

Trilogy

Marcia Hines

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

<https://damnllyrics.com/>