

Clockworked

Stray from the Path

So don't think, don't fucking question
So don't think, don't fucking question

Whoa

Don't think?

Don't think? Don't fucking question it?

No

Not even a little bit?

You can go and fuck yourself, I ain't doin' that shit

Whoa

Don't think?

Don't think? Don't fucking question it?

No

Not even a little bit?

You can go and fuck yourself 'cause I ain't doin' that shit

So don't think, don't fucking question

So don't think, don't fucking question

Throw your dreams down the drain

Everyone accepts it, everything's the same

Conditioned, the mission is "stay in your lane"

Decisions are given, you can't remain

Outside the lines, identity's a crime

Give the hive what it needs but I do not believe

Exit doors hold empty promises

And all I want is to exist

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Wined and dined to walk the line

A nationwide brain-rot happening in real time

So smooth inside that head, you can't resist

Yeah, you got someone washin' it

Open those eyelids

Your ass got clockworked

Awkward, isn't it? Damn you've been giving it all

No masters, take the balls off these bastards
They don't run this

Écoute, bâtard
You don't wanna see me at your dwelling
Bitch, I gift you the end of days
Burnt on the bullshit you been selling
Break that brick through the window frame
Gimme that gasolina
I got matches that match your name
My protest is never peaceful
Death to my enemies
Death to evil

My protest is never peaceful
Death to my enemies
Death to evil

Woah
Don't think?
Don't think? Don't fucking question it?
No
Not even a little bit?
You can go and fuck yourself 'cause I ain't doin' that shit
Woah
Don't think?
Don't think? Don't fucking question it?
No
Not even a little bit?
You can go and fuck yourself 'cause I ain't doin' that shit

Woah
Open those eyelids, your ass got clockworked
No
Open those eyelids, your ass got clockworked
Woah
Open those eyelids, your ass got clockworked
No
You can go and fuck yourself 'cause I ain't doin' that shit