Perfect Crime

Elliot B.

Kickin' back in the shadows
Got no need for the light
Who's sorry now old timer
Look at how you've spent your life
Scroungin' for change
To put some money in your pocket
My how scratch does burn
Laughin' at the fuckers as you piss it away

But I got the time and I got the muscle
I got the need to lay it all on the line
I ain't afraid of your smoke screen hustle
It's a perfect crime
God dammit it's a perfect crime
Mother fucker it's a perfect crime

I said it's perfect

An keep the demons down
And drag the skeletons out
I got a blind man followin' me in chains
I said he's fun to watch
When the world has stopped
An I think he's got somethin' to say
"You want to fuck with me? Don't fuck with me
'Cause I'm what you'll be, so don't fuck with me
If you had better sense
You'd step aside from the bad side of me
Don't fuck wit da bad side o' me
Stay way from the bad side o' me
Don't fuck wit da bad side"

T minus 1:09 and counting...

Ostracized but that's all right
I was thinkin' about somethin' myself

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight

Call on everybody who's got last rites

Said it's better
If you locked 'em away
Runnin' through the visions
At the speed of light
Won't ya let me be
Mother fucker just let me be
God dammit better let me be
Don't ya know ya better let me aaahh!

Perfect crime
God dammit it's a a perfect crime
Mother fucker it's a perfect crime
Don't ya know
It's a perfect crime

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