

The Transplants, 1,2,3,4,5,6,7

"1,2,3,4,5,6,7"

Album : Hounted Cities

[chorus:]

1,2,3,4,5,6,7

no one here's gonna get to go to heaven
no one here's gonna get to go to heaven
no one here's gonna get to go to heaven
the first one to speak, be the first one to leave,
get your loved ones gagged and bound in bed sheets.
six deep, full heap, best be quick on the draw,
you's a snitch, you's a bitch, you get left where you are.
i roll with killa's who got strikes, dealers who catch cases,
Skinheads and Mohicans, tattoos on their faces.
bring it 'til you're dead, bass it, get to bumping your gun,
all these cowards talk shit, all these cowards gonna run.
i'm not one, not my cards, not the hand i was dealt,
it all goes down, you only go for yourself.
not me, i can't call it, i'd die for the team,
smoking sacks in the shack, getting high with the team.
let it fly with the beam, infra-red on your head,
every last muthafucka wanna leave me for dead.
can't be happy that i'm living, you pray that i fall,
but i'm a dead man walking, i ain't living at all!

[chorus]

all the time that you hate, it's time that you waste,
wake up soaking wet with a 9 to your face.
in any case, hit the brakes, you're doing too much,
my heart's blacker than the clip in the grip that i clutch.
who wants what? it goes down, right here in your town,
i swear to god i'm not laughing, with a permanent frown.
don't make a sound, i spit rounds, leave your dick in the dirt,
shotgun, with the shotgun aimed at your heart.
it gets worse, i been cursed, smash your life like a verse,
we blast, ski mask, when we touching the turf.
nobody came to talk, ain't nobody playing games,
kicking everybody's ass, crossed out everybody's name.
fucken lame that's how it goes, fuck wax and fuck shows,
fuck the track, fuck the mic', fuck hoes and fuck foes!
do yourself a favor and keep your thoughts to yourself,
i'm selling drugs to my label and my neighbors for wealth, without help.

[chorus]

not taking shit from anybody, leaving spouses in tears,
you'll get mangled if we tangle, i'll be pounding the beer.
3 cheers, who got next? let's go, you get stomped,
anytime, any place, any weapon that you want.
hold your tongue son, you slip, you get fucked,
at your show in the parking lot fighting, won't take long.
leave your whole gash flapping, know why it has happened,
i love to watch you fall like Freeman loves watching Patton.
what the fuck? i rather die then live to please you,
keeping company with thugs and drugs and heat too.
speed bump, head slice, we ain't traveling light,
as i hit the dipstick, bring a tear to my eye.
i stay high, do or die, finding peace with myself,
you live a lie, run and hide, die with everyone else.
fuck the world, kill 'em all, and this you can trust,
cause muthafuckas hit the dirt when muthafuckas hit the dust.

[chorus]