

The Ballad Of Mangled Homeboys

Pungent Stench

Homeboys are hanging around in the streets
High on crack
Talking bout pussies and the walls are daubed
With their names
None of the gang realized the approaching black car
Bodies are falling and human flesh is riddled with holes
Agonizing scores - the sidewalk is covered with bowels
A bullet blows off a homeboy's lower-jaw
Distributes the teeth on the floor - his head is raw
While he bleeds to death he pulls the trigger of his piece
Mowing down his enemies just like rotten trees
Homeboys are lying around in the streets
Mangled and dead
Their pussies are weeping and the walls are daubed
With their brains