

# Chuck Al Hashib

## Pain

Bob Al Hashib was a man of the Nile.  
A fez on his head and a whole lot of style.  
Shady Rashan liked to kill and to rob  
And one day without being provoked  
He killed Bob (And that ain't right.)  
Well right in the street Bob lay at Shady's feet  
And everyone stared, no one dared to compete.  
Nobody there dared to compete.  
Nobody cared when Bob died  
Nobody cared to try and save him  
Hey look away pretend like Bob was never there  
Unbeknownst to Shady, Bob had a bro who loved him dearly  
Bob had a bro who loved him dearly  
Chuck is on his way.  
Chuck Al Hashib was a man of the sands  
A fez on his head and a gun in his hands.  
He had thirty knives in a black bandolier,  
A bomb in his sock, and a bug in his ear.  
Bad news travels fast, so did Chuck, so they say.  
For what Shady did Chuck would make Shady pay.  
Chuck Al Hashib was on his way.  
Nobody cared when Bob died  
Nobody cared to try and save him  
Hey look away pretend like Bob was never there  
Unbeknownst to Shady, Bob had a bro who loved him dearly  
Bob had a bro who loved him dearly  
Chuck is on his way.  
Shady was afraid: he paid assassins to save his ass  
And they sharpened up their swords,  
Hawked loogs and roared until Chuck arrived.  
Slowly across the dunes he came on a camel hard as enamel.  
He didn't wait for an invitation,  
He whipped out his gun and used it well.  
Well, Chuck spent his slugs on the thugs and killed them dead.  
He then took his sword and he lopped (ha ha ha) off their heads.  
Shady Rashan hurled himself at Chuck's feet  
Begging for Chuck to please let him go free.  
But Chuck lit his bomb and he blew Shady up  
Because Bob was a brother, you see.

Nobody cared when Bob died  
Nobody cared to try and save him  
Hey look away pretend like Bob was never there  
Unbeknownst to Shady, Bob had a bro who loved him dearly  
Bob had a bro who loved him dearly  
Chuck is on his way.  
Chuck is on his way, hey.

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