

# I Need Help

La Coka Nostra

Down-trodden and rock bottom  
My mind's rotten, I'm a goblin  
With shotguns and vodka I'm a problem  
White devil caucasoid mutant  
Built to destroy humans  
f\*ck love, give me guns, I enjoy shooting  
Columbine, chaos and fury, lyrics and mayhem  
Witches of Salem congregate on a mission for Satan  
Ain't these recipes for treachery  
The system is tainted  
Linked to destiny, the rest of me religion and hatred  
Rather be risen in flames than be driven insane  
Living in pain, my brain sizzling in the drizzling rain  
Whisper insane thoughts, echoes and loss  
Lepers and Whores, desperate remorse  
My epitaph etched in the walls, I'm lost  
Between green Hell and betrayal, we fell  
But if we social hopefully we'll prevail  
Compared to who I once was I'm a shell  
Broken into so many pieces I fell  
I need some motherf\*cking help

I'm like a lone wolf, hungry on a mission to feast  
Fixing to eat, with the blood of sheep dripping from teeth  
Perdition is brief, void of any Christian beliefs  
Pied piper with the power never skipping a beat  
One eyed sniper in the tower with his grip on his heat  
Got the cure for vile planet sick with the seed  
Reload and unload, empty out the clip and repeat  
A puzzle of a picture of war missing a piece

Belligerent thoughts, cold-hearted, frigid and raw  
Visions of violent blizzards, rhythms, incisions and swords  
Misery's company, gun clappers give them applause  
Rivers of saliva slither where living is choice  
Snake tongue, with the Tyson lisp on the late great Young  
Sonny Liston with the same hunger that'd eat Pun  
In a staircase drinking straight rum  
With my face numb, trapped in this place I can't escape from

I'm vicious with dope and the bitches that keep me from riches  
The drinking and keeps me at war with the misses  
I'm doing my dirt solo and avoiding the witness  
You never know when rats will get all in your business  
We're paranoid in this world of straight menace, sick Guinness  
With that in a scene is straight tremendous  
See it through eyes as while people die  
That is why we've been shit the entire time  
Post-traumatic stress disorder gets the hood vets too  
Near death with no vests true  
Old cesspool will black and you out  
Of fresh jewels, tucked money and limp shoes  
We choose this, even civilians got hits  
Payback from way back like Arabs resist  
Got the itch to blow up this bitch for real  
In the post-war prank got glitched