

100 Little Curses

Street Sweeper Social Club

100 little curses
May you tumble and fall down your grand
Marble stairway

May that caviar paté 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

Its 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 muthafucka right there

Get 'im
100 little curses
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 party guests forsake
Their white Russians

And dive behind the Jimmy Martin

Cryin' and cussin'
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 hope 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 muthafucka right there
Get 'im 100 little curses

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