

## On Sight

Outta Pocket

Fuck these other vatos, ese  
Get up, Chucky, get up!

Were you ever once the bastard son?  
As the finger slips from the golden gun  
From your moral heights, it's on sight  
Never going down without a fight

On sight, Outta Pocket  
What's good motherfucker  
Put 'em up  
We'll show you who the fuck we are

Fuck your worth, you're full of shit  
What's become your saving grace?  
Abandoned your family's beliefs  
They'll let you die in the fucking streets  
Think again, it's just begun  
You ever think, you'd be, the one condemned

I always knew that you never had it in you  
A two-faced fool, you're nothin' but a baby back bitch

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