

I Need Help

La Coka Nostra

Down-trodden and rock bottom
My mind's rotten, I'm a goblin
With shotguns and vodka I'm a problem
White devil caucasoid mutant
Built to destroy humans
f*ck love, give me guns, I enjoy shooting
Columbine, chaos and fury, lyrics and mayhem
Witches of Salem congregate on a mission for Satan
Ain't these recipes for treachery
The system is tainted
Linked to destiny, the rest of me religion and hatred
Rather be risen in flames than be driven insane
Living in pain, my brain sizzling in the drizzling rain
Whisper insane thoughts, echoes and loss
Lepers and Whores, desperate remorse
My epitaph etched in the walls, I'm lost
Between green Hell and betrayal, we fell
But if we social hopefully we'll prevail
Compared to who I once was I'm a shell
Broken into so many pieces I fell
I need some motherf*cking help

I'm like a lone wolf, hungry on a mission to feast
Fixing to eat, with the blood of sheep dripping from teeth
Perdition is brief, void of any Christian beliefs
Pied piper with the power never skipping a beat
One eyed sniper in the tower with his grip on his heat
Got the cure for vile planet sick with the seed
Reload and unload, empty out the clip and repeat
A puzzle of a picture of war missing a piece

Belligerent thoughts, cold-hearted, frigid and raw
Visions of violent blizzards, rhythms, incisions and swords
Misery's company, gun clappers give them applause
Rivers of saliva slither where living is choice
Snake tongue, with the Tyson lisp on the late great Young
Sonny Liston with the same hunger that'd eat Pun
In a staircase drinking straight rum
With my face numb, trapped in this place I can't escape from

I'm vicious with dope and the bitches that keep me from riches
The drinking and keeps me at war with the misses
I'm doing my dirt solo and avoiding the witness
You never know when rats will get all in your business
We're paranoid in this world of straight menace, sick Guinness
With that in a scene is straight tremendous
See it through eyes as while people die
That is why we've been shit the entire time
Post-traumatic stress disorder gets the hood vets too
Near death with no vests true
Old cesspool will black and you out
Of fresh jewels, tucked money and limp shoes
We choose this, even civilians got hits
Payback from way back like Arabs resist
Got the itch to blow up this bitch for real
In the post-war prank got glitched