High Noon

C. J. Johnson

[Red 1]Yo yo
We rude bwoys Van-city outlaws
Yo, the Red reaper, bust back your street sweeper
Call Mr. Martin and the preacher
To the saloon, the showdown high noon
Men dressed all black, yo pon cock platoon
Outlaws, shedding blood by the liter
Saddle up, ride into the sun, done defeat ya
Ride out and scout a safe hideout
With a bounty on my head, that's the word of the moth
Misfit and Red, wanted alive or dead
But Billy bad on the draw, cowboy ninja dread
Retreat to the bush where the Indians live
To survive off the land, recuperating
Yo, walk the warpath like a brave Mohican
Then scalpel the tongue chief rocker speaking
Young gun, bust and murder the sound boy
Anything in my way, no choice but to destroy
CHORUS
"Hold my ground like it's high noon"

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