

# 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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