

Triple Beam

Machine Head

And there's no moral to the story, read the lines in between
'Cause that's what happens when you balance life on a triple beam

When you balance life on a triple beam
When you balance life on a triple beam

I turn a gram to an eight ball, an eight to a brick
The violence in my life was a measuring stick
And there's no moral to the story, read the lines in between
Cause that's what happens when you balance life on a triple beam

I used to dream about the end
And when it would come
Drug dealers die young at the end of a gun
Powders on the triple beam
Girls around my neck
No money?
Well... she could always pay with sex
Bikers tried to front me 30 grand worth of shit
Knew that if I took it, I'd never get out of this
What the fuck am I doing with amphetamines?
But that's what happens when you balance life on a triple beam

When you balance life on a triple beam
When you balance life on a triple beam

I turn a gram to an eight ball, an eight to a brick
The chaos in my life was a measuring stick
And there's no moral to the story, read the lines in between
Cause that's what happens when you balance life on a triple beam

My dealer trusted nobody
Make you take a test
See if you would rat him out or stab him in the chest
He'd make you suck the Glass-Dick, called it "dragon's breath"
Smoke a giant hit of speed, prove you weren't the feds
Your heart would beat so fast
Before your eyes life flashed
Ain't easy to make cash
Living off of meth
It's a paranoid world
Violent and mean
But that's what happens when you balance life on a triple beam

When you balance life on a triple beam
When you balance life on a triple beam

I turn a gram to an eight ball, an eight to a brick
The party and my money call suckin' my dick
And there's no moral to the story, read the lines in between
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Paranoid, the gun is loaded
Nose destroyed and mind corroded
Rival dealers want me broken
If I sleep, it's with one eye open

They call it crank, speed, rosebud, methamphetamine
They call it crank, ice, bathtub, methamphetamine

At the AM/PM Shattuck and 51st
1:30 in the morning, streets at their worst
My buddy started a fight, some dude by the pumps
These black girls strolled up to watch 'em take their lumps
Three cars rolled up, 15 dudes rolled out
"You fuckin' with our girls?"
(Mouth running like a spout)
I threw the first punch, nose broke on my rings
Now I'm fighting 4 dudes and my heads starting to ring
Somebody screamed "Stop, he's got a knife, run!"
Not everybody listened, all of us were drunk
As I turned my head I saw my friend's knife blade
Murder in his eyes, the devil in his veins
He swung at the first, but then he missed
2nd one got lucky, 3rd one took a hit
The 4th got caught and this time he wasn't missing
Teeth grit down, survival of the fittest
And he stabbed him, and he stabbed him, and he stabbed him again
Kill that motherfucker, let him never breathe again
And there's no moral to the story, read the lines in between
Cause that's what happens when you balance life on a triple beam

When you balance life on a triple beam
Come on! When you balance life...

I turn a gram to an eight ball, an eight to a brick
The violence in my bloodshot is making me sick
And there's no moral to the story, read the lines in between
Cause that's what happens when you balance life on a triple beam

When you balance life on a triple beam