

The Party Is Over (keep On Running In Place)

Dr. Acula

Smile on your face on the way to the bank, to cash the check that's written in your fucking name. But the words weren't yours, no blood sweat and tears. You sat around and waited till you were man of the year. Hate, is the name of the game and you had no shame when you claim this for your own. Straight neglect and no respect you best protect your neck. I'm done with you. I'll follow through. You'll suffer like the rest and I know you. Pay for protection you motherfuckin clown. What will you do when the money runs out? You'll be sucking those ducks on the corner of 5th. With your cute little tear drop catching the jizz. Your face plastered in those magazines. Running around like a mother fucking drag queen. I'll wait, I'll wait. I got the whole New York state aiming at your face. Your locked on target laser scope on your make up covered forehead. Your locked on target. I got the whole New York state aiming at your face.