

Pumped Up Kicks (Cris Cab Cover)

Cris Cab

Robert's got a quick hand.

He'll look around the room, he won't tell you his plan.

He's got a rolled cigarette, hanging out his mouth, he's the cowboy kid.

Yeah, he found a six-shooter gun

In his dad's closet in a box of fun things, and I don't even know why

But he's coming for you, yeah he's coming for you All the other kids with the pumped up kicks better run, better run, out run my gun.

All the other kids with the pumped up kicks better run, better run, faster than my bullet.

All the other kids with the pumped up kicks better run, better run, out run my gun.

All the other kids with the pumped up kicks better run, better run, faster than my bullet. You're not faster than my bullets

Yeah You're not faster than my bullet I got that heater like Miami sun and it's shinin' down on you no matter where you're from.

A couple rockets in your stadium and we're gonna blow this thing until kingdom come.

Another sweatshirt and a black hat, I make the most of everyday 'cause there no comin' back.

I snap the creatures in their habitat, I had 'em all keep pacin' like we're runnin' track. All the other kids with the pumped up kicks better run, better run, outrun my gun.

All the other kids with the pumped up kicks better run, better run, faster than my bullet

All the other kids with the pumped up kicks better run, better run, outrun my gun.

All the other kids with the pumped up kicks better run, better run, faster than my bullet All the other kids with the pumped up kicks better run, better run, outrun my gun.

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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