

# Injected "Bullet"

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You're coming home to an empty space  
Inside of you there's no other place  
You're wondering hard what you're here for  
But every night you still walk out that door

You're just a screwed up kid, who doesn't know who he  
is  
Fights the words in his head, screams he's better off  
dead  
Met a punk with a dis, wants a fight and now you're  
pissed  
It's already too late, sawed off your hate

Why did you sell your soul for?  
Was it a gun and a bullet and a chance at revenge?  
You got props from your boys on the block  
A cross to bear that never ends

Why did you sink so low for?  
Was it the time and the space and the spit in your face?  
Props from the cops and the court  
A sin you can't erase

He caught you looking his way  
Hands in the air, what the hell'd you say?  
I did know something sad but true  
That mother was as scared as you

You're just a screwed up kid, who doesn't know who he  
is  
Fights the words in his head, screams he's better off  
dead  
Met a punk like you, what the you gonna do?  
But point the piece at his eyes, you never realized

Why did you sell your soul for?  
Was it a gun and a bullet and a chance at revenge?  
You got props from your boys on the block  
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Was it the time and the space and the spit in your face?

Props from the cops and the court  
A sin you can't erase

Sell it with a pistol in the sack  
They push you so hard, gonna push right back  
Sell it, don't put up a fight  
Your life has just started but it all ends tonight

You're just a screwed up kid, who doesn't know who he  
is  
Fights the words in his head, screams he's better off  
dead  
Met a punk like you, what the you gonna do?  
But point the piece at his eyes, you never realized

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