I don't believe in cuttin' corners Own it like a scar on the face Stand tall whether taking the gold or in last place Not really the one to give God praise But if you've got the gospel, then tell me how it tastes, halleluiah Bitin' on the bullet for strength I'm a long distance runner sucker, I'm in it for length It's not a matter of whether or not you can play But a scale of if you give a fuck enough to make a statement Lay it down, separate the men from the mice Another body under halogen lights missing it's life portrait What the hell would make you think that you could judge another perso For loving something so much it hurts their stomach, huh? Living by the blood in my neck With a bulls-eye tatted on the back of my head I never spoke it how they want it to be said So they left me for the winter and the wolves

Tear me into shreds, rip me into bits

Tear another page out, punch me in the ribs

I can smell the poison on your lips

Whatever it is, I be willin' to bet

They wanna get inside my head, tell me how it is

Sittin' in a tower with a rifle and a list

I can see the razor on your lips

Whatever it is, I be willing to bet

You shoulda held your breath

I don't believe in sitting down Take it like a knife in the back You burnt out into nothing after striking a match I never been the type to follow the pack So if it's true, you got the answers, then why the hell you so mad th en? Another Holy Ghost-laid script Clipped the wings off of my words and buried the shiv They wanna pick apart the passion in my ribs, I invite them Cause I don't run away from shit, lay it out Separate the guns and the flowers The minutes that go into all these hours And I bet if you were given a smidgen of just the tip of the iceberg I've had to struggle with You wouldn't act so sour, but maybe not Livin' off the fruit of my stress With a size 12 boot heel steppin' on my chest Didn't do it how they wanted it to end So they threw me to the winter and the wolves