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?