

Fake Is The New Trend

Blood On The Dance Floor

Hey! Hey!
Do you want fame?!
Yeah! Yeah!
Just be fake!

I try to tell everyone how real to be
Then I end up a misfit of society
Fake is the new trend; everyone's in style
With a mouth full of shit behind every smile

I'm the real deal, no price tag included
Yo bitch ass is made of glass, see right through ya
Got too many condoms so all you do is hate
'Cause you a B-A-S-I-C B-I-T-C-H

Hollow, numb; under your skin
Shallow, dumb; nothing's within
Where is your beauty without your skin?
Fake, fake, fake is the new trend

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Hey! Hey!
Do you want in?!
Fake! Fake!
Is the new trend!

Real sick, real tats, real blood on my face
Plastic ain't classic, ain't no silicone in my taste
I'll replace your heart with a voltage grenade
And watch your fucking brains fall out all over the place

I'm as real, made of steel with a matching fist
So listen up here's the deal, close your fucking lips
I never thought I'd see the day that Barbie wasn't fake
But it's true what they say, "Boys play with toys till them bitches break"

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I'd like to make a toast to my trill motherfuckers
Who do it like no other, who show their real colors

Not afraid of staying true, keep it you'er than you
Everybody else is sick so you gotta be you

FUCK THE FAKES!

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