

# They Will Kill Us All (Without Mercy)

The Bronx

What's left of California?  
What's left of Los Angeles?

Sidewalks cry 'cause they're not as high  
Shooting old dope  
Rich kid skies are a good disguise  
Lining our veins with hope

What did you get for free and where you gonna sell it?  
Why should I give a shit cover up your face lift?  
What's left of my broken heart what's left of Los Angeles

We got a new design  
Excess redefined so you can dream it  
We rewrote the standards  
Covered up the old scars so you believe it

Scrape black tar from a guilty lung  
Throw a needle in your arm  
Cough up wrongs of the city stars  
They didn't mean no harm

What were you supposed to be and what did you turn into  
We don't even need you here but where you gonna run to  
Good drugs, bad streets, arms tied, my world capsized with style

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I got a [Incomprehensible] just leave me alone  
I got a new plan, get me outta here  
Pretend sincere stumble on words  
Desperation the warmth of a gun  
Last hundred years, remember twenty four

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