

AWOL

Spite

I am not your friend (it's just me)
Not here for the hangs or the good times
There is so much work to be done
And my concern lies with none of you
It's just me (just me)
Just me (just me)
And that's how it's supposed to be
You're old news (old news)
Old tunes (old tunes)
Not going to follow your made up shit rules (so go lose)
Where the hell is all the ethic?
This has never been a joke to me
Respect until disrespected
Put my enemies in the ground
Ridding all reputations
Live and die by the anvil scream
Hard work speaks plenty itself
Once the mic's in my hands, you are all fucking doomed
You're all doomed
They say it's not about competition
So why is there a knife at my throat?
Your failure is a decision
Someone's gotta stay on top and that fucker is me (just me)
Just me (just me)
Because that's how it's supposed to be
You're old news (old news)
Old tunes (old tunes)
I'll make my own damn rules
So to hell with you (with you)
Fuck you (fuck you)
You can dish but can't take poor you
Someone's gotta stay on top of this shit show
And I will make sure that motherfucker is me
Kill 'em all, kill 'em all
This is an execution, put them in the fucking ground
This is an execution, you people are disposable
I've said it before, this is survival of the fittest
Long live the SPITE fucking cult, motherfucker
I apologize for mastering my craft
My mistake for putting all your jobs at stake
Must be hard always being someone's bitch
Remember your false entitlement when you open my stage
I have no fucking boss; no one runs my show
Myself over you lame ass motherfuckers
Stick your fat nose up at me, and I'll shove it up your fucking skull
Know your fucking place!