

Who Writes Your Rules

Lower Class Brats

They come in droves trying to look mean
Fake blue dreads & They're wearing baggy jeans
They think they're cool they think they're tough
But we know better they're just pups

[Chorus:]

Who writes your rules for rebellion
You'll buy anything that they're sellin'
Who writes your rules, who writes your rules
Who writes your rules for rebellion

Standing on the streets beggin' for my loot
I won't give you nothing except for my boot
Your scream "Fuck the System" but you're the systems tool
Look at yourself man your looking at a fool

You're trendy fucks your hippies with spikes
Your everything I hate & your nothing I like
You know everything and your only sixteen
You claim to be punks but you don't support the scene