

Dimestore Hoods "War Machine"

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Looks to me, the older that I get,
Well known, the more I seem to regret,
Could it be, they pacified my mind,
Well I know, I don't think so,

Gang!
Another war machine, (x2)

Locked up, and throw away the key,
You say, I'm something you don't wanna see,
You look at me, I'm all that you detest,
How so? You helped create me,

Gang!
Another war machine, (x3)
Gang... another!

Oh Father,
I don't seem to know,
How to be living,
My brother,
Save yourself,
Before your life is stepped in,
Because they got you where they want you!

I live my live, fueled with lack of self-esteem,
Just to make it, well I've got to take it, break it,
Locked down, in a So-Cal correctional facility,
Who tried, correct me, reject me, erase me,

Looks to me, I never had a chance,
It grows, it hits away my every plans,
Now will I learn, to live another way,
Oh No! I don't think so!

Gang!
Another war machine! (x3)
Gang... another!

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