

Junior mint
Draws the line
Shakes his stick
Overbites
And proves he's got a critical mind
Born again
Cashing in
Must be deaf
Going blind
But he's still got a critical mind
You attack like a cop
Lay down the law
But you're under the bed and you want to be on top
You're a blind watchdog and you're easily led
Thought we were the cheating type
But you're the one who believed the hype
And you're the one who fucks celebrities
You're nothing but a nickname
Does it get you behind closed doors
And let you break some rules
So you can get to the core
And break it down to a molecule