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bourgeois fascist,
mighty warrior of the right
your scared of your shadow
your favorite shade is white
front high class like youre the shit
im done
ive had it.wave your hands up in the air!!!!!!
scream hallelujah, king shit is here!!!!
i keep on trying
i keep on thinking
i keep on dying
i keep on sinking
i keep on pushing
i keep on losing
i keep on miving
i keep on bruising
i keep on hating
i keep on waiting
i keep on thin ice
i keep on skating
i keep on sliping
i keep on anticipating
i keep it off the hook
i keep my temper cooked
is that a voice just in your head
now what exactly made you think youd fool us with your smile?ma
n,
we all know your a fink
point out the obvious for a living,
you dont even need to think
cut off your digits,
and make your hands bleed
dont push my buttons when your hands are clean
wont get them dirty,
but youll die.now get the fuck out
this is my right
and now its my turn to set the record stright.
you got a lot of pull?
you got a lot of weight?
phony m.c.s,
you got a lot of clout
phony m.c.s,
put your head out
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