

Ready To Attack

The Microphones

Well, I'm on the scene with some space to fill
I'm rockin' it, just like I'm crazy ill
Well, I'm cool, kickin' it, but no time to talk
'Cause I never ever walk
I always run with a gun, cool, in my hand
Like a stranger runnin' in a strange, goddamn land

If you think you can stop the flow by taking me on
Guess what, bitch? You were wrong
'Cause it's on, once again
So bad, it's a sin
Whether I'm chillin', or I'm illin'
You best watch your back
'Cause I'm mad like dog
And I'm ready to attack, breakin' things apart
Break it down

Your underground church won't go to heaven
It only brings on armageddon
Laughter fills the air in my head
Better luck next time, we're all dead
Lookin' for a place to call my home
Carrying a shopping bag up on
Sums it up right there, in a nutshell
Maybe I'll see you burning down in hell