

Garrison

"Cover The Tracks With Cash"

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That stain like a shroud That I undertake I won't make a
Sound Not Paid off All the big guns got a reputation Got
To keep kicking the good man crown You're a well worn
Wash of wallet Watch the floor and get down A dab on
the
Head In exchange for a hand So empty instead Of the
Promise I planned To bank on All the big guns have a
Reputation Got to keep kicking the good man crown
You're
A well worn wash of wallet Watch the floor and get
down
On your knees You're going to die You're going to die
Alone Without comfort of our home Without comfort of
our
God And if you've ever done truly wrong Pay off your
Plight Into the bloody hands Of the truly right.
Righteous

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