

Nothing but drive  
But I ain't got a license to kill  
No money to shop around  
But I ain't take the till

But if you get tired of being wired  
To the grid are you hoping of finding the one  
To stop you from choking  
Inevitably valium kills

Thirteen, sipping from the bottle baby  
Choking on the throttle of life  
I never listened when you gave me your time  
I never knew at the time, that you'd be holding the knife

Nineteen, sipping from the bottle baby  
Choking on the throttle of life  
It's not your fault, but I know something ain't right  
Another young boy from the motherland unplugging a life

Bushwacking on cold winter nights  
And it was green pack and it smoking it tight  
And now it's too late for saving your skin  
Another boy on the wing, locked away for your sins

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