

# Biohazard, Chamber Spins Three

It's a motherfuckin' homicide, just deserts  
A shotgun pointed right where it hurts  
From the inside, the ones you can trust  
You got connected to a serious bust  
You thought you were a hustler, a boy that was rude  
But now you're in the dirt, can of underground wormfood  
Stupid motherfucker, you thought you would last  
Well took the wrong path, now your name is in the past  
Another fuckin' lowlife connected to the first  
A crooked cop on the take, nothing could be worse  
Twenty one gun salute, the widow lays the wreath  
The whole police department covered up he was a thief  
Yeah the city's finest, caught in deepest shit  
Never thought the day would come, bang, a fuckin' hit  
You call yourself the finest in the city, huh !  
For scum like you, I have no fucking pity

Pre-chorus:

Pushing and scamming, distribute all your poison  
You call yourself a man, well you're nothing but a boy son  
A real man works hard, starves to climb the ropes  
Not killing for money, on the corner selling dope  
Money isn't everything, I guess it was to you  
Did you control your own life or greed controlled you  
For the lives that you destroyed, so morally depraved  
For the people you left grieving, I spit on your grave

Chorus:

So it seems, this is the system, and I'm sorry to say  
Dealers pay the cops to turn and look the other way  
On both sides of the law, justice has been done  
Not by a judge and jury but by the trigger of a gun

Lead

Everybody scratches and tries to get ahead  
You took the easy way, it is easy being dead  
The chamber spins three, grab the trigger then you pull it  
The game is called roulette and you just won the bullet

Pre-chorus

Chorus 2x

The chamber spins three...