

Cadaveres De Tortugas, Street-Hunter

You've got two choices the right and wrong side of the way
You've already chosen, so it's all the same
You shot down the old man to demonstrate your power
and shot down the young one 'cause you're a street-hunter

On the street you're the king
But in the life you're so weak
'Cause you can shoot but can't stop
The madness in your brain

What a bang...

The fight, what you struggle, that's insane
You write the rules and you think it's a game
Every life in your hand is so innocent
Your pride is lie, try to comprehend