

Slaves On Dope, Columbian Ascot

This situation has begun, no turning back from

From this point on

We've made a commitment to piss

All over your memory

You can't begin to understand

How you will suffer at the hand

Of my Colombian hitman, up shit's creek

With no paddle

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger

This is the family recipe, bad luck for you,

And you'll agree

That this is all because of your sticky fingers

Insert the knife below the neck

Make an incision ear to ear

Grab the tongue and pull in through

The slit you made with your knife

You lose, we win

What doesn't kill you makes you strong

You may be gone, but we live on

What doesn't kill you makes you strong

You may be gone, but we win!