

Tim Armstrong **"Inner City Violence"**

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Shoot down, bomb down, run out of downtown
Streets are prepared for war
When the lock come talking while they're preparing the covers
Opportunity shut the door
When the guns are blazing in the streets of Mogadishu
Bagged, dated, back to the roots
And I wear my opinions on a dusted white suit
Every time I hear the fire on shoot

No control, street curfew in the night improves
Violence stains
Civility is now destroyed
Cursed intimidation
Rock bottom on the platform
Lead the General on the crime rate
Shame things occurred

These days are insane, atrocity rised
West system in the fields is not right about
Masses of America spewed in God split
Can you see in all this mess some endless decision?

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