

An entourage of personal demons
All packing serious heat
Nickel-plated desert eagles
And I'm feeling weak

Walk up to you and strip you where you stand trembling
Walk up and stick a gun in your face

Hand over all the fuckin' guns
Hand over the drugs, you fuck

Fired up the old acetylene torch
Lit a cigarette and went to work
Completely self-absorbed

Don't give a fuck about
Who or what you know
Just care about the ammo
And the three keys of coke