

25 Years

Rude City Riot

Shackled on his jumpsuit through the gates.
It gets better, as it grows deader.
And I'm confident inside that she won't wait,
I wrote a letter, upon letter.All she wrote back was hate.Bang bang, pull the trigger shot you down.
Now you're bleeding on the ground.
Bang bang, pull the trigger shot you down.
Bullets flying all around.
Bang bang, pull the trigger shot you down.
Now you're buried under ground.
Bang bang. Bang bang.And I woke up Sunday broke, whoa oh,
No money I own, whoa oh.
I load my pistols in my waist.
And they say a rude boys got no soul, whoa oh,
and now I pay, whoa oh,
for 25 years less a day, whoa oh.
Here I stay.Recalling the actions of that day,
My mind's foggy,
It's still groggy.In the gas station at midnight I proclaimed,
Yo dummy! Gimme the money!
They got me blocks away.Bang bang, pull the trigger shot you down.
Now you're bleeding on the ground.
Bang bang, pull the trigger shot you down.
Bullets flying all around.
Bang bang, pull the trigger shot you down.
Now you're buried under ground.
Bang bang. Bang bang.And I woke up Sunday broke, whoa oh,
No money I own, whoa oh.
I load my pistols in my waist.
And they say a rude boys got no soul, whoa oh,
and now I pay, whoa oh,
for 25 years less a day.
Here I stay.Bang bang, pull the trigger shot you down.
Now you're bleeding on the ground.
Bang bang, pull the trigger shot you down.
Bullets flying all around.
Bang bang, pull the trigger shot you down.
Now you've buried under ground.
Bang bang. Bang bang.And I woke up Sunday broke, whoa oh,
No money I own, whoa oh.

I load my pistols in my waist.
And they say a rude boys got no soul, whoa oh,
and now I pay, whoa oh,
for 25 years less a day.

Here I stay.Having been found guilty of the charge of first degree murder by a jury of your peers, you are hereby sentenced to serve, one life term, one life term, one life term, guilty of the charge of first degree murder, one life term.whoa whoa whooooa whoa whooooa

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>