

# Private Line, Downstairs Upstairs

Money shot in a Monday morning  
'Nice job' as you used to call it and I was stuck  
Stuck by you  
I'm the one mommy warned you about  
We're the scum your teachers told you to  
Stay away, but you stayed around  
Mouthful of bad habits  
V.I.P for your foot and shoe Legshow  
When it's done just drag it  
Then BFD turns to #3  
One more stair and you're in our paradise  
Two blocks down if you ain't my kind  
I might be wrong, but I can not change my mind  
Let's play the game Mr.King Suckerman  
Got a ball and chain but you act like a superman  
I can't bleed for anyone like you  
B-pictures and your mistress of the month  
Punk pills and your one-track-mind  
Wrap you around, I know your kind  
Let me tell you a fact  
You're ten pounds of shit in the five pound bag  
There's no help for beggar  
Angel lost the feather  
And shit lives forever!  
One more shot! Two bricks down!  
Yeah, I know your kind  
One more stair and you're in our paradise  
Two bricks down, yeah, I know your kind  
Downstairs Upstairs! You're not a friend of mine