

Guttermouth, Contribution

My restitution to society means stay away
And equals empty grants of time
The cleansing of a conscience brought by petty empathy
Helps well to do's sleep through the night
(chorus) not gonna say I'm sorry would society even care
not gonna volunteer my time to
cracked out mothers
all the others
who wasted every chance they're given
not gonna say I'm sorry my anger won't turn to shame
you'll get no apology
cuz I don't care
I came from nothing started something
Discipline was learned
That's self-sufficiency obtained
My offerings are put on hold till I get some return
Those seeking handouts never change
(chorus)