Commodities

Atmosphere

Everybody, everybody want to be somebody
Go gotta be, there's no probably
You can talk to me after the party
It's just monotony, human commodities

Don't you just, don't you just love that profile page?
Where we use our voice and take the stage
Just to get repped for future endeavors
When you only special as physical measurements
Pardon me if what I speak seems amiss
Like anyone, we looking for a reason to exist
Validate the little ego cause we seeking it
But we only get attention from the neediest
Sex symbolic, took it literal
But the visual change with the wind that blows
And it shows cause we don't tiptoe
We got the tendencies to disclose too much info
Everybody, everybody want to be famous yeah
So we ask Santa Claus for fake tits huh
Let's take steps to embrace the objectification
and fix your face next

Yeah you're attractive, anyone's attractive
What? That's not magic, in fact when I last checked
you got casted as an extra, fantastic
But why don't you tone it down to bout half as dramatic
Can't dance past without a glance at the glass
Still won't admit that you practised that accent
Your personalities are canvas
You wanna impress me? Go fix a decent sandwich
Come on chuckles, grab a cluster of struggles
Muster up the guts to tattoo 'em on your knuckles
Broken models causing troubles
Frozen nostrils, solve that puzzle
How many photo albums full of self-indulgence?
Cellphones, so portraits can be helmed
on your favorite internet social network rebellion
Got me wondering what the fuck you selling

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