

Same city Whitey hail from  
Same town that the strangler stole the air from  
I was raised Irish catholic  
Never talk about your feelings  
Tell them you're fantastic  
Around here you're either savage or you're plastic  
Drive a Benz or a broken Ford Maverick  
They all been living a lie  
Because they worship the wealth  
More than they do their false God  
I don't talk too much  
I been living in the basement  
Tryna make a statement  
I been writing all night  
Young Edgar Allen with the blinds closed tight  
So when I say I fucking hate myself  
And when I say I lost my sanity  
Just know that's not my full capacity  
Could never hate myself as much as I hate humanity

Not a material man  
I got a mic, two guitars and a dream in my hands  
I see you flexing them bands like you got something to prove  
Well I got nothing to lose  
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What a cluster fuck I'm fucking up  
They telling me to lighten up  
Hit them in the brain with the same damn thing  
Playing in the rain, man I'm fucked up mane  
Grew up too fast, tryna make it last  
But it ain't coming back  
Still an outcast, still an asshole  
Tryna get past no payroll  
See I wouldn't give a fuck if I had a surplus  
Intuition in my gut so I keep my mouth shut  
I don't say shit unless it's about the fucking music  
Homosapien equipped with the with so I use it  
Feel your flesh breaking open  
And your knuckles start turning white  
You been holding on for too long  
Sleep all day, wide awake at night

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