

Spitfall

Pain Of Salvation

INTRODUCING STAR

we saw you every day
with your hands on your crotch and so much to say
you went from bouncing toy cars with golden motors
to neon striped BMWs and a court of drugged up noddors and quoters
namefucking fame on all photos
all cheered on and applauded by even richer promoters
now when you're a star
when you've reached this far
and the world really knows who you are
(really?)
you show off your six black Mercedeses and drink Cristal like they all do
and the poor outside your gates appall you
and the only hood you see is the one on your car
do you even have a clue as to who you are?
bro I don't think so
I mean Mercedes
man what a stiff old dull fart's republican shit car
sick of hearing you preach to the poor like before
only now you're a coward
only letting TV through your door
getting older
take a bow and just go
the rage on the stage getting colder like your hits on the chart
but then the talk shows can still get you hard
doin' rhymes on your prime time fistfights and spittin' grime in the limelig
ht like a star gets a chip off your shoulder
a boulder that rolls and rolls over and over and over
there's nothing like a broken childhood
there's nothing like a broken home
there's nothing like a tale from your hood
there's nothing like a record of restriction orders
outspoken borderline disorders
a violent long way to the top
the longer that you fought yourself up
the longer the spitfall

THUS QUOTE THE CRAVING

you're so fucking lost that with all of the costs
you still don't see that in reality
the one thing you fail to buy yourself is a personality
you're trapped in a mould of the rap
you sell but you're sold
I mean
can't believe that you're paying all that gold
to some home decorator that hands you buckets of conformity
seems you're losing your way together with your policy man
ending up with a new definition of poverty
it's a joke
like those you make in every video
to reach the kids with the dough
with every copied "aha yo" and worn out "bro"
guess what we need is yet another clown
who can feed our breed
with another look and hooker hook
now when "bitch" is mundane you take the lead with "wassup ho"
and let TV blur your mouth once more

just what we need in every store
thus quote the craving: "forever more!"
you're so right
a shiny knight on a white steed
truly a hero
yeah right
fuck you
fuck you right down to the core
you know what?
you're just another Parental Advisory bore
there's nothing like a broken childhood
there's nothing like a broken home
there's nothing like a tale from your hood
there's nothing like a record of restriction orders
outspoken borderline disorders
a violent long way to the top
the longer that you fought yourself up
the longer the spitfall...
when you're rappin' your shit y'all

REDEFINING VOMATORIUM

yo
I guess when you're that loaded
you'd better empty the barrel
every chance you get
is that so?
empty your word and pose magazine
in magazine after magazine
let every shot go let the shit flow
'cause the show must go on and on and on
you're it bro
but it's sad to know
when your star implodes
all that shit hits the fans
just like your words back when you shone
but it's getting late in the game
trapped in repeating your name
again and again
like you're scared we'll forget it
can't blame you
apart from that name you're all embarrassingly the same
it's so lame - can't you get it?
and perhaps you are right in that fear
more sane than you appear
in your self deploring cock obsessive
koks delirium
but I say
to me you just redefine
the old romans' vomatorium
there's nothing like a broken childhood
there's nothing like a broken home
there's nothing like a tale from your hood
there's nothing like a record of restriction orders
outspoken borderline disorders
a violent long way to the top
the longer that you
claim that you have fought yourself up
the longer the spitfall...

MAN OF THE MASSES

you're a man of the masses
took all of the classes
their asses are yours

all those bores who are paying the bills
for your palace uphill
and your pills that will help you proceed
in your greed
you are free of the chains that you need on your fans
to adore you
to kneel down before you
more precious to you than your brains and your hands
they live for you
if you could just see this old tree
this patriarchic hierarchy
up where you want to be
you need miles of roots to lick your boots
don't you see?
you're a man of the masses
you need all those asses
their fate to relate to the one that you were
do you know who you were?
who you are?
not the one in your words that they buy
they concur you conquer
though a natural flunker
and you need them to stay not to fly
to obey like the dogs that they are
the cogs under the hood of your Mercedes car
they will pay for your trip to the stiff upper lip
you're a man of the masses
your trip is a journey through classes
you are high
they are low
and you need it to be so
see, without them you'd be nothing more than before
and you know that's not much
it is just or unjust such:
just a sad little man with his hand on his crotch
there's nothing like a broken childhood
there's nothing like a broken home
there's nothing like a tale from your hood
there's nothing like a record of restriction orders
outspoken borderline disorders
a violent long way to the top
the longer that you fought yourself up
the longer the spitfall...
the longer the spit falls...
when you're rappin' your shit y'all

YO

you're just another Parental Advisory sticker surfing beach boy
yo