

Cosa Nostra

Mr. Credo

Lead pipe slammed in the storekeepers head
Looks like spaghetti decomposin' in bed
Please don't shoot, God think of my kids
You shut your yap ya dirty piece of shit

We're Cosa Nostra

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A greasy nightclub up on a tinsel stage
Outside they bother you for money
Just goin' along for the boss everyday
so matter a fact when she sucks him

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We're Cosa Nostra

Cosa Nostra

Do like the animals do

I hear the maggots have chewed

who you most loved

who you most loved

who you most loved

who you most loved

Now they've come for you

It takes some pressure to make a diamond

It takes some losin' to win a soul

It takes a bleak house to run away from

It takes a warm bed to appreciate the cold world inside of you

Shouldn't of dropped out of school

to the bus tub

Are you unloved

Make the most of

Make the most of what's still left of you

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