

Clit 45 "Just Who The...?"

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I see though you all like a chainlink fence
We you do, who we are lets not forget
Pointing fingers, you reap what you sow
You couldn't hold a candle to our shadow
Making jokes out of the way we live
Merry-go-round music (hop on kids)
I got a hair trigger head and a heart full of hate
Let's clean the slate

Cause we live and we die for this shit
And through it all we've made it this far
They think they know us...just who the fuck do you think
we are?

Gimme a chainsaw so I can cut this shit
You're making a grave outta the pit
Couple of dead presidents you reinvent
Well, I don't need this mic to pay my rent
They wouldn't touch us cause were always in or on the
shit
Well what the fuck? WERE THE CLIT!
Transparent little boy bands trying to throw a fit
(you poor little puppets)

Cause we live and we die for this shit
And through it all we've made it this far
They think they know us...just who the fuck do you think
we are?
We live and die for this music
And through it all we've made it this far
They think they know us...just who the fuck do you think
we are?

Their vacant words don't mean a thing
Listen up!
Cause it's a symphony of hypocrisy
We've had enough!

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