Murder 101

Pro-Pain

to keep the fire burnin' you must feed the flame
and this flame is burnin' fast
the drug lords are yearnin' for you give them your name
first, middle initial, last
"my job sucks" you say it's like doin' time
"I feel like such a jerk"
but 500 bucks a day are better than nine
dollars for two hours workso get out your pen and paper, better start taking notes
get a lecture from the devil, he's about to take your coat
and when the class is over, if you pass you get your gun
nothing's ever sacred here in murder 101a cold blooded kill is my final exam
if he's dead I pass
my bones start to chill and my nerves start to jam
I pump three more slugs in his chest
wake me up tomorrow and I'll show you no remorse
to prove that I'm a man
the absentee was sorrow who is sure to flunk the course
who witnessed the violence and ran

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