

Good Morning America

Death By Stereo

One two three

You make it easy, they tell you
They feed you, they breed you
You need it, you want it
Can't live without it

Make it easy, they change it
They hide it, they flaunt it
Control it, they got it
You know you want it

Make it easy, they sell you
They buy you, they trade you
They take you, they fuck you
And then discard you

Make it easy, they train you
They fit you, they cane you
With false truths they rape you
And you let it happen

They dish you, you take it
They dish you, you take it
They dish you, you take it
They dish you, you take it
They dish you, you take it
They dish you, you're fucked