

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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