

I never said I was your goddamn superman  
Late at night, sittin' up in my room  
Sippin' on adrenaline and pacing over you  
Lately you hate what I say  
But you can't hate me to my face  
I'm for real, just call it like I see  
Obsessed and possessive  
You don't know true shit about me  
There's a temper in your tone  
That mouth left you on your own

Fake, fake it till you make  
Enough to buy some faith from who  
Is dumb enough to pray to you

Hero, hero  
Everybody just want a payroll  
If the price is right, they might be your  
Hero, hero

Pray to these fake relatable gods  
Pay them for attention till they get off

Fake, fake it till you make  
Enough to buy some faith from who  
Is dumb enough to pray to you

Hero, hero  
Everybody just want a payroll  
If the price is right, they might be your  
Hero, hero

Fake, fake it till you make  
Enough to make you feel like a  
Hero, hero  
Everybody just want a payroll  
If the price is right, they might be your  
Hero, hero