

Familiar with his kind
He'll beat someone down for fun
He's got an ax to grind
And he'll target anyone
Brass knuckles in his pocket
Steel-toed shoes
Life of the party
When you factor in booze
Familiar with his kind
He'll target anyone

Violence, when will they learn
Times running out and the tables will turn
The days have been numbered and your number's comin' up

He's got a group of friends
And they're all like minded guys
The fun never ends
And the party never dies
Somebody crossed his path at the worst time to do it
Toes to the temple and he didn't live through it
He's got a group of friends and they'll target anyone

Violence, when will they learn
Times running out and the tables will turn
The days have been numbered and your number's comin' up

Senseless, when will they learn
Times running out and the tables will turn
The days have been numbered and your number's comin' up

The charge was homicide
Alone he took the fall
His friends all testified
They weren't there at all
He cried like a baby then
When his sentence was passed
For himself and not the victim
But this victim was his last

Still familiar with his kind
Too many of them left behind
Up to all that he once was
No other reason, just because
Too many incidents
None are isolated
each coincidence
Is closely related
Familiar with his kind
He'll target anyone