D.J. D.J. (Album Version)

Transplants

Nobody move, nobody get hurt, they said
Make one wrong move, man, you wake up dead
I exercise my lyrical stylings
And all the while you're dead and gone and forgotten
I said, oh, are they gonna come back for you?
No, aw, the story's sorry but true
Lord, did you really want them to go?
No, oh you're so goddamn coldWe're gonna make it on our own, we don't need anyone
Lord knows we don't need you [x2](watch me now)
You got your ear to the street, then this bud's for you
You got my name in your mouth, then this slug's for you
Shotgun, fast lane, on the highway to hell
Germ sticks, tall cans, and the powder that sells
Just tryin' to have somethin', and you sit back and laugh
I'ma grab something, i'ma gettin' that half
We came too far now, nowhere we can flop
Wanna drop me, gotta kill me, only way i'ma stopWe got 808 subwoofers in the trunk
Around the world with the rancid punx
This is for the misfits, the freaks and the runts
Fuck the motherfuckin' back-stabbin' cunts
Ride's gettin' rough, so I know I better buckle
P u n x tattooed on my knuckles
Hey man, you keep the shackles, cause I am freeWe're gonna make it on our own, we don't need anyone
Lord knows we don't need you [x2](watch me now)
I heard you're losing your mind, shit, I been lost mine
But I still stay focused through good and bad times
Compare your worst fuckin' day to my best fuckin' night
I bet my last red cent that you couldn't stand the sight
From loss of loved ones to life of drug funds
They counted me out, from what? I'm not done
Give me a chance to shine and i'ma blind the world
Take a stand and be the voice of those who cannot be heard

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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