Bruce Lee

Underworld

Bullet got the wrong bloke Life kid suck Drink from the box The juice kicks up Life give suck the box drink Yeah Life kid drink from the box The juice kicks up Life kids sucker Box drink Yeah Bruce lee Life kid seen from the box Seen from the box The juice from the box Kids suck life Kid get suck from the box Drink Bruce lee Life kid suck from the box Drink from the box The juice kicks up Life kid suck from the box Drink Yeah Bruce lee Life gets in from the box Seen from the box The juice from the box Kids suck life Kid get suck from the box Drink Bruce lee Life kid suck from the box Drink from the box The juice kicks up Life kid suck from the box Drink Yeah Bruce lee Life kid suck from the box Drink from the box The juice kicks up Life kid suck the box Yeah Bruce lee Life kid joke from the box Seen from the box Drink from the box

The juice kid suck Life kid suck the box Drink Yeah Bruce lee Tanglon Life kid suck the box Skin hard sails in jail Hair always cut with a blunt tool Muscular but thin like springs But not steel For Ford men Four Ford men They sell it into vaporizing rulers Each way up in his own head Hold up in its fly flicking markses Piggy little piggy little eyes Holds and scape Just enough to let in light Bullet got the wrong bloke But he don't die anyway Its nothing mortal if you don't move You still have slot the wall in a blanket I have been this way for days Bullet got the wrong bloke It's happened mortuary, you die it means Skin has it off the wall and it goes like this I have been this way for days Oh no, there's a gun Over there under the bed Turn, let's see what's in the other room He grew up faster Just the disco with the one get my rope Pull through again A third rat a fourth to his head is calm the sheets of calm Bullet got the wrong bloke He's out of the eyes now Strained gas on his head It's dark, he comes up with his darkness

Tanglon