

Turn Up The Stereotype

RedHook

Where do you get off?
Your toxic personality is textbook
You best look into the mirror, get nearer, see clearer
But you need to decide
Who you wanna be...
Are you gonna be -

Somebody who don't feel like somebody
Unless they're makin'
Somebody feel like nobody?
... Face facts

You wanna play it like that?
You wanna play it like that?

Your system is malfunctioning, malfunctioning
But fake it til ya make it
Til you make or break it
What's that you said?
You're mumbling, you're mumbling
Turn up the stereo, stereo, stereotype

How do you get by?
Inciting lies, delighting in my demise?
Exciting, ain't it?
You paint it with unfounded and fake facts
You can't justify that
Deny that
You might come back just to find that

You're somebody who don't feel like somebody
Unless they're makin'
Somebody feel like nobody
You're feeding on the hurt like a fucking virus

Not gonna play it like that
Not gonna play it like that

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Turn up the stereo, stereo, stereotype

When hate is a sickness infecting the machine
The whispers, the whispers, the whispers turn to screams
When hate is a sickness infecting the machine
The whispers, the whispers, the whispers turn to screams

So take your hateful, cliche melodrama that way
No one cares for replicas
Hey I'll admit it -
I might be a fuck-up but at least my fuck-ups are original
Did ya know?
Karma is a bitch, you know

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