

You move around in circles
but I never saw you in the circle pit.
Stand back admit that you will never commit
to the scene that you and your friends ripped into shit.
Counterfeit.
I rather slit my wrist than be such a hypocrite.

And we still don't give a fuck
about what game you're playing.
We were busy breaking our ribs in the pit yesterday.

And we stand behind one crew,
we go around the world to have some fun.
And you have no clue, while getting your hair and nails done.
Young, just became twenty-one.
Still writing lyrics like a sailor
that have lived hundreds of hard years under the sun.

This is close to the end,
and we must say that time is running out
for you and your friends.
No you can't attend,
we can't pretend that you can represent, so here we go again.

You try to stab us in the back, small cuts,
like the now dead crews cruising around 96
and never had the guts
to come up front for a closer view,
afraid to get a little bruised.