

3 chords, blood, sweat no rewards  
Another minute goes down the drain  
Nobody seems to care anymore  
Or really listen to what we're saying  
Judge books by looks and fall for a cheap imitation  
See us we must abide by our labeled limitations  
They missed the X'd fists, jump kicks in nike  
There ain't even a pig pile pic or hc  
I guess in reality the biggest joke's on me  
Hey you, at the back of the longest line  
Just what did you have in mind?