

# Fake Champagne

Seth Sentry

Ah man, yo it's like  
Fake friends, fake handshakes  
Fake laughs, fake hugs, and fake champagne  
Man, gimme something real I can tell the difference  
Gimme something real I can tell the diff-

We're just on opposite wavelength, it's you that's gotten all jaded  
Still knock around with my same friends, ain't nothing ever gon' change things  
I shouldn't have to explain shit before I finally makes sense  
I'm off weed, I should change meds 'cause I'm off beat 'cause like Raed  
I got two brains in the same head... bo-bo-both brain dead  
My love life is a train wreck, still pay for the date with a rain cheque  
Tryna study hard for this aids test, in grade ten I got straight F's  
Fuck latex, I just lock all my family jewels in a vault: Safe sex  
Argh, I'm so high: Roger Wilco  
Stuck up in this maze, I got stilts though  
Crushing corny rappers like a millstone  
It's a kill zone, man I almost kinda feel for 'em  
My good friends I keep 'em real close  
But so far I hear you still moan  
We've grown apart since we dealt dope  
But we just never trusted you and still don't

You got that fake champagne I never sipped on  
Don't want that drank, no thanks, stop sending it my way  
That fake champagne, stop spilling all your  
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Stop spilling all that fake champagne I never sipped on  
Because I hate that taste, stop sending it my way  
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The monster I became is off the iron chain  
I dropped your fighter planes and stomped a tiny conga line of tanks  
Heard your gossip by the way like I got lost inside a game  
It was tough to find a save now shut up while I clock the final stage  
As a kid I would often hide away with a pen tryna to occupy the day  
Watch friends get jobs that finally pay, I was like "Can you spot a fiver mate?"  
Felt so self-conscious tryna explain how this dumb hobby of mine is maybe  
Gonna become a job of mine one day 'cause hip-hop wasn't quite the same  
Back then everyone'd try take the fruits of my labour they would squash it like a grape  
While I threw up on the side of stage or forgot which song that I was playing  
But man this monster I became has still got that homicidal rage  
Still want to stomp a rivals face and leave nothing but an ultra violet stain (Splat)  
Get it, good get it, get it, get it, good  
I hit the books it's what I thought I never could  
Feels like I'm living my 19 year old pipe dream, this is my scene  
Doing my thing with my fire team and they watch my play like a live stream  
Oh, he has changed, so this is what I'd heard about  
Yeah, I have changed, no shit I'm thirty now  
So fuck your word of mouth, just mouth the words  
Got champagne for my real friends and real fake pain sham for my real

Ah fuck it

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