So here's to the world that we forgot about. Your insecurities must control

your fucking mouth. But you're a star in your own mind and blind to the fact,

blind to the fact that you are. Washed up, you're fucking washed up, washed up.

How many years has it been? And who knows about it? So, give up the fucking

dream. So, give up the fucking dream. So, give up the fucking dream. So, you

can blame everybody else but at the end of the day its still your own damn

shame. You fucking rat, get back to the pack. Sick hair, sweet tats, you sucker

bitch-made hack. Watch your mouth or you'll be watching your back. You somewhat

pretentiously stab in the back. You prey on the people who own what you lack,

for no lack of attempting you fail to attack. Karma's a bitch, one that you can

have back. One that you can have back. One that you can have back and it all comes back around.