

Gasoline

No Cash

no cash, you don't wanna fuck with me
i burn churches like persons in the 3rd degree
with the strike of a match hit the gasoline
drop pills! drugs kill, but it's worth the thrill
started in the nazo pits "quick to draw"
sharp like a blade, we'll cut you like a chainsaw
drink your blood by the pitcher until we feel drunk
grind your fucking bones to lace my fucking blunt, punk!
snap back crackle, pop! motherfuck the cops
always staying on my toes when i walk the block
and when i go up in the store i bring my own discount
cause i'm sick of paying money to suck corporate cock
yeah i know my Spanish is rusty but my English is old
40 down grab yourself an ice cold colt 45
feeling alive drunk as fuck in the daylight
i'm ready to die!
sometimes, sometimes i count the hours
when i'm alone, all alone with thousand downers
like thread it was just gonna stitch the seams
but now my body is soaked in gasolinenazo step to this won't slit your wrist
cross you off the list unless you're gonna wanna
throw a punch it'll break your fist
man up duck down cause the caps won't miss
bust six shots on an undacova cop
they're all crooked mother fuckers and it ain't gonna stop
so held your ground down, run your own town
down with the man, let the drums sound
i'll hit you hard with accurate precision, split decision
yo, i'm sinning and i'm grinning fuck religion
fucked up got a vision so listen
do what makes me happy not for money or attention
flying on a forty that's how i get down!
you say you're the king but i'm wearing the crown
high on my throne sniffing lines making deals
got a chef in the kitchen, cooking my last meal
sometimes, sometimes to stay alive
to witness sickness on a cloudy sky
like thread it was just gonna stitch the seams
but now my body is soaked in gasoline

