

Lordz Of Brooklyn, White Trash

(Verse One: performed by ADMoney)

Listen up here's a tale about a white kid
That had to make some cash
Dropped out of school ain't never went to class
Sold a little grass, robbed a couple cars
Had a name around the neighborhood for fightin' in the bars
Had a chip on his shoulder
He's a chip off the block
When he drinks, he drinks alone
Grabbed the whiskey took a swig
Heard the fiddle didn't jig
Cause he's watchin' everybody round him blowin' up gettin' big
So he picks out a ride, slim jims the door
Now he's runnin' red lights and beatin' stop signs
Cops are on his ass and he's runnin' out of time
So he hits the chop shop, makes drop, cause he's sick of bein' poor
He's white trash and he's knockin' on your door

(Pre Chorus)

Somebody's knockin' at my door, somebody's ringin' my bell

(Chorus)

I'm white trash and I'm knockin' on your door
White Trash and I'm knockin' on your door
White Trash and I'm knockin' on your door
I know you hear me knockin' so what you hidin' for

(Verse Two: performed by ADMoney)

He ain't never joined the, he ain't no altar boy
He's an angel with a dirty face like Pretty Boy Floyd
He's the kind a kid sittin' in the park if you wanna cop a lid
And if he got popped he wouldn't rat he do the bid
Cause he's tuff like rugby down right ugly
If you owe him money you'll be black and blue and bloody
From his tenement slum right down to the gutter
He might run a number, sell some iron to the brothers
Cause the cops beat him down and it doesn't make the news
But to him that's payin' dues when you're walkin' in his shoes

(Pre Chorus)

(Chorus)

(Verse Three: performed by ADMoney)

It's just another night in the old gin mill
He got a pocket of old dirty dollar bills
He buys his boys a round, they toast it up, they shoot it down
They're gettin' stared at by some off duty cops sittin' down
So what you lookin' at you wanna catch a smack
He finishes his beer and his boys take his back
And they mix it up, they're brawlin' on the ground
The cop pulls his pistol and fires off a round
Yo he should of got a job, should of went to class
Now he's layin' all alone, still poor white trash

(Pre Chorus)

(Chorus)