

Substance D, F.B.I.

Holy Christ bat an eye

Dumbfuck out of line

Don pull that shit with me

F.B.I.

Quicker than suicide

Your clock run out of time

Your breath reeks, youe fucked up

Talk is cheap you fucking punk

You want a piece of me tough guy

Busted lip, broken nose

Stomp your head through the floor

Scrape you off my combat boot

F.B.I.

F.B.I. fucking bad

F.B.I. fucking bad intentions

He brought you in this world now ll take you out

Fuck off and die

F.B.I.

He brought you in this world

He dropped you in my world

There no room in my world