Chamber Spins Three

Biohazard

It's a motherfuckin' homicide, just deserts
A shotgun painted right where it hurts
From the inside, the ones you can trust
You got connected to a serious bust
You thought you were a hustler, a boy that was rude
But now you're in the dirt, can of underground wormfood
Stupid motherfucker, you thought you would last
Well took the wrong path, now your name is in the pastAnother fuckin' lowlife connected to the first
A crooked cop on the take, nothing could be worse
Twenty one gun salute, the widow lays the wreath
The whole police department covered up he was a thief
Yeah the city's finest, caught in deepest shit
Never tought the day would come, bang, a fuckin' hit
You call yourself the finest in the city, huh!
For scum like you,I have no fucking pity[Pre-chorus:]Pushing and scumming, disribute all your poison
You call yourself a man, well you're nothing but a boy
son
A real man works hard, starves to climb the ropes
Not killing for money, on the corner selling dope
Money isn't everything, I guess it was to you
Did you control your own life or greed controlled you
For the lives that you destroyed, so morally depraved
For the people you left grieving, I spit on your grave[Chorus:]So it seems, this is the system, and I'm sorry to say
Dealers pay the cops to turn and look the other way
On both sides of the law, justice has been done
Not by a judge and jury but by the trigger of gun[Lead]Everybody scratches and tries to get ahead
You took the easy way, it is easy being dead
The chamber spins three, grab the trigger then you pull it
The game is called roulette and you just won the bullet[Pre-chorus][Chorus 2x]The chamber spins three

Songwriters
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