

This criminal
Walked into my room
He asked me
Why do you live this way?
Think of all you could have,
What I would take

Well, have you got a clue?
Why do you live this way?
Why do you?
Think of all I'd take

You think that I don't know
you think that I don't know
You're wrong
You're wrong

You think that I don't know
you think that I don't know
You're wrong
You're wrong

And to god
I called out
Over bullets
They were in and out, man
And it was my end
At least I called into question
Why we walk this route
What is for me in it