

# Trilogy

## Electronic Home Entertainment

Kids cruise away, pack of chickenshits  
This guy is ours, dark stains on his pants  
Enough to make a butcher out of the bone  
    Take a walk in the park? Shit, yeah  
        A poor boy, a rich boy  
    A poor rich boy coming right through me  
        Rich boy, poor boy  
    Poor rich boy coming right through me  
        Oh shit

Lyrics provided by  
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