

State Radio

"H.A.C.K.I.N"

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Lost my car in a snow storm
Lost my car in a snowstorm H.A.C.K.I.N
Cops said I was lucky
And then showed me down
And then showed me down

And you got to swing down low
To get the fruit from the rind
Got to swing down low to get high
Gotta pick up the yeah man
Yeah man, yeah man
I don't like what you offer
Yeah man, yeah man, yeah man
I don't like what you offer
I don't like what you offer
I don't like what you offer

So I'm in my gypsy cab listening for a hack back
I went to the strip where I knew I could score
I bit open the bag yeah
In the alley shadows
This ain't ready rock cocaine
Just ask the yeah man
Yeah man, yeah man
I don't like what you offer
Yeah man, yeah man, yeah man
I don't like what you offer
I don't like what you offer
I don't like what you offer

[I hear a click behind my head
He says thats ready or you're dead
I ran away without saying a word
I realized that night there's never any crack
That you wake up in the morning if you went to sleep at
all
I stopped because I realized
I could not afford the habit and I wanted to live
Getting these words on paper saved my life]

I was goin' down a one way track with that hammer in

my hand
If anything ever treat you so badly
It ain't worth a damn

Here come the yeah man, yeah man, yeah man
They don't like what you offer
Yeah man, yeah man, yeah man
I don't like what you
Yeah man, yeah man, yeah man
I don't like what you offer
Yeah man, yeah man, yeah man
I don't like what you offer
I don't like what you offer
I don't like what you offer
No

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