

Son Of A Bush

Public Enemy

Come on

Come on

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Come on

Oh no, struck by greased lightning

F by the same last name, you know what?

China ain't never givin' back that gottdamn plane

Must got this ol' nation trained on some kennel ration

Refrain, the same train

Fulla cocaine, froze the brain

Have you forgotten, I been through the first term of rotten

The father, the son and the holy bush-it we all in

Don't look at me, I ain't callin' for no assassination

I'm just sayin', sayin' who voted for this asshole of the nation

Deja bush, crushed by the head rush

When I wrote the first bum rush

Saw you salute to the then vice prez

Who did what raygun said

And then became prez himself went for delf, knee deep in his damn self

Stuck in a 3 headed bucket of trilateral bush-it

Sorry ain't no better way of puttin' it, no you cannot freestyle this

'Cause yo ass still ain't free if I fight for y'all and they get me

Come on

How many of y'all is comin' to get me? None

'Cause it's easier to forget me

Ain't that a bush, son of a bush is here all up in your zone

You ain't never heard so much soul to the bone

I told y'all when the first bush was tappin' my telephone

Spy vs spy, can't truss 'em as you salute to the Illuminati

You know what take your ass to your one millionth party

(Come on)

He's the son of a bad man

He's the son of a bad man

Son of a bad

He's the son of a bad

Son of a bad man

He's the son of a bad man

Son of a bad

He's the son of a bad

Son of a bad man
He's the son of a bad man
Son of a bad
He's the son of a bad
Son of a bad man
He's the son of a bad man
Son of a bad
Now here's the pitch
High and inside certified genocide
(Come on)
Ain't that a bush repeat ain't that a bush
Out of nowhere headed to the hothouse?
Killed 135 at the last count
Texas bounce, Texas bounce
(Come on)
Cats in the cage got a ghost of a chance
Of comin' back
From your whack ass killin' machine
Son of a bush ain't that a son of a bush
Cats doin' bids for doin' the same bush shit that you did
The father, serial killer kid, uh serial killer kid
Go

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Son of a man
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Son of a bad man
He's the son of a bad man
Son of a bad
The father, the son
The father, the son
The father, the son
And the holy bush
The father
Come on
The father

Coke it's the real thing used to make you swing
Used to be your thing
Daddy had you under his wing, son of a bush
Bringin' kilos to fill up silos you probably sniffed piles
Got inmates in Texas scrubbin' tiles
That shit is wild
That shit is wild
C I A child
The father
That shit is wild
C I A child
That shit is wild
C I A child
Come on
That shit is wild
C I A child
He's the son of a bad
He's the son of a bad man
He's the son of a bad man
Son of a bad
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