

Substance D, Slit The Wrist

Murder for money a plot is forming

Car crash or cyanide, make it look like a suicide

Quick and silent greed is violent

Keep it in the family

No one will suspect me

Slit the wrist

Business is booming my hands are dirty

Drowning tides of war, violence to the core

It so easy can you see I taking all that I can get

No one is safe from me

Slit the wrist

Clench the fist

Die like this

Make a killing

Reality, insanity, the same to me

Make a killing