

Panhandlin' Prince

Ugly Kid Joe

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Sittin' on a rusty park bench baby
Not much else to do
Smoke cigarettes and drink my Mickey's
Fine malt liquor brew
As I start drinkin' and I start thinkin'
That death is on my side
If my heart stopped beatin', the street kept reekin'
That's suicide... that's right !
I grew up in the inner icky
A dark part of this town
just another innocent backwoods victim
Society like to put down
You can call me a boozier, or call me a loser
It really doesn't matter to me
I got a bench for snoozin', some sauce to keep boozin'
That's all I need
I keep it comin', sometimes don't know why
I'm gonna do it 'til the day I die !
Consider me the duke as I dine in your dumpster
Unsanitary engineer
Baron of the bench the panhandlin' master
Well, I'm pullin' twenty G's a year
I know it ain't much but at least I'm in touch, yeah
With reality
I wouldn't trade no places to be in rat races
No siree !
I keep it comin', sometimes don't know why
I'm gonna do it 'til the day I die !
Yo, Mr. Trump, can I ask you a question
You got some spare change for me sucker ?
'Cause I'm down and out and there ain't no doubt
That I am her to stay

Yeah you see me lyin' with my brothers
In the gutter with my paper bag in hand
Yeah the streets are cold but at least
There's soul and that's all I need
You'll take away my peace of mind
You'll leave me there to rot and die
But look again, my careless frind
The world you live is just a lie
It's a give and take, the more the fake
The more the apin, the more you lose
So live your life, don't take no sides
N' seize the day and rink your booze !

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