

Radio Chorus

Nonpoint

This is what I am, who I be
What I do and what I see
Is a person who sold their soul
Well that's not me
Only thing I'm selling is what you see

This is going to be the type of conversation that
Person to person will personally effect you
Make impressions impossible to forget about
Get past, or get us closer to a break through
Mask any emotions, through motions of regretting you
Because of all the words I never got to spit out

The product of a man's man
With his hand's rock hard
And scared from the life that he loved
Don't give a shit about another man's plan
Or what you think
Cause in blink of an eye I'll be gone

Fuck a radio chorus
I wanna see blood for once without the judgements
Fuck a radio chorus
I wanna say what I want without you judging me

So you wanna be the type of mother fucker that
Person to person is personally an asshole
And leaves impressions impossible to forget about
With the tragedy and gravity of a black hole
And sucking out every opinion that I have of you
And with every second I say every word I ever wanted to spit-out

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