

## **Bronx**

# **"White Tar"**

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Baby's got cancer, looking for the answer  
She's got cancer, someone romance her  
She was one of a kind

Now she's perfected  
Living on all the lies they injected  
Now she's staring at the scars that needed correction  
It's not a habit she claims  
She's got American eyes  
Letting her body go, she's dead

Rejection, looking for direction  
Gimme picture, gimme reception  
The clean smell of sin  
She's nervous at the hips  
The car's right outside and I'm ready to go

Infected, living on all of the lies she injected  
Now I'm infected  
Staring at the scars in need of correction  
It's not a habit, I claim  
I got American eyes  
Letting my body go, I'm dead

She's got cancer, looking for the answer  
She's got cancer, someone romance her  
She's one of a kind

We got cancer, looking for the answer  
We got cancer, looking for the answer  
We got cancer, looking for the answer

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