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Atticus Fault "Deuce-Deuce"

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Every day we are force fed with compiling stress But not a single worry will ever cross me Choices mean vices we all have our thing The party's in session so crown me the king Do you like to lose control? Sex, drugs, and death metal Fill out the form and sign below What the fuck is up? When everybody fucking talks shit Everybody fucking talks shit Yeah were gonna break it down like nobody ever has before Cuz were young and fucked up, poppin da blunts up, high in the dirty south Until the breath is taken from my lungs I'll be spittin a fat-track attack like a rapper on crack Lies gargle through my veins Minds start to go insane Where do we put the blame? Emotion is just a fucking game Pieces are shattered None of this mattered Disregard the fine print Oh it's apparent, haven't you figured us out by now? Where my bitches? haven't you figured us out by now?

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