

## Survival of the Fittest

Biohazard

Only the strong survive  
Living all these days for myself, not you  
Mind your own business I do what I do  
All of you who like to preach all day  
Now hear what I have to say  
The smell of leather makes me high  
I feel good inside when you cry  
nor remorse is felt when you sigh  
because skin keeps me warm and dry

To wear my boots, I'll take a hide  
To feed my face, I'll kill with pride  
In this world of survival  
Those with strength will have no rival  
I'll smile as I drive down the street  
sitting in my car with plush leather seats  
survival of the fittest and that is the beat  
and I eat all of the meat  
Don't get me wrong  
I come from the streets  
I'll tell you now it's strong over weak  
You slow - you blow  
and you will meet your defeat  
Now you will understand  
You will understand now