

## Spread 'Em

Buck 65

Alright, hands up! Better yet, hit the dirt Pervert. Nobody move, nobody get hurt. It's a bust. Gonna tear this place apart and dust for prints. We're not looking just for hints. Now it's the judge you must convince. The unjust and untrue. There's nowhere to run to, You're dead stranded. We caught you red handed. Put your clothes back on slowly and drop the junk. No funny stuff. We caught the punk. Hurry up, pop the trunk. Scumbags, cum rags, hard drugs and loaded weapons. Harry, Dick and Tom. A ticking bomb that could explode in seconds. Tweed geeks. Speed freaks that push the limits, up the bids. Rebels without causes. The dishonest corrupted kids. Pleasure seekers with leather sneakers, loud music and underwear Inside out. They have a hideout and I wonder where. Fooled by the gear and the camera, veneer and the glamour. Now you're looking at a year in the slammer.

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Alright, reach for the sky. No surprises, Tough guys. Hand over your supplies and disguises, Cash and the porn stash. Erratic behaviour, spastic motions. Fake moustaches, hair products and magic potions. Strip search. Stand tough. Here comes the handcuffs. Suspicion. You're in no position to demand stuff. It's your own fault. You get one phone call and a journey to the Big house, Stink-mouth - you got the right to an attorney. Guns are the best tool. A billy club is less cruel. Criminals that dress cool turn the city into a cesspool. Killer with a chainsaw. Sanguine. Wonder girl, Bare naked. Drug addict drawn into the underworld. It's a crying shame. Pointing fingers. Bad guys denying blame. Playing a violent game. Live fast, die in vain. It's your town - under siege, out of focus in the foreground. Drag net. Search warrant. Breaking the door down...

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