

There Goes The Neighborhood

E.Town Concrete

There goes the neighborhood.

Here come them fuckin' wiggers
With those fancy cars.
Who gave them fuckin' wiggers
Those rock guitars?
Who let 'em in the club?
Did you make 'em pay?
Who let 'em on the stage?
Who let 'em play?

Don't they know rock's just for us
Don't they know the rules?
Those wiggers just ain't hardcore
This shit ain't cool.
Those wiggers want everything
In the fuckin' world
That wigger plays so good
He took my muthafuckin' girl
There goes the neighborhood.

There goes the neighborhood,
There goes the neighborhooooooooood,
There goes the neighborhood.

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.

We're here, bitches
And we ain't goin' nowhere.
We're movin' right next door to you,
E.Town muthafucka.
If all you punks there don't like it
You can suck, my muthafuckin' dick, ha.

Ten years in the game
We've seen a lot new come
And we've seen a lot new go
But we're still right here
Ha ha ha ha hahaha
Aaaah don't be mad hahahaha
Bitch

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