

Roll The Dice

DJ Spinatik

Liza was a lesbian who lived in the Bronx
She used to make me dinner when the winters were long
 Liza packed a pistol and a train to St. John
 Along Lincoln Continental took a boat near and far
 We used to count stars while Mary tended bar
 Liza's long term lover Mary buried her last broad
 Stuck her twice quick with an ice pick
 Workin' on the night shift then took flight, in light so bright it
 Hurt her eyes so she cursed the skies
 Gripping her purse tight bursting through the night
 With her hands washed clean off the murder scene
 She moved to New York City, hung with hookers and fiends
 Then one night she met Liza in the bar that she worked
 Serving appetizers in a buttoned down shirt
 They got along together liked high heels and short skirts
 So Mary packed her bags and she became Liza's bird
 Then I saw less 'n' less of Liza and the last that I heard of her
 Mary murdered her
 Roll the dice, every soul's gotta price
 For a fiend while your teen do things you won't believe
 And kids in poverty pull tricks and robberies
 So do what you gotta do to get off the streets
 Jesse moved to Hollywood to take his great chance
 With a dream in his heart and a blade in his pants
 Jesse waited tables in the fancy place at Robinson
 When David Harses's daughter strutted in and spotted him
 She said, "Hey, little Cutie, you're a beauty follow me?"
 And took him to all the best parties in the city
 Introduced to the new producers on the scene
 He did all he could to get his face on the screen
 Jesse learned how to slouch with his ass on the casting couch
 And took it like a champ when they passed him around
 He read script after script and sucked a whole lotta dick
 But the only films that Jesse ever made were Jacko flicks
 So one night he took the blade that he got from his pops
 Dragged it across his throat and left a note in the mailbox
 Roll the dice, every soul's gotta price
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So do what you gotta do to get off the streets
Roll the dice, every soul's gotta price
For a fiend while your teen do things you won't believe
And kids in poverty pull tricks and robberies
So do what you gotta do to get something to eat
Heidi wore a nighty when she worked on the Ave
And shiny black stilettos and a red leather bag
Heidi took the dough up front and went south
She would pick your pocket with your dick in her mouth
After she left the trick broke she'd hit him up for a smoke
Then count her loot and go shoot some coke
She was cute as a button, sweeter than a muffin
But Heidi slit your throat if you didn't pay her for her lovin'
Me and Heidi first met on Vine and Sunset
She was pourin' sweat out the corvette
She looked at me and cringed said, ?Hey, you over there
If you've got the syringe follow me and I'll share?
We went back to my room and used my harpoon
Noddin' off on the couch watchin' cartoons
And when the sun went down she said, ?I'll see ya around?
The last I heard of Heidi she had moved outta town
Keepin' the place tidy for some high payin' fool
One night she thought she was a fish and drowned in the pool
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