

## **Diesel Boy**

### **"All About The Abes"**

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Born in the Hills Beverly in '63  
Only son of a rich mom and dad  
But dad was a jerk and mom did not work, it drove him  
mad  
When mom and dad died, late last July  
He got the house and the plane  
And now he just laughs and smokes his coke all day  
From New York to Tokyo  
Its all about the dough  
Its the coin, its the cash, its the currency stash  
Its the money that keeps us goin'  
The streets of Brooklyn are riddled with crooks and  
Dope dealers who don't give a fuck  
Its all about hustling and scheming and making a buck

They rule the block with one hand on their Glock  
Its the ghetto that keeps 'em in  
But they don't have a chance, its the same  
circumstance in the end  
He passes the years from atop his John Deere  
Surveying the fields from above  
Its not much to some, but he's happy to do what he  
loves  
Its been apples and pears, and a hundred state fairs  
Nothing more than a quiet, simple life  
His only regret is he never found time for a wife

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