I try to learn when I sprout a life out from nothing I view it in a brand new frame I put all of my faith in this -All of my faith in this If I goof up again What can I make from the mess? Say adéu! Fuck that coulda, woulda, shoulda shit Thus, your head spits pain, and the bullet rampages -The generation of danger You were da' one who overlook' da' rule book Ya' whole crew' shook I'm the target of anger Thus, your head spits pain, and the bullet rampages -The generation of danger Thus, your head spits pain

This ain't the time to hide your shame
You're in the process—two more hearts to go
Preacher decided he's done being quiet
The people love violence
It's human nature—watch 'em take it and take it again
And seventy—seven attempts later
There's a bad cop who turns the cheek
—He likes to watch 'em squirm around on the pavement
That's the delusion of safety
You proudly carried the torch
But the porch had been doused with kerosene
Suddenly, you can't face me
Suddenly, it seems you can't walk at all...

Do you feel d-disdain for me?

Because I changed that!

Can't get away from me, motherfucker!

Fuck your coulda, woulda, shoulda shit!

Thus, your head spits pain, and the bullet rampages
-The generation of danger
You were da' one who overlook' da 'rule book
Ya' whole crew' shook
I'm the target of anger
Thus, your head spits pain, and the bullet rampages
-The generation of danger
Thus, your head spits pain
Do you feel d-disdain for me?
Can't get away from me!

I know the rich men park somewhere in Bruges
Then the road winds further and further
Into the fog—into the maze
Until they're so caught up in haze
They couldn't see me 'til I swept their fucking legs

I peel out like a shadow
Follow them straight into the maze
They can't hear me when I sneak up from behind
And put chemicals in their brain

I know the rich men park somewhere in Bruges
Then the road winds further and further
Into the fog-into the maze
Until they're so caught up in haze
They couldn't see me 'til I swept their fucking legs