

Row Skid

"Subhuman Race"

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Bolan, Hill, Snake)

Jesus knows my story, he kows the position that IÂ¹m in

A hooker knows the feeling to get fucked the way IÂ¹ve
been

Turn my insides out; your mouth drank my water

Chorus

You look at me like IÂ¹m subhuman

You talk to me like IÂ¹m subhuman

YouÂ¹re treating me like IÂ¹m subhuman

YouÂ¹re jumping into the subhuman race

Brothers hear my story, but donÂ¹t take no pity out on
me

A soldier knows the feeling to get pushed out in a field

Taking liberties; burned by your dictation

Repeat Chorus

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