

3 chords, blood, sweat no rewards
Another minute goes down the drain
Nobody seems to care anymore
Or really listen to what we're saying
Judge books by looks and fall for a cheap imitation
See us we must abide by our labeled limitations
They missed the X'd fists, jump kicks in nike
There ain't even a pig pile pic or hc
I guess in reality the biggest joke's on me
Hey you, at the back of the longest line
Just what did you have in mind?