

David Courtney (Album Version)

Rancid

Yeeeeeah, all you motherfuckers, criminals will be suckers,
If you don't step aside for David Courtney,
Well, all you motherfuckers, criminals will be suckers,
If you don't step aside for David Courtney! If you're feelin' bold,
And you must be told,
You'll feel a whack up on your back,
And up the dust is made of gold,
If you do the job,
Loyal to the mob,
You'll be sorted and rewarded, south of France, in the sun
But if you pay your debt, you won't be dead,
Please take me up on my advice!
'cause vengeance will be delivered door to door,
And right on time.....Yeah, all you motherfuckers, criminals will be suckers,
If you don't step aside for David Courtney,
Well, all you motherfuckers, criminals will be suckers,
If you don't step aside for David Courtney! Cuban cigars,
Silver Jaguars,
Brand-new suits are filled with loot, he's looking wicked and astute
Make no bones, he says,
Feelings then there is,
He's a legend in the underworld and an up to the poor,
Well, if you pay your debt, you won't be dead,
Please take me up on my advice!
Because vengeance will be delivered door to door,
And right on time....Well, all you motherfuckers, criminals will be suckers,
If you don't step aside for David Courtney,
Well, all you motherfuckers, criminals will be suckers,
If you don't step aside for David Courtney! Tim talking: Listen up all you skaghead, sewer rats, gangsters,
Villains and whores, the dark figures from the shadows,
Crept up from behind, where they brandished a gun,
Pointed directly at his face,
And they shuddered at the sight when the words were spoken,
"Go ahead, son, but you're

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

Lyrics provided by

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