

Well, they called me a little so and so and so, yeah
Now hummin' a different tune
Oh, this is a job for a stupid man
Smoke it down to the filter and put it out on your hand
Them cops was lined up about a week long all down the road
True crime homosexual gangster men were, were piled up on my living room floor
Well I'm gonna get my own rifle down, and point it on in your eye
And huff a big long breath, and shoot it
Shoot it and, and shoot it and shoot it and, and shoot it and shoot it and shoot it and shoot it
I'll call the cops on my own self, figure out a way to please those men
I'll play detective, I'll play bloodhound, sniffin' up clues with my nose in the mud
Down here in my shantytown, leave you alone, for the rest of my life
By the time I got my ass up off the grass and on the sidewalk
Made my way toward the house, well
I realized they made their way home
I know this shit will continue