

Stinkin Rich And Buck65

"Year zero"

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HARD)

...to the core battle scarred & still standin'

I'm workin' the technics the newborn's abandoned

Instead of demanding to clock a thousand just to

Rock the house and shit walk the miles in my shoes

Kiss my ass in the middle say pretty please

And see for yourself that I should get fi'ty Gs

Heads to bed over a thousand blown

I got skills to satisfy until the cows come home

Yet and still getting dissed by dead presidents

For as long as the random house is my residence

Run down to the point where some say it's an eyesore

But at sundown, the neighborhood will see some shit to
die for

Restoration of the classic spectacle and proud as hell

'Cause we can all share in something more respectable

Shouts out to those who voted "yes" in the comittee

And acid in the face for those who want to treat the city

Like a firing range... in the land of make-believe

You're gonna suffocate when it's time for you to take a
breather

So drop the bomb that breaks the world in two pieces

You'll see the bonfire kindled with the pages of your
thesis

Faces of the damned are seen in pictures

To be burned in the square where they used to burn
witches!

The path is made with broken glass to crawl across

All is lost... destination: HOLOCAUST

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