

I've seen your type before.  
And I'll see it a thousand times more.  
It's people like you I'm glad to see go.  
So let me walk you through the goddamn door.  
You think you're the it but you ain't shit.  
You're nothing but a two bit hypocrite.  
You think your hot stuff.  
And you think you're tough.  
But wearing Doc Marten's just ain't enough.  
Just shut your trap I'm sick of your crap.  
Another word from you and I might just snap.  
You think you're hardcore but where were you before?  
Were you busy breakdancing on the floor?  
You laughed at me way back when.  
And now you want to be my friend.  
You laughed at me way back when.  
So I don't want to be your friend.