

Intimidating people I bully their respect
Raw and brutal fear with them I infect
Obedience and servitude or a certain death
I'll send flowers to their funeral on their grave to rest
The law of this jungle: the brutal do survive
If you bow before me, you will stay alive
Brutality is something I have always shown
As a means to an end I have always known
But no matter how you threaten their safety and their health
There's always another thug, always someone else
Who'll stand up to you playing the same game
And in a gutter some day it's you who has been slain
Dog-eat-dog brutality, on the street we're trapped
When we've made lots of money, the fact is still the fact
That you are just the lowest that comes up from the street
With all the money that you make you always look cheap
When the cops do get you, they will lock you up
So in this world of violence your soul they will corrupt
So the cops control us gutter trash
If we make it big, us they will smash
And when they come down on us, regret we ever lived
For our low beginnings they do not forgive
We deal in drugs and whores, low-life street trash
Then when we make too much, us they come and smash
Maintain the status quo, the rich should stay rich
They'll keep us trash down for us life is a bitch