

The Artist

Mordred

Self employed self made scam
Like a child who forgot how to learn
Just conserving time
In this homemade prison he'll burn

Tongue like a rusty razor tricky and sharp
With eyes that seem so pure
Walk like a dusty soldier proud and sure
With a medal of his buddy's heart

There's the pitch looks like a curve
He who dies with the most toys wins
Faceless, nameless they're all the same
He'll take your money with a toothy grin

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Worse than the animal
The artist needs
The artist greeds
He bites the hand that feeds
Worse than the animal
The artist needs
The artist greeds
BITE!

Floating in franklins like a pig in shit
He's got money to burn yours not mine
Material madness bashes him down
And sends the f**ker to the end of the line

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