

Transplants, Diamonds & Guns

Taken more shots than Carl Malone

Battle looms, your doom, injustice entombed

Who got the diamonds? Who gonna find them?

Who gonna MINE them when the time comes?

Diamonds and guns, diamonds and guns

(chorus:)

It's a wicked world that we live in it's cruel

And unforgiving

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And unforgiving

Knock, knock, knock, who's that? it's momma, son

Lookin' for the bitch who took the money and run

Now the daylight's gone and there's no more fun

And who's the f**kin' bitch who stole all the heroin?

Heroin, heroin, it's all gone

Smoked it all up, and now you got none

And now you look around and that's not the plan

This is not what you had in mind

I shot in heaven, now I cry

No one lives forever, in fact we all die

From those who bust shots to those who stuff cops

To those who serve rocks on all the hard blocks

Every last soul must pay the last toll

In the dice game of life, who gets the last roll?

Is it the one with the suit? the one with the sack?

The one who hides behind his f**kin' gun and his badge?

Negative outlook? well that's how I'm livin'

And like he said, it's a wicked world we live in

It's a wicked world we live in

I'm wiggin' out, flippin' out, heart is what I'm rippin' out

I'm slippin' out, I'm dippin' out, killin's what I'm livin' out

Pick 'em, let me pick 'em out, spin and let me whip it out

Gat to your face with the f**kin' bullets stickin' out
Missin' out, diss and bout, blood's what you're pissin' out
84 I'm crazy crazy horse, shootin' up, I'm illin' out
Rippin' out, I'm trippin' out, different now, I'm pimpin' out
Any color at my belt and ouch while theyre clippin out
Criminal I'm hittin' out, in l.a. no gettin' out
2 1 3, pack your p, fly wicked style
Listen now, I'm sinnin' out, a 6-pack I'm sippin' out
(chorus)