

Broken Record

Sweatshop Union

Chorus:

I've been singing this song for too long
Just wishin' we we all would move on
Sick and tired of doing what you want
You've gone and turned this all into shhh
It seems a little watered down
Everybody wanna be a rap artist now
Tryin' to get the platinum, regardless how
Hard you played yourself to get fame

Ain't it a damn shame, music today?
Fad's the same, still you ain't got shit to say
Expect the kids to pay this expensive fee
When they can get an MP3 from a friends CD
Especially when there's less then three tracks ya like
If it was worth spendin' money then we actually might
So much crap on the mic, labels ain't actin' right
Making cash from the hype like The Passion of the Christ

Just imagine the lights, camera, action, the life
The cars, the cash, the stars flashin' their ice
Cock tease R\$B pop queens gassin' you up
Fashion thugs passin' you drugs in the back of the club
You want a part of it, but is that all an artist is?
A blank mind with a spine made of cartilage?
Hard as it may seem, it pays to stay dreamin'
Away form the mainstream, just prayin' you'll break even

Chorus

Pop Music (scratches) (4x)

Well, ain't I just a star? / Seated on this bus
You might recognize me, but keep it on the hush
You might wanna ask me what I'm doing takin' transit
Or working at this place, / makin' your bacon sandwiches
Kids be acting kinda funny 'cause they see me
In a couple little shitty rap videos on TV
Yeah I got a name, with maybe \$2 to it
Just try and cop a chain making blue collar music

Truth is ain't much has changes / Still seems that Kraft Dinner sucks
the same
Tryin' to come up in the game/ With a buck and change
So touch luck for the other guy and / what's his name
Aim high and shoot far below my goals / What I expect I'm owed or eve
r get from shows
The math never adds up I ain't collecting dough / So on and on like a
Broken Record it goes...

Chorus (2x)

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