

Looking Down The Barrel Of Gun

Beastie Boys

Ah! Rolling down the hill, snowballing getting bigger
Explosion in the chamber, the hammer from the trigger
I seen him get stabbed, I watched the blood spill out
He had more cuts than my man Chuck Chillout
Twenty four is my age and twenty two is my gauge
I'm writing rhymes on a page, and going up in a rage
'Cause I'm out on a mission, a stolen car mission
Had a small problem with the transmission
Three on the tree in the middle of the night
I have this steak on my head 'cause I got into a fist fight
Life comes in phases take the good with the bad
You bought the coins on the street and you know you got had
Because it's all high spirit, you know you got to hear it
Don't touch the mic baby don't come near it
It's gonna getcha, it's gonna getcha
It's gonna getcha girl, it's gonna getcha Looking down the barrel of a gun, son of a gun
Son of a bitch getting paid getting rich
Ultra violence be running through my head
Cold medina y'all, making me see red
Rapid fire Louie like Rambo got bullets
I'm a die harder like my kid Bruce Willis
I love girlies, waxing and milking
Coordinating shit is my man Dave Scilken
Predetermined destiny is who I am
You got your finger on the trigger like the Son of Sam
I am like Clockwork Orange, going off on the town
I've got homeboys bonanza to beat your ass down
Well I'm mad at my desk and I'll be writing all curse words
Expressing my aggressions through my schizophrenic verse words
You're a headless chicken chasin', a sucker free basin
Looking for a fist to put your face in
Well get hip get hip, don't slip ya knuckle heads
Racism is schism on the serious tip

Songwriters

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