Chamber Spins Three

Biohazard

It's a motherfucking homicide, just deserts
A shotgun pointed right where it hurts
From the inside, the ones you can trust
You got connected to a serious bustYou thought you were a hustler, a boy that was rude
But now you're in the dirt, can of underground worm food
Stupid motherfucker, you thought you would last
Well, you took the wrong path, now your name is in the pastYour name is in the pastAnother fucking 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 thiefYeah the city's finest, caught in deepest shit
Never thought the day would come, bang, a fucking hit
You call yourself the finest in the city, huh?
For scum like you, I have no fucking pityNo fucking pity, you fucking scumbag piece of shit
Die, motherfuckerPushing and scamming, distribute all your poison
You call yourself a man, well, you're nothing but a boy, son
Real man works hard, starves to climb the ropes
Not killing for money, on the corner selling dopeMoney 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 graveSo it seems, this is the system and I'm sorry to say
Dealers pay the cops to turn and look the other wayEverybody 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 bulletPushing and scamming, distribute all your poison
You call yourself a man, well, you're nothing but a boy, son
Real man works hard, starves to climb the ropes
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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 graveSo 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 a gunSo 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 a gunThe chamber spins three

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