

## Defeated

## Rehab

Today, we'd like to welcome you  
To the funeral of wack motherfuckers worldwide  
Your days are numbered  
And everybody wants to be there  
But no one wants to stay around  
'cause everybody feels defeated  
Every time we come around  
We're the shit  
And everybody wants to be there  
But no one wants to stay around  
So get down  
'cause everybody feels defeated  
Every time we come around  
Bitch  
I'm like an iced fifty, vanilla dirty bomb  
Iller than thirty cons  
Your life is outdated like word is born  
Can we get some more Korn please?  
Goddamn it you dorky rappers are like a motherfuckin' disease  
They'll never play me on Urban, so fuck it  
Put guitars on my beats, call me a rock band and market me Suburban  
Either way my skills is ending up somewhere  
Maybe later on you'll notice, this kid is rhymin' over there  
I don't care I bang heads till my knees bust  
And look upon most of the human race in disgust  
Cheese balls and mini-malls  
If I had a gun I'd shoot you in the balls  
And watch you bleed all over your Birkenstocks  
You fuckin' cock  
You have a dildo stickin' in all six holes  
Get on all fours and hold your nose  
And while your at it take your fat ho's and those gay clothes  
And jump out of a fuckin' window  
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Bitch  
Rehab and they're snappin'  
What the hell happened?  
They flappin' they gums on some dumb drums  
Punks, son of a bums come undone  
Chumps run for cover from the upper  
Rechelant, feed your upper crust, slut come for supper  
Step beyond fresh  
Make a sucker wish his daddy wore a condom  
Don't admit like O.J. did when he hit that bitch in the kitchen  
Got MCs tellin' 5-0, yo I just slipped again  
If my dick was where my mouth is and my nuts on my chin  
You'd be french-kissin' me now and your knees wouldn't get scared  
Fuckin' bitch put on a berka, walk five steps behind me

I mean now!  
I'll spill your teeth like Chiclets if you try me  
These motherfuckin' punk boys fuckin' it up for real  
Motherfuckers the some company got me up in the butt  
Stayin' fucked up like herringbones with a kink  
And my eyes are so red blood drips when I blink  
Am I fuckin' happy? what the fuck you think?  
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Ain't nobody checkin' for the way that we be bringin' it raw  
I read needin' the stores that been a rippin'  
Your jaw out of the socket  
Got a gun? you better get it out of your pocket and cock it  
Before you hittin' the floor  
Seein' stars, and rock it, yo Brooks get the door  
Close it up and lock it, yo shoot 'em if they knock  
And I don't care if you're a millionaire, billionaire  
Off from here, keep your money, throw your skill in the air  
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