

I never said I was your goddamn superman
Late at night, sittin' up in my room
Sippin' on adrenaline and pacing over you
Lately you hate what I say
But you can't hate me to my face
I'm for real, just call it like I see
Obsessed and possessive
You don't know true shit about me
There's a temper in your tone
That mouth left you on your own

Fake, fake it till you make
Enough to buy some faith from who
Is dumb enough to pray to you

Hero, hero
Everybody just want a payroll
If the price is right, they might be your
Hero, hero

Pray to these fake relatable gods
Pay them for attention till they get off

Fake, fake it till you make
Enough to buy some faith from who
Is dumb enough to pray to you

Hero, hero
Everybody just want a payroll
If the price is right, they might be your
Hero, hero

Fake, fake it till you make
Enough to make you feel like a
Hero, hero
Everybody just want a payroll
If the price is right, they might be your
Hero, hero