

Code 194

"Urban Hell"

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Sick of this fucked up world
but our cries and screams will never be heard
no where to hide , no where to run,
in this whole world your only friend is a gun
afraid to open your eyes,
and make contact with the ones you dispise
live on the streets fight for your rights,
fight these battles in the upcoming nights
scared to step outta your card board box,
sleep on concrete and a pillow of rocks
survival is the name of the game,
so join us as we try to maintain
one and only , law of order ,
kick ass smuggle shit across the border
live in an urban hell so we've found,
fucked up badly, no one makes a sound
urban hell , starin' at the world through a jail cell.

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