

Yea help, in this junk
I'm drowning, drownin'
How long till I sell
My mothers?
So I become important to you

In this junk
Drownin'
How long till I sell
My mothers?

Must I tolerate your shit?
Dwell in your shallow pit
Now they thought police
Are following me everywhere
Eyes are always on our children

Run run run
Run run run
Run run run
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