

Bronx, The

"They Will Kill Us All"

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What's left of California?
What's left of Los Angeles?
Sidewalks cry cause they're not as high
Shooting old dope, rich kid skies are a good disguise
lining our veins with hope
what did you get for free and where you gonna sell it
hy should i give a shit? cover up your facelift
What's left of my broken heart? What's left of los
angeles

We got a new design, excess redefined so you can
dream it
We rewrote the standards, covered up the old scars so
you believe it

Scrape black tar from a guilty lung, throw a needle in
your arm
Cough up wrongs of the city stars they didn't mean no
harm
What were you supposed to be and what did you turn
into?
We don't even need you here but where you gonna run
to?
Good drugs bad streets arms tied
My world capsized with style

We got a new design, excess redefined so you can
dream it
We rewrote the standards, covered up the old scars so
you believe it

I got a new plan, get me outta here
Pretend sincere, stumble on words
Desperation, the warmth of a gun
Last hundred years, remember twenty-four

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dream it
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you believe it

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