

# Bruce Lee

## Bruce Lee

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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