

Outro

CASisDEAD

The worst choice you can make is no choice at all
Learned that in school
Chose the 8 ball
Started selling stuff same colour as your stool
Man I thought making profit was the only rule
Started out small
Gassed, I would act a fool
Even though the olders told me to play it cool
Thought I was the man rolling round with a tool
Didn't understand I was being used like a tool
Young and impressionable, unprofessional
Bound to fall, trying to run before I could crawl
Made a mess of it all
Their loyalty was questionable
But because they were successful
I didn't ask many questions
And through my mistakes, I've learnt many lessons
These are my confessions
On account of my progression
They're true stories
I'm no thespian
Licking out boxes in succession
Like a lesbian
I get them on the horse, like an Equestrian
Serving up food for digestion
And now food for thought
Getting under your skin like a wart
The album is coming
Let's keep things short