

# Fake Plastic Smile

## Upon a Burning Body

We bow down to no one

You walk around with your head in the clouds  
Thinking this life is your life like you should be proud  
We live every day getting beaten down but stand tall  
Push it back, push it back, we're about to attack  
Flaunting this and that better watch your back  
Because I'm calling you out for everything that you lack

Rich boy, bitch boy thinking you're the shit boy  
Motherfucker you don't deserve that new whip  
You didn't pay for it  
Them fly clothes  
You didn't buy that shit  
Rollie on your wrist  
You little spoiled ass bitch  
You think you're rich boy? You're just a bitch boy!

You walk around with your head in the clouds  
Thinking this life is your life like you should be proud  
You can't keep playing pretend  
You had a good run on that high horse  
It's time you comprehend  
I'm calling you out and I hope it stings  
Trust me I'm not trying to teach you anything

I see through your fake plastic smile  
All the money in the world can't make you happy  
All the money in the world couldn't make me like you  
You think you can live like this for the rest of your life?  
Where will you turn when your daddy's money runs out?  
You never worked a fucking day in your life  
I don't even expect you to know how to fight  
Rich boy, bitch boy, you don't know shit boy  
Motherfucker you don't deserve that new whip

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Them fly clothes  
You didn't buy that shit  
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You little spoiled ass bitch  
You think you're rich boy?  
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Born with a silver spoon in your mouth  
'Bout time someone put you in your place bitch