

You walked in to the room like it was some kinda movie  
These kind of matters aren't worth disputing  
And when the going gets rough, you get a bit sloppy  
But it never really mattered, cause you'll always land softly.

Call it what is it boy: systematic  
Call it what it is boy: it's man made  
Call it what it is boy: it's a racket  
Call it what it is

You don't have the right men beside you  
No womanly voice heard for miles around you  
You had these lessons passed down through generations  
They've all gone bad now, they're spoiled, they're tainted  
It's tainted!

Call it what is it boy: systematic  
Call it what it is boy: it's man made  
Call it what it is boy: it's a racket  
Call it what it is

You've got these peasants quivering at your feet  
Whispers they wish they could scream

Lover, we're surrounded, with nowhere to go

Call it what is it boy: systematic  
Call it what it is boy: it's man made  
Call it what it is boy: it's a racket  
Call it what it is