

# Hoods, Alkali Flats

walk down these streets of starvation and death  
where mothers sell their pussies to feed their kids  
all alone in a cold place  
that I can't escape

walk down these streets of starvation and death  
where mothers sell their pussies to feed their kids  
paint the walls red and slit your wrists

HOODS-916

all these years and all this pain  
I watch you die every fucking day  
toxic is our air, our skies, our pain sun  
comes up over our graves  
filth on the street  
it never goes away

whores

and drugs

our child's play where needles and pills are king and queen

walk down these streets of starvation and death  
where mothers sell their pussies to feed their kids  
paint the walls red and slit your wrists

HOODS-916

filled with sorrow  
today's a new day  
these scars on my body will never go away

these years I've lost  
I drank them all away

sick inside

I still pray

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paint the walls red  
and slit your wrists-HOODS-916