

## 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