

All About the Abes

Diesel Boy

Born in the Hills Beverly in '63 / Only son of a rich mom and dad / But dad was a jerk and mom did not work, it drove him mad / When mom and dad died, late last July / He got the house and the plane / And now he just laughs and smokes his coke all day / From New York to Tokyo / Its all about the dough / Its the coin, its the cash, its the currency stash / Its the money that keeps us goin' / The streets of Brooklyn are riddled with crooks and / Dope dealers who don't give a fuck / Its all about hustling and scheming and making a buck / They rule the block with one hand on their Glock / Its the ghetto that keeps 'em in / But they don't have a chance, its the same circumstance in the end / He passes the years from atop his John Deere / Surveying the fields from above / Its not much to some, but he's happy to do what he loves / Its been apples and pears, and a hundred state fairs / Nothing more than a quiet, simple life / His only regret is he never found time for a wife

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