

# Uppercut

## Low Limit

Time bomb where did it go wrong  
Street fights in the city lights for you, who are you?  
The uppercut from the upper class  
I spilled my drink and I broke my glass for you, who are you?  
You look fit but you ain't got it  
Think you're a dog well you're just a bitch  
I bet you'd like to take me for a ride  
Sing loud all you people  
We're fighting in the streets  
Sing loud all you people  
This city's killing me  
With no money and the cupboard's bare  
knew who I was and I didn't care for you, who are you?  
The undercurrent of the underdog  
Will wipe the floor with your suit and job you do, who are you?

You box clever like to box you hard  
So what do you got without your credit card  
Not a lot 'cause what you think you've got's not real  
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