

Floarnte B. Casona**"Trtry"**

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You see us on the street, in the store, or in your car
You have no comprehension of just who the fuck we are
Instead you choose to ignore, or even face the truth
Well here's a little from all of us white youth

The right to remain violent
This right we will uphold
Take out some aggressions
On your empty, vacant skull

Run for your life
'Cause you're running out of luck
Spit in your face
'Cause I don't give a fuck... No!

Sit on your ass, base your views from the T.V.
You might as well be dead and you soon might just be
A smirk, a snide remark from you,
My blood begins to boil
How does your face feel buried in the rocky soil

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