

Everybody's asking me if Skarhead's fine
We're still fucked up on a Saturday night
No ones gonna tell us how to live our life
T.C.O.B.
Drink, fuck, and fight!

Another drink for the liver. A line for the mind
A little coke whore loving to pass the time
White trash pussy. Some drugs and booze
The hardcore living is the life I choose
The party don't stop till we say when
Until I'm taking you home to fuck you and your friend
Your doing lines off my cock while I'm taking some shots
Stick the straw in the bag. Fuck breaking the rocks

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I'm internationally known to rock the party
So pass the cocaine, Jack, and Baccardi
I sniff all day, fuck all night
Hardcore hooligan who loves to fight
So listen to this message as I do this hot
Only creeps like us, lurk in the dark
I love my life, love these whores
Getting animalistic when behind closed doors

See I be fucking the dams
Moving the cain
Working up the block see all the product
Gets allotted where we party or not
We keep it hot nonstop with the strippers and drugs
Never report it, get retarded, we some real street thugs
We keep it low life, its yo life, fuck your wife too
Getting dizzy running trizzys on her, with the crew

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