

Code Poets

"Control Myself"

Visit "[Control Myself](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Off Topic]

Very slick mass-produced conversion thinkers
Turn young fresh faces to binge drinkers
While brick buildings linger
Listen close and I could be your favorite pop singer
Change the whole landscape
Create hip-hop dead ringers
Wanna shoot lots of people but I can't
Got a gun in both hands
Well, maybe I can
If I duck the black and white, blue, red light sedan
And watch bodies sink into the Jersey marshlands
Wanna punch, wanna fight, but I won't
I can barely pay car insurance in the Garden State
Or my cell phone
A rap sheet with a pink slip is an outfit that I don't
wanna rock
To the unemployment office or the pawn shop
I tried that
Squirrel guns and bears traps
Such is life for blue-collar white lower-middle-class
In a pop culture that sees more dollars than mom's
culture
How can I walk taller like that movie says I oughta?
Paint billboards with blood on middle finger from slit
wrist
With nine-digit back-up
So code-crack this
Walked eight green miles to The Emerald City
'Cause a yellow brick gold road won't tempt me
I'm not trendy

[Phase Fate]

I don't believe in karma and I don't believe in hell
And I'm finding it harder and harder to control myself
I don't believe in karma and I don't believe in hell
And I'm finding it harder and harder to control myself
I don't believe in karma and I don't believe in hell
And I'm finding it harder and harder to control myself
I don't believe in karma and I don't believe in hell
And I'm having a hard time

[Off Topic]

Look at the ballerina jumping hoops through her halo
They say she's a real nice girl, but what do they know?
See the ballerina jumping hoops through her halo
She's tired but she keeps on going 'cause they say so
Dance with the devil in pale moonlight sentences
Never die, regenerate fresh appendages
Who am I?
That's Off Topic
Yeah, remember it
One child left behind
Rewind the messages

[Off Topic]

This is a real mindfucker for the grown men
Who rap about nothing hoping the kids will be like them
This is a real mindfucker for the soccer moms
Who think they know best because their kids were
taught to sing along
This is a real mindfucker for the college kids
Who memorized a bunch of quotes and passed it off
as knowledge
This is a real mindfucker for the old heads
Who talk in absolutes because they know they're gonna
be dead
This is a real mindfucker for the civilized pacifist
Who never lets his anger manifest
This is a real mindfucker for the rebel youth
Whose hearing is fine-tuned to listen for vocal booths
This is a real mindfucker for the bible belt
Don't be surprised when they use that shit to hang
themselves
This is a real mindfucker for the DJ
Who puts my record on and has to let the whole thing
play

Visit [Code Poets](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.