

West

Russ

No one sees the crazy people I see
Girls Gone Wild isn't just on TV now
Just look down
Men are gambling away their rent checks
Fighting for their right to be degenerates, wow
The West is wild

We always on the phone but our life's on hold
Endless scroll till the lights go low, yeah, yeah
Pixels burying our sense of self
Joking till the end, we need help
Virtual vices and hollow pursuits
Thought police patrol, say there's only one truth allowed here
Wisdom thrown away, experience wasted
Echo chambers ring, we love hatred
Generation numbed by the noise
Devoid of any real life joys, yeah, yeah
Bubble of comfort, keeping up comes first
Tryna just escape and avoid
Loyal to a logo, but not your own bro though
It's hard to have faith in us
Twisted ideals, what's fake is called real, oh

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Cultures at war, it's a fractured land
AR-15's in a psychopath's hands, yeah, yeah
Pleasure seekers tryna run from the pain
Pussy, Percocet, and parlays
A dominant narrative, a cultural might
Distort the history of anyone who's not white, yeah, yeah
Protect they own, they're demonized by the West
Fight for freedom, we call them a threat
Doing anything to get paid
Moral compasses thrown away, yeah, yeah
Nation in denial, truth is on trial
The lies walk free, oh no
Podcast voodoo, relationship gurus
Sensationalism pays the bills
Quick to condemn, slow to understand, oh no

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