

Step up to the mirror, tell me what it is you see
Really must be hard being you
4 lies you tell, you'll go to hell & I can't even wish you well

Soon you'll play yourself and you'll be through
People like you want people like me
To forget about my integrity
Try to pull a scam the best you can
Don't like traitors, don't like punks
Don't like lyin' thieving chumps
Turned out you were just another stuntman!

Used to be a time when I considered you a friend
Faith in you you know I'd never lack
When I found out what you were all about
And in my mind there is no doubt
My good friend has stabbed me in the back!

Record companies mother fuckers!
Pullin' stunts like chicken pluckers
Tell me what the flavor is today
Hardcore, grindcore, guitar, pop
Won't play metal, you'll get dropped
Then we'll have to send you on your way!
But we'll be back!