

## Attila "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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