

I'm a product of buck slips and cut wrists  
Rambuncous, when I feel like I'm gettin fucked with  
My wits connectin prophets to a light switch  
One flip? night bitch  
Fuck with me and I can slaughter your soul  
And watch? grease like green bags of bill folds  
All outta control like an addict gotta blow  
Tragic, cause the medicine I need I cannot flow  
Maybe I should pay a visit to his homes  
Somebody tell the president I'm on his fuckin lawn  
Too far gone to be fixed I'll? it  
Like a trace that I'll open this up to make me feel better

The president likes me  
The government hates me  
They're teachin me hate  
And?  
They promise to be smarter  
But they know we can't afford it right  
I'm bout to kill a motha fucka tonight  
?  
And we play it like Adam and Eve  
And take the first bite

So sinful, better believe this  
Me and my brother have returned just like jesus  
So peaceful, not of people  
We raise hell, so they assume that we're evil  
I probably could go out and get an education  
If a teacher could hold a job for 15 seconds  
In this fucked up economy, strippin me butt naked  
Of all the money I made, they be take takin it  
But ain't shit better though (Nope, no it's not)  
Just a little bit deeper in the debt we done  
Just a little bit closer to the ultimate fear  
Where you get one phone call to try and phone clear

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Don't watch society and what it became  
If not us than who the pass to blame

I betcha feel any shame at the thangs that cha see on tv

Cause your earth bound heaven is still a pipe dream

What do I have to do  
When the plates on the table

But plates with no food  
While lone ass people gotta go back to school

Pass the point of working overtime to pay dues  
This is your future  
See it and behold the life time of debt and enormous work load

Pats only given when it's courtesy of us  
Another trigger in the negative in God we trust

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