

Bucky Done Gun

M.I.A.

London
Quiet down, I need to make a sound
New York
Quiet down, I need to make a sound
Kingston
Quiet down, I need to make a sound
Brazil
Quiet down, I need to make a sound They're coming through the window
They're coming through the door
They're busting down the big wall
And sounding the horn
And sounding the horn [Chorus x 2]
What you want?
Bucky Done Gun
What you want?
The fire done burn
What you want?
Bucky Done Gun
Get crackin'
Get, get crackin' Time to spit new shit
I'm rocking on this new bit
I'm hot now; you'll see
I'll fight you just to get peace Heavy weight wrestler
Fight me in your comforter
Let you be superior
I'm filthy with the fury ya London
Quiet down, I need to make a sound
New York
Quiet down, I need to make a sound
Kingston
Quiet down, I need to make a sound
Brazil
Quiet, I need to make a sound I'll hard-drive your bit
I'm battered by your sumo grip
Lucky I like feeling shit
My stamina can take it
Gymnastics super fit
Muscle in the gun clip
Bite, teeth, nose bleed

Tied up in a scarf piece[Chorus x 2]Can I get control?
Do you like me vulnerable?
I'm armed, and I'm equal
More fun for the people
Physical, brute force
Steel lion, you're the boss
Yeah, you're so do-able
Grind me down, sugar, slow[Chorus x 2]

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