

Static-X, Skinnyman - I'll Be Surprised

If I make it till tomorrow, I'll be surprised (I'll be surprised), (I'll be surprised)
If I make it till tomorrow, I'll be surprised (I'll be surprised), (I'll be surprised)

Tonight is gonna be a massacre,
Straight after the sun goes down.
Goin' out for all a dem haters I'm runnin' 'em down.
I'm bunnin' 'em down.
How you mean I'm gunnin' 'em down.
They goin' on as if they got the right to nyam up town.
Well no they won't we no more eatin' for dem now.
I'm bringin' 'em beef,
It's not the meat from a cow.
You wanna jack man and act like that's gonna be allowed?
D'you think I'd let that ride?
I'm too f**king proud.
The tables turn as I ride on you now.
Say goodnight as I'm puttin' your lights out.
Should've, taken me out when you had the chance,
Under the moonlight,
Time to meet the Devil and dance.
Ask Nas, you from the Hood
You have to get yourself a gun
And when it's on, you don't pop your shit and run.
You stand firm till the 'ole click's done
Or else you'll 'ave a slim chance of seeing tomorrow son.

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So now I'm roaming with 2 straps,
both off the safety catch,
Around the spots where they're shotting the crack.
I'm lookin' for cats, to get any haters I see.
How many hater's up in Finsbury are there out to get me?
Just like Chong,
A crack head paedophile an' his son.
Goin' on as if dey heavy 'cause they holdin' a gun
Dey can't run.
How many more life's ave gotta dun
So dem mans can sit back with a crack-pipe to bun?
F**kin' scum,
Love to take life for fun
Killin' innocent sons and leaving heart broken mum's.
I say, MURDERER, blood is on your trainer,
P'liceman took that to forensic doctor.
MURDER the victim's fam'ly must all hate ya,
So kill me now because you won't kill me later.
I'm ready to die and I'm ready to take life
And I'm gonna be surprised if I make it through tonight.

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All night I've been searching,
To find out where them fassy hoes are lurking.
Think I finally found them but I still gotta be certain.
I heard they shotting work in the crack house in the block,
The flat, without the curtain.
Can we go hurt them?
Firebomb the letter box and leave 'em all burnin'
If they coming runnin' a my bullets gonna splurt dem.
I'm all out to hurt dem and leave 'em for dead.
Makin' sure every one of dem gets one in the head.
I'm runnin' it red,

Not thinking 'bout runnin' from Feds
The only thoughts that I'm 'aving is to fill 'em full of lead.
I didn't wanna 'ave to go resort to all the bloodshed,
But now it's kill or be killed and left on your death bed.
As I look into the face of this crack-facing demon,
Knowing he's the type who rapes his own seaman.
What do you believe in,
The dark or the light?
I know I'm gonna be surprised if I make it through tonight.

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