

Kill ya later

D.O.A.

Profits are high and life is cheap
You're into the shit and it's knee deep
Maybe you remember who you sold it to
Now they're dead, all thanks to you

You fucked up - well, how many?
You fucked up - what else is new?
I hope that it gets to ya soon
You fucked up - that's bad shit
You fucked up - yeah, you boned 'em
It'll kill ya later

Double the guns and double the fun
Do ya feel lucky punk!
Don't worry 'cause guns don't kill
Maybe they won't, but people will

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The end is near, better call your mom
Call your pals, 'cos they're fucking scum
They'll peddle some butt, anything will do
Pick them up from your daughter's school

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