"Blood Money"

So criminals want to be big boys
Playing with blood money
There's places for them
Either jail or death
Dead means never coming back
What's not to understand
They think they're big players
With gold fillings in their mouths
& bullet on fingers
What is this Pea Coakish attraction?
Fatalities come in all shapes & sizes
They don't even have to roll dice
The choices are limited—jail or death.

OVER