

## Black Lab

### "Phoney Smiles - Fake Hellos"

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You, yeah you, yeah you.  
You got a cardboard cutout soul.  
Just a powertripping, mindtraping, backstabbing,  
junkie,  
Thinking your hype is true.  
You, yeah you, yeah you.  
Respect ain't a word you know.  
You're just a fabricated lie, that doesn't exist.  
Dropping names where ever you go.  
Life's Phoney Smiles And Fake Hellos.  
The Hardcore rush, of watching heads role.  
As I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare,  
Fuck yourself for all I fucking care.  
You, yeah you, yeah you.  
Thinking you know it all  
35 years old with a wife and two kids,  
Still living in your mothers home  
You, yeah you, yeah you.  
You're a sellout and a social whore  
You'd sell your mothers soul just to get ahead.  
A disease down to the core.  
Life's Phoney Smiles And Fake Hellos.  
The Hardcore rush, of watching heads role.  
As I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare,  
Go fuck yourself for all I fucking care.  
(solo)  
You, yeah you, yeah you.  
I haven't figured what it is you do.  
Just a no talent nothing with a ten ton ego,  
Untill your 15 minutes are through.  
You, yeah you, yeah you.  
A conscience deaf and blind.  
Well I'm driving, the hearse without remorse,  
Killing you and your kind.  
Life's Phoney Smiles And Fake Hellos.  
The Hardcore rush, of watching heads role.  
I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare,  
Fuck yourself for all I fucking care

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