

The Bronx, They Will Kill Us All (Without Mercy)

what's left of california
what's left of los angeles
sidewalks cry cause they're not as high shooting old dope
rich kid skies are a good disguise lining our veins with hope
what did you get for free and where you gonna sell it
why should i give a shit cover up your facelift
what's left of my broken heart
what's left of los angeles

we got a new design excess redefined so you can dream it
we rewrote the standards covered up the old scars so you believe it

scrape black tar from a guilty lung throw a needle in your arm
cough up wrongs of the city stars they didn't mean no harm
what were you supposed to be and what did you turn into
we don't even need you here but where you gonna run to
good drugs bad streets arms tied
my world capsized with style

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i got a new plan get me outta here
i pretend sincere stumble on words
desperation the warmth of a gun
last hundred years remember twenty four

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