

**Bob****"Double Or Nothing"**

Visit "[Double Or Nothing](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

They say the good die young  
I guess Iâ€™ll be here forever  
Step away from the edge  
The edge is closer than ever  
Skeletons in my closet  
Iâ€™ll never live to regret them  
So if you looking for mercy  
You came in the wrong direction  
I came from a different creed  
Bred from a different breed  
Fingers in demolition, this mix is twisted with greed  
Oh, the irony of a bleeding heart while it beats  
â€™Cause in the heart of the city  
The blood is she'd in the streets  
She'd in the streets, my city all chose geek to the beat  
And Iâ€™m gonna skip to the little, my darling  
No surrender, never retreat  
Iâ€™m never gonna see the light at the end of the tunnel  
Only darkness, itâ€™s just me guarding a heartless  
partner  
Bullâ€™s eye target  
So fuck the devilâ€™s carter, today Iâ€™m just slitting  
throats  
Just like a table full of spades players  
We taking out the joker â€– ers, gotta smoke  
Seals daddy, big ole bag of blunts  
â€™Cause itâ€™s faster and moreâ€™... I brought, run

Itâ€™s double or nothing  
Theyâ€™re firing from the dark  
Theyâ€™re firing from the dark  
Itâ€™s double or nothing  
Theyâ€™re tryina go to war  
Well I see that Johnny has it in the cool zone

You think I look like slipping  
Not a chance, man  
Got triggers on the clock  
Bitch itâ€™s hammer time  
On the part of the map where anything can happen  
You either end up strapping

Or end up pushing any light  
So call up every lamps  
I take a picture that cameras can't  
I got ammo for your ... change the channel, yo  
'Cause if we have to turn up we got everything else  
In the cattle ranch with the beef lovers  
We brothers don't take no shit  
Like septic tanks and toilet seat covers  
Meat lovers but only chicken and sea food  
Stay feeding on bottom feeders 'cause they fear, too,  
I'm hungry  
Matter of fact I think I'm starving, it's the army  
But never lonely, army of two, me and my homie  
bobbing  
Weaving, it's the killing season  
We leave them partly breathing  
So bring the extraction team and ghost

It's double or nothing  
They're firing from the dark  
They're firing from the dark  
It's double or nothing  
They're tryina go to war  
Well I see that Johnny has it in the cool zone

The heat of the summer, the height of the storm  
The belly of the beast, the stomach, the fires are warm  
The higher the prices, the higher the warning  
Couldn't dodge them bullets if you hired an army  
Whenever a soldier dies, a fighter is born  
I used to think this type of lifestyle was the bomb  
Until they wire one on me  
I never grabbed a gun until they fire one on me  
It's nothing like surviving a gauntlet  
Survival of the fittest and boy, you're fit to lead  
I make you bleed your own blood, visit the emergency  
Wrong, they sent you down straight to the morgue  
So you lay down in that bag where you eternally snore  
You see the fat lady done sung that song  
Like a change gonna come, 'cause boy you're  
headed to the funeral home  
And now the only way you're coming back  
Is if you reset the game, consoled and that's whack

It's double or nothing  
They're firing from the dark  
They're firing from the dark  
It's double or nothing  
They're tryina go to war  
Well I see that Johnny has it in the cool zone

Visit [Bob](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.