

Gig and Die in L.A.

MDC

Gig and die say goodbye
Gig and Die in L.A.

Lend an eye for what good it could do
I blame you for not doubting it's true
We thought it was shit closing our show
And cops beating us as we go

But little did we know
And how could we tell
And how could we see
What was in store
Hey what's going on
Should be long gone
Surely going wrong
Not feeling hardcore

left our gear with a friend
Driving down a dead end
Pulled into the alley to turn about
A man with a gun jumped out

Stuck it to Matt's head
And no time to think
Drop into reverse
Floor it in a blink
Pedal down flying stones
Mario Dave Parnelli Jones
Shaking down to our bones
Wishing we were safe in our homes

Gig and die, gig and die, gig and die in L.A

But we hadn't gotten very far
When bullets hit the car
Everyone's alright not sentimental
All in on piece and the car's just a rental

We could have been shot
None of us are feeling hot
Down to the bar with our pals
A double for Matt the tab is Al's
Sighed a communal sigh
Stop think and realize Matt's big bulging eyes
Lives of a cat
Escape murder files
Still shake in denials
Still here to smile
Still here with matt
To the bar bunch of pals
Toasting all our pals
Matt's a double the tap is Al's
Don't shoot!!