

The Ultimate Assassins Creed
Smosh

[Chorus]

Am **C** **G**
How many fools can I kill today?
 D **Am**
Too many to count, don t get in my way
 C **G**
I shoot a mofo in the throat with my bow
 D
Tomahawk chop is my death blow

[Verse]

F
Freedom fightin machine, big-ass hatchet in hand
 Dm
Why d you have to kill my bros? I m-a slash your face, man
 Am
I m a very skilled assassin killin dudes in ones and twos

Blood flowin like a river, need a box of tissues
 F
When I m huntin , I be stuntin , you can never find me
 Dm
In the bushes, in the hay stacks, in your mother s laundry
Am
Watch me comin , free runnin , up the walls like a boss
What you lookin at, bitch? Taste my tomahawk chop!

[Chorus]

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[Chorus]

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Tomahawk, Tomahawk
To-To-Tomahawk, Tomahawk
Tomahawk
Tomahawk, Tomahawk Tomahawk, To-To-Tomahawk

[Verse]

F

From Boston to NY, always up to no good

Dm

Don t know how I can see out this big-ass hood

Am

Walkin through the crowds touchin you on the back

Using my hidden blade for a secret attack

F

Jumpin off of giant buildings like I was a super man

Dm

Use your momma as a meat shield every time that I can

Am

Take a break from the war to hunt for some meat

(no guitar)

What? A man s gotta eat...

[Chorus]

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[Chorus]

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[Verse]

Am

Up first in the verse feel the clack of wooden teeth

G

Bread and butter, lift the covers and you ll find the fu**in heat

F

Revolution I lead, with the world I got beef

E7

I dig my wigs powdered, wear boxers- I don t wear briefs

Am

You can t step up to me and my gang

G

Horse and carriage, drive bys, bullet in the chamb

F

Ridin over your clique like the Delaware, son

E7

I ll get my face on that dollar before this sh*t s done

[Chorus]

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[Chorus/Outro]

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To-To-Tomahawk, Tomahawk

Tomahawk

Tomahawk, Tomahawk

Tomahawk, To-To-Tomahawk