

## 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 boozer, 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!