

Panhandlin' Prince

Ugly Kid Joe

Sittin on a rusty park bench baby
Not much else to do
Smoke cigarettes and rink my mickeys
Fine malt liquor brew
As I start drinkin and I start thinkin
That death is on my side
If my heart stopped beatin, the street kept reekin
That's suicide.... that's right!

I grew up in the inner city
A dark part of this town
Just another innocent backwoods victim
Society like to put down
You can call me a boozier, or call me a loser
It really doesnt't't matter to me
I got a bench for snoozin, some sauce to keep boozin
That's all I need

I keep it comin, sometimes I don't know why
Im gonna do it til the day I die

Consider me the duke as I dine in your dumpster
Unsanitary engineer
Baron of the bench the panhandlin master
Well, Im pullin twenty gs a year
I know it aint much but at least Im in touch, yeah
With reality
And I wouldn't trade no places to be in rat races
No siree!

I keep it comin, sometimes I don't know why
Im gonna do it til the day I die

Yo, mr. trump, can I ask you a question
You got some spare change for me sucker?
Cause Im down and out and there aint no doubt
That I am here to stay

Yeah you see me lyin with my brothers
In the gutter with my paper bag in hand
Yeah the streets are cold but at least
There's soul and that's all I need!

Youll take away my peace of mind
Youll leave me there to rot and die
But look again, my careless friend
The world you live is just a lie
Its a give and take, the more the fake
The more the pain, the more you lose
Live your life, don't take no sides
Nseize the day and drink your booze!