

hey young man,
tell me where you're going?
tell me what's your mission?
tell me what the fukk are you doin' on friday, the one i call my
day.
gotta spend some of my time, so look my way.
don't you hate livin' a life behind closed doors.
you wanna be anywhere else but home of course., ya know?
homework or work sukks and it's a matter of fact
you got no love for the fukker that dukks.
so i take your ass where it's supposed to be at...
where you'll meet me and the other three at.
let off what's inside of your head.
dance or drop dead!
muthafukk grey skies and being sad.

now your eyes are burnin' from the smoke.
your lungs inhale the taste of beer and dope.
your parents been here 30 years ago for the same fukkin' reasons
why you're here, ya know?
but that was then, now the choice is yours.
you gotta make yourself at home, you've been here before
these are the players of my team , wanna meet yours.
let's play a little game behind closed doors.

(you hear the sound of the sirens?
you hear the sound that goes