

Substance

Sylar

A nation will fall in the trap of your thoughts
But your message means shit
If you cant back your cause

Substance, Substance
The way you hold yourself
Truly shows the truth
Behind your intentions
Substance, Substance
It's what you truly lack
It's what you really need
So Good luck faking that

And when you fail to exist
The walls will start caving in
It won't take long to see
That you're one of the weak
When you're stuck in the hot seat

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For what it's worth
I'm sure you get the point by now
I'm standing closer to the edge
Gotta let some shit off of my chest
You slick little punk bitches
Thinking that you're top shit
Spittin' like you're hot shit
Handed too what some dream to do
You've got it made for you
Too caught up to be true

Constantly biting my tongue
For the things that I love
But not this time
I'm fed up
I'm done
But not this time
I'm fed up
I'm done

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There's a few things I am
And a few things I'm not
But id be fucking damned
If I let your shit rock