

# 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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