

# Prong, Mansruin

My whole life counting dimes  
Worried about uncertainty  
So I roll dice before I die  
Maybe get a little for me

I bet it, I bet it all  
Threw everything into a pile  
Regret it? Got nothing at all  
No guarantees, no piece of the pie

Got the eyes on you, black eyes on you  
Ruin it for you if I could  
Eyes on you, black eyes on you  
Mansruin for his own good

Eyes on you, black eyes on you  
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High life all the highlights  
Covered on the plays of the day  
Baked out, burnt right out of it  
Breath fried beyond repair

I tasted it, devoured it  
Ballooned right out of sight  
A done deal dealt out by fate  
Scored myself a bite of non-life

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Fucked out, fucked out of everything  
Drained at the end of each day  
A red cent, no pennies from heaven  
Taken for a chump for life

Mansruin for his own good  
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