

Their Own Medicine

Off With Their Heads

I know it's fucked up but I can't forget
All of the shit that happened in the past
Before I fall asleep every night
I'll think about it and it just ain't right
And if we ever cross paths again
I'll do what I have to to make this shit end
Tired of thinking about it all the time
No one could have given a shit, it affect my life

To everyone that's been a victim
That's something I understand
And if you're looking for a reason
You got one in each hand
I'd love to see us take back what they took from us
Give them some of their own medicine
I'd love to see us take back what they took from us
Give them some of their own medicine

For all the weak ones and for all the poor
For all the tortured who can't take anymore
Don't ever let them get the best of you
Sometimes the only thing that you can do
Is wait until you cross paths again
You'll be in position to make it all end
You've been dreaming about it all this time
And it will no more affect your life

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