Street Sweeper

Marc Russo

there he goes running down the street.
he's moving and panting and stomping his feet.
he's hoping and trying to lose the law.
he's almost away but there is a flaw.
he hit a dead end and there is no way out,
but it seems as if he has no doubt.
look at that hole in the wall to his right.
he's punching the bricks out with all of his might.
he's making his way through little by little.
one minute more and he'll get to the middle.
he gets to the other side and sees it,
his big black car with his driver in it.
the cops are gaining with each passing moment.
it's making him nervous but he'll never show it.
he's too rough for anyone...he's the 7th street gangster.
he looks in the mirror and pulls out his gun,
cocks it and aims it ready for fun.
got a big problem, his bullets are gone.
but even worse his driver named Don
is passed out on the floor of the car.
with him down there, they won't go far.
the only solution is under his seat,
he pushes the button - the ground leaves his feet.
once again the 7th street gangster has won.
why do people challenge him when they know what will be done?
he's never lost and i doubt he ever will.
a word of warning to you all - don't mess with the SSG

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