

Yea help, in this junk  
I'm drowning, drownin'  
How long till I sell  
My mothers?  
So I become important to you

In this junk  
Drownin'  
How long till I sell  
My mothers?

Must I tolerate your shit?  
Dwell in your shallow pit  
Now they thought police  
Are following me everywhere  
Eyes are always on our children

Run run run  
Run run run  
Run run run  
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