

I don't need no friends to tell me who my friends are  
I don't need some pig to tell me what the rules are  
See me walkin' I'm loaded  
See me walkin' I'm loaded  
I've got an ear for every sound  
I've got an ear down to the ground  
These blues come down  
These blues come down  
The streets are burnin'  
The years are turnin'  
The sky is falling down  
The line has been drawn  
Been pushed too far  
Been pushed too hard  
Knocked down, knocked down, no, no, no, break it  
I don't need your lovin'  
I don't want your beauty  
I go back in my head, I go ugly in my head  
This home is loaded, it's ugly  
This lonely ghetto, it's ugly  
See him walkin' with a gun in his hand  
See I'm walkin' with a gun in my hand  
See him walkin' with a gun in my heart  
Loaded, ugly, loaded, ugly, loaded, ugly, ugly, ugly, ugly, ugl  
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