

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