They Will Kill Us All (Without Mercy)

The Bronx

What's left of California?
What's left of Los Angeles?Sidewalks cry 'cause they're not as high
Shooting old dope
Rich kid skies are a good disguise
Lining our veins with hopeWhat did you get for free and where you gonna sell it?
Why should I give a shit cover up your face lift?
What's left of my broken heart what's left of Los AngelesWe got a new design
Excess redefined so you can dream it
We rewrote the standards
Covered up the old scars so you believe itScrape black tar from a guilty lung
Throw a needle in your arm
Cough up wrongs of the city stars
They didn't mean no harmWhat were you supposed to be and what did you turn into
We don't even need you here but where you gonna run to
Good drugs, bad streets, arms tied, my world capsized with styleWe got a new design
Excess redefined so you can dream it
We rewrote the standards
Covered up the old scars so you believe itI got some bad drugs so just leave me alone
I got a new plan, get me outta here
Pretend sincere stumble on words
Desperation the warmth of a gun
Last hundred years, remember twenty fourWe got a new design
Excess redefined so you can dream it
We rewrote the standards
Covered up the old scars so you believe itWe got a new design
Excess redefined so you can dream it
We rewrote the standards
Covered up the old scars so you believe it

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