

Diesel Boy, All About The Abes

Born in the Hills Beverly in 63
Only son of a rich mom and dad
But dad was a jerk and mom did not work, it drove him mad
When mom and dad died, late last July
He got the house and the plane
And now he just laughs and smokes his coke all day
From New York to Tokyo
Its all about the dough
Its the coin, its the cash, its the currency stash
Its the money that keeps us goin'
The streets of Brooklyn are riddled with crooks and
Dope dealers who don't give a fuck
Its all about hustling and scheming and making a buck
They rule the block with one hand on their Gloch
Its the ghetto that keeps em in
But they don't have a chance, its the same circumstance in the end
He passes the years from atop his John Deere
Surveying the fields from above
Its not much to some, but he's happy to do what he loves
Its been apples and pears, and a hundred state fairs
Nothing more than a quiet, simple life
His only regret is he never found time for a wife