One Seventeen

The Transplants

I'm not taken no chance tonight
I'm gonna pack me a gat tonight
I'm gonna sell me some sacks tonight
And if it all goes well and I'm stacked tonight
We can all kick back and we can laugh tonight
Your off track tonight, and if you snooze you lose
You slept we crept, your being broke your bruised
Thats the life I choose, guns drugs and boozeAnd we can get down right here in the street
You choose to live on your knees
I'd rather die on my feetShelia is a mess - o
She comes from modesto
And you confessed
I don't wanna let go
She will do her best though
Death to confession (?)
Everythings ok
If she goes and says soShe's gonna load em up
Tie it up now boot it up
Shoot em up shoot em up
Cigarette now smoke it up
I got my (?) up
Cigarette now smoke it up
She not my sister
I love to watch ya tear it upAnd we can get down right here in the street
You choose to live on your knees
I'd rather die on my feet

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