

Bite The Curb

Jarrod Alonge

Agh!

Get out of my face
I don't think you know your place
Filling the streets with your shit
Down in the gutter, afraid to commit
To the truth, I give my life
I keep the faith even through the strife
Boston Hardcore, born and raised
I will never stand by a fake
You're in my way, I'll knock you down
My enemies are all around
You talking smack, you watch your back
I chew you up, I spit you out

I have friends that are stronger than you'll ever be
You're nothing, but a sell out punk who never stood for anything
I never want to live like you, you make me sick
I'd rather be let up than be a let up, blegh!

Life wasn't easy growing up in the suburbs
People called me stupid names, that really hurts
I don't care if I went to private school
I'll smash your face in, don't be so cruel

I will stand here right by my friends
I stand for purity, honesty, respect
Love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness
Gentleness, and self-control, blegh!
I go to church every damn day
Get off my back or there's hell to pay
I will not hesitate to call the cops
My dad's a lawyer, you better stop!