

you're coming home to an empty space inside of you,
there's no other place.
you're wondering hard what you're here for,
but every night you still walk out that door.

you're just a screwed up kid,
who doesn't know who he is
fights the words in his head,
screams he's better off dead.
met a punk with a dis
wants a fight and now you're pissed
it's already too late
sawed off your hate

what did you sell your soul for?
was it a gun and a bullet and a chance at revenge?
you got props from your boys on the block,
a cross to bear that never ends
what did you sink so low for?
was it the time and the space and the spit in your face?
props from the cops and the court
a sin you can't erase

he caught you looking his way
hands in the air - what the hell'd ya say?
i know something sad but true
that motherfucker was as scared as you.

you're just a screwed up kid,
who doesn't know who he is
fights the words in his head,
screams he's better off dead.
met a punk like you
what the fuck you gonna do?
point the piece at his eyes
you never realized

sell it with a pistol in the sack.
they push you so hard, gonna push right back.
sell it and don't put up a fight
your life has just started but it all ends tonight.