

Survival of the Fittest

Biohazard

Only the strong survive
Living all these days for myself, not you
Mind your own business I do what I do
All of you who like to preach all day
Now hear what I have to say
The smell of leather makes me high
I feel good inside when you cry
nor remorse is felt when you sigh
because skin keeps me warm and dry

To wear my boots, I'll take a hide
To feed my face, I'll kill with pride
In this world of survival
Those with strength will have no rival
I'll smile as I drive down the street
sitting in my car with plush leather seats
survival of the fittest and that is the beat
and I eat all of the meat
Don't get me wrong
I come from the streets
I'll tell you now it's strong over weak
You slow - you blow
and you will meet your defeat
Now you will understand
You will understand now