed a psychic that's where I came in  
Tell his story to the world, help him with his shit  
We cruise down the river, patrolling the docks  
Deliverin' justice to eight square blocks  
Brooklyn was safe, nobody got shot  
We used swords and daggers and kung fu what nots  
This kinda shits [unverified] had no choice  
Doin' it for free like the village voice  
This ends my first installment of the story  
He was good kicking ass but bad with the glory  
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Songwriters

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