

# Transplants, D.J. D.J.

DJ DJ

Nobody move, nobody get hurt, they said  
Make one wrong move, man, you wake up dead  
I exercise my lyrical stylings  
And all the while you're dead and gone and forgotten  
I said, oh, are they gonna come back for you?  
No, aw, the story's sorry but true  
Lord, did you really want them to go?  
No, oh you're so goddamn cold

We're gonna make it on our own, we don't need anyone  
Lord knows we don't need you (x2)

(watch me now)

You got your ear to the street, then this bud's for you  
You got my name in your mouth, then this slug's for you  
Shotgun, Fast Lane, on the Highway to Hell  
Germ sticks, tall cans, and the powder that sells  
Just tryin' to have somethin', and you sit back and laugh  
I'ma grab something, I'ma gettin' that half  
We came too far now, nowhere we can flop  
Wanna drop me, gotta kill me, only way I'ma stop

We got 808 subwoofers in the trunk  
Around the world with the Rancid Punx  
This is for the misfits, the freaks and the runts  
Fuck the motherfuckin' back-stabbin' cunts  
Ride's gettin' rough, so I know I better buckle  
P U N X tattooed on my knuckles  
Hey man, you keep the shackles, cause I am free

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Lord knows we don't need you (x2)

(watch me now)

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I heard you're losing your mind, shit, I been lost mine  
But I still stay focused through good and bad times  
Compare your worst fuckin' day to my best fuckin' night  
I bet my last red cent that you couldn't stand the sight  
From loss of loved ones to life of drug funds  
They counted me out, from what? I'm not done  
Give me a chance to shine and I'ma blind the world  
Take a stand and be the voice of those who cannot be heard

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Lord knows we don't need you (x2)

(watch me now)