

Worked for the empire worked for the Hutts
Worked for anybody cause I didn't give a fuck
A job is a job and a bounty gets a buck
And I'm always kinda poor cause this war kinda sucks

The mental schizophrenic from the gas planet Gand
I'm a chubby little grub more insect than a man
Three fingers on each hand I can regenerate limbs
I'm a rebel sympathizer cause a guy killed my kin
Don't talk don't sleep and I don't take baths
Never could compete flunked fourth grade math
Crash course in the force made of poor kids' laughter
Now I'm meditating waitin' predictin' the prey's path
Granted I said I might have been a Jedi
Nobody gave a shit so I split on a red eye
So I go buy a blaster and a bowtie
To the hunters guild cause this field has a gold mine

We got the bug eyes it doesn't bug us
4lom and Zuckuss bad ass muthafuckas
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Then I got a partner and the jokes were never funny
For him it's not an art it's for the love of the money
We would ambush our opponents intercept their information
He brought the knowledge and logic I brought the meditation
Got a reputation now my bling is a computer
Vader called us up to chill on the executor
Said he had a smuggler that was buggin' his breather
Yo I can relate I can't hardly breathe either
It's a mess but not the best when we can finally find Fett
Intercept the bounty cut the gross and not the net
He's a tricky little dick with a dent in his dome
Got away with solo now Lom's a puddle of chrome
Brain was wiped got him working but it wasn't the same
Like back in the day off the chain kicking ass taking names
I became a rebel agent thanks to 2-1B a new lung new life
Yo it's up in the streets

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New lung new life
Yo it's sumpin to see