

Tyla, Kings Of The Streets

The elixer of life pours from the heavens
The Boston underworld drowns with no grace
The dogs still sleeps, trapped within the scarred flesh
It was induced into sticking around with tainted Kianti
The reminents of the magic silver carpet ride off Franklyn
Long live the Kings of Crime and the juvenile gangsters of the
streets
Glory to the peice that doesn't execute mothers to be
Wild west Hollywood
Only in the range to this strange breed of tourists roam
Down Hollywood Blvd. on Melrose
Soon to be engulfed by the rising yen
Soon to be the defeated dollar
It's time has came as it turns to vengeance and ignorance
Iliteracy Kill All slogans cover the walls
Beverly Hills becomes Vietnam
The Bev vets cruise the streets in auction Mercedes
Driving with their sacred white lady
Down Fairfax to Beverly
The rolex rebels, the carte blanche, the cartel
The badly daad, under surveillence, and over-express whores
The mild wild west takes a rain check
That's all