

Isolated Ones

U.S. Bombs

Can't buy you Cadillac, a diamond ring
There's no dough in the ghetto
A nine to nine, got a barmy life
And I broke all the windows, we are the isolated ones

We're gonna run, run, run, get my loaded gun
Bel Air mannequin's too good for me
It walked by as if I was a bum kicking
My can across the dirty street to my mansion

At the dump we're your minority
In the city financial district we ain't blessed
I just seen a suit jump off a building
I guess the stocks in the market crashed

The solid waste here bulks in plenty of thieves
And plenty of greed, nothing to eat but a can of beans
And I'm stuck with l.S.E. projects road rage
Car jacks looting shoulders of the world
A no life gang fight parasite, shooting shoulders of the world