Barrels

Stick Figure

Cocaine, cocaine no
Cocaine, cocaine, yeahA long time we travel, make our way up the coast
Brought into this land ten thousand miles from home
Sailing upon a ship with thirty barrels of blow
Them packed full cocaine in the galley belowThe eye is in the sky, and water patrol
Trying to track us down and there was nowhere to go
And then, shots fired at the incoming boats
Not asking for no trouble, we got nothing to loseCocaine, cocaine no
Cocaine, cocaine, yeahWe make our way up through Mexico
Brought by a man with no self-control
Don't look the other way because we'll do it again
The north awaits the man, he'll be your best...
Again upon this land, we make our way closer to home
Driving through the night down the loneliest roads
We meet the man, shake his hand, but his name we don't know
Ten thousand pounds of cocaine just got sold
This is the life, this is the life for some
Who knows where do you belong?
It's just a run, make the money, and the story gets told
It's coming to find you it's headed straight for your nose
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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