

# Looking Down the Barrel of a Gun

Beastie Boys

[Mike D yells]

AAAAAH!

[Mike D, MCA, Ad Rock]

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 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 girllies, 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