

Metal Is Dead

Stuck Mojo

You took a hostage with a loaded gun
And this has gone on for too long son
You're not an artist you're just a clown
You're the circus when you're in town
You've caused a state of confusion
Dumbed down the public and created an illusion
A magician you sawed your girl in half
You might have fooled the crowd
But all I can do is ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Now I can go on for days and days
I see right through like you were an x-ray
Cracked up
Smacked up
You better back up I'm about to act up
I'm jacked up

You've got the gun
And you're killing everything I love
You don't respect it
And what you are yeah I reject it
You're just a fashion show
And you shit on everything I know
And now I'm seeing red
Cause you pulled the trigger
And metal is dead

Don't need that four leaf clover
Your fifteen minutes, Yeah it's over
But there'll be more just like you
Always following, thieving and borrowing
Dying to find the formula
Man you ain't Freddy Krueger

You're just Count Chocula
Silly rabbit this ain't no trick
Cause I walk the walk
And your minute-made riffs
They ride the dick
Metal is dead!
Where in the hell are my microphone fiends
Those real MC's who spit a hot sixteen
Cause everything I'm hearing now sounds the same
Can we please get variety back up in the game
Everybody can't be Tip or Jeezy
Little John or Ludacris or Young Weezy
Thugs selling drugs like it's so easy
Sounding weak wack corny and cheesy

[Spoken:]

They rose lifeless in the shadows of greatness
With vacant eyes they gorge blindly on their own flesh
Making a mockery of the millions they would dare to lead
Where once was passion Now only vanity and avarice dwell
A puppet show whose masters devour their young with delight
And even as they are ground in the mouths of their makers, they sing
Songs that are as empty as their words

As meaningless as their promises
And as dead as their souls