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1 Last Hope "Life In The Suburbs"

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Suburban Life aint what it seems Suburban life the American dream Suburban life so pretty and clean Suburban life aint what it seems

Now my dad bought the system, American dreamer Bought a new home and a brand new Beamer But it didn't long for things things to fall apart Because the system that he bought has no heart From the bills for days hes got blood shot eyes The American dream was a pack of lies 6 months later Municipal court Divorce time baby, child support I went from home cooked meals to TV dinners No more little Mike now its the punk, the sinner There's no cash back cause there was no receipt Man suburban life aint the life for me

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Gave in a little deeper to the third degree More drugs, real punks, and wannabe's Soldiers of the burbs all feel deceived America! What? Land of the green Now you got problems I got mine too There's not enough cops for my whole crew Cause when we drink we drink to get away To elevate from this world of hate, never perpetrate I don't want no degree selling herbs on the burbs

On every street No real jobs for the PTB, So what's it gonna be? Grand minority!

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Now broken homes inside every house Neighbors yellinh, can't work it out I said beaten wives, tweaked out nights what a feeling ooh what a life Now you cant turn back the hands of time So let me tell you about the highest friend of mine His name is Greg, king of the crops deep dark axe, hates all preps Philly blunt placed behind his ear Two young girls and a Heineken beer And this is just and everyday thing Dad comes home telephone rings Its lenny and you know hes riding rich Leapin' like some frogs trunk full of hogs Trunk full of skates, dirt bikes and rakes What ever we could get we was gonna take Just like the pirates of the Caribbean Neighborhood watch don't like what they're seeing Ha ha ha we got it like that snatching surfboard racks!

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