

# Biohazard, Howard Beach

look into the eyes of a madman  
You can see it in his face, he's a weak and sad man  
Staring straight ahead, his eyes set like stone  
With a nine millimeter cocked at your dome  
No way out, it's too late 'cause you're already in it  
So what'cha gonna do you'll be dead in a minute  
Thinking slow will get you nowhere fast  
A young life terminated with one short blast  
You live like that, you die like this  
That 's how it is  
Livin' with regret is no way to live  
That's how it is  
You're dead too soon if the bullet don't miss  
That's how it is kid  
How it is  
That's what you get for  
Living like this  
With a bullet in your head - you're dead, you can't miss  
Ain't no time for regret when you're body is in a bag  
Ain't no time to change your mind when your head begins to sag  
Should've known better, ain't working for you now  
Maybe if you'd know better you'd be here somehow  
So change your ways before you ways change you  
With a hole in your head that you can see through  
You're looking up and you're looking down  
Shot's are rippin' out from all around  
You're crying out for help but it can't be found  
The voice of regret is the only sound  
You play the game and you pay the price  
For hustlin' in the gutter with the motherfuckin' street lice  
You're runnin' and gunnin' and whatever else goes  
And you're goin' with your crew whichever way the wind blows  
'cause you got their back and they got yours  
And you live for yourself and you make your own laws  
But sooner or later what goes around comes around  
You wind up dead and buried in hard, cold ground