

Voodoo Glow Skulls, High Society

This used to be the place where you used to want to be.
Raise some kids and start a family.
Prominent figures in your community.
Have tried to create a High Society.

The grass doesn't grow here anymore!

The white picket fence is now made of bricks
The Place that we've known has now turned to shit

The grass doesn't grow here anymore!
I don't want to live in a High Society

Put bars on your windows to keep away the thieves
Stay inside and keep your sanity
Stand your ground and follow your beliefs
You can't turn the ghetto into a High Society