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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We're Cosa Nostra
Cosa Nostra
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
Cosa Nostra
Cosa Nostra
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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