

I turned 21 in prison, doing life without parole  
 When the jury heard what I'd done, guilty was the vote  
 When the judge gave me my sentence, he read it to me cold  
 Whiskey on his breath, masturbating underneath his robe  
 Only 21 in prison, doing life without parole  
 When I had the chance, I should've sold the devil my soul  
 Hell yeah, I shot the sheriff, left his body full of holes  
 Now I'm 21 in prison, doing life without parole

We all enter the world the same way  
 Naked and screaming, soaked in blood but things change  
 Some are brought home to palaces, others to the projects  
 Some are born billionaires and some are born convicts  
 Momma said when life gives you lemons make lemonade  
 Take a piss in it and serve it to the people that you hate  
 My pops always said there's only two types my friend  
 Those with loaded guns and those who eat shit 'til they're dead  
 I miss both of them, one's gone, the other in prison  
 I hate both of them, the love dies and none of it given  
 I gave both of them enough time to show me their wisdom  
 I'll take both of them to hell with me, my soul is convicted  
 As I stand in front of Satan hoping for answers  
 Coping with madness, I hold the chrome like a social advantage  
 Never hate your enemies, it affects your judgement  
 Keep it close point blank range and render justice!

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Ladies and gentlemen of the jury  
 The defendant's story begins within a childhood of fear and misery  
 Age ten, witnessed his father murder his own mother  
 The guilt of her death lingers in his dreams when he slumbers  
 Even though he was a child he still felt responsible  
 Most of his adolescence in and out of mental hospitals  
 Anti-social, anti-everything  
 Sucked into a system, pacified by prescribed medicine  
 With psychiatrists as father figures  
 His biological a scumbag sociopath locked in prison  
 He hated him with all his heart and so he never visited him  
 Though the monster that his father was also lived in him  
 Kill a person you're a murderer, thousands you're a terrorists  
 Everyone, you're the father of Jesus of Nazareth  
 Perception is reality, facts are negotiable  
 I'll clap the Mac off and put twenty-one holes in you

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Coke, it costs money  
Planes, they cost money  
This yacht, it all costs money  
Do you think Kitty's free? (What?!) huh!?  
Kitty turn around (What?) turn around  
Mister please put the gun down

Now the next time that a plane goes down  
You better be on it