

# Come Out To Play

## Abk (anybody Killa)

He used to think that it was neat  
When he hung out on the street  
Now that it's his daily beat  
He's not so sure 'Cause he's come to depend  
On a street with a dead end  
And he'll sell you his best friend  
So he can score some more  
Boys and girls come out to play  
The junk man's on the streets to say  
He'll make your dreams feel real today  
And steal your minds tomorrow  
Now his thoughts don't seem so clear  
His whole life is filled with fear  
His habit cost him dear in every way  
His girl can't take the heat  
But his friends all cross the street  
Still the needle keeps him sweet  
If he can pay for one more day  
Boys and girls come out to play  
The junk man's on the streets to say  
He'll make your dreams feel real today  
And steal your minds tomorrow  
His bones have got no meat  
He's unsteady on his feet  
And he doesn't get to eat  
Not every day  
And what started out for kicks  
Has become a daily fix  
Now his girlfriend's turning tricks  
To pay his way  
Boys and girls come out to play  
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