

## Chamber Spins Three

Biohazard

It's a motherfuckin' homicide, just deserts  
A shotgun pointed right where it hurts  
From the inside, the ones you can trust  
You got connected to a serious bust  
You thought you were a hustler, a boy that was rude  
But now you're in the dirt, can of underground wormfood  
Stupid motherfucker, you thought you would last  
Well, you took the wrong path, now your name is in the past

Your name is in the past

Another fuckin' lowlife connected to the first  
A crooked cop on the take, nothing could be worse  
Twenty-one gun salute, the widow lays the wreath  
The whole police department covered up he was a thief  
Yeah, the city's finest, caught in deepest shit  
Never thought the day would come, bang, a fuckin' hit  
You call yourself the finest in the city, huh?  
For scum like you, I have no fucking pity

No fucking pity  
You fucking scumbag piece of shit  
Die, motherfucker!

Pushing and scamming, distribute all your poison  
You call yourself a man, well you're nothing but a boy, son  
A real man works hard, starves to climb the ropes  
Not killing for money, on the corner selling dope  
Money isn't everything, I guess it was to you  
Did you control your own life or greed controlled you?  
For the lives that you destroyed, so morally depraved  
For the people you left grieving, I spit on your grave

So it seems (This is the system) and I'm sorry to say  
Dealers pay the cops to turn and look the other way

Everybody scratches and tries to get ahead  
You took the easy way, it is easy being dead  
The chamber spins three, grab the trigger then you pull it  
The game is called roulette and you just won the bullet

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Dealers pay the cops to turn and look the other way  
On both sides (Of the law) justice has been done  
Not by a judge and jury but (By the trigger of a gun)

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The chamber spins three!