

Gym Class Heroes "Biter's Block"

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This is not novelty
This is nothing delicate
This is the result of your Google search
For something relevant

Stake claim immediately
'Cause hot products cool down
At which point they'll flock to new sounds

Take fame intravenously
But when nature turns to habit
I'll be sure to leave the scene you started stagnant

This is nothing fraudulent
This is that sure shot itchy finger lingering
Behind your target audience

You got em all convinced
But we ain't buying it buddy
Demand for lies is high
And you're supplying it

Truth is brutal and it consumes you if you let it
Type that in your little away message and send it

Keep singing songs for me
That I can write in my sleep, it's like I'm counting sheep
Keep singing songs
Man you warning me, what you all are not to be

Keep singing songs for me
Just following the leader with your blah blah blah
Keep singing songs
That I can write in my sleep, it's like I'm counting sheep

And this is not a fashion statement
It's elegant intuition
Far beyond your bed wetter kindergarten compositions

This is a part of me
How can you sleep at night
When what you don't bite you write half-heartedly?

Go join the army
And be the best you can be
Give new meaning to blowing up overseas

Please, we kick them doors down
When nobody would let us in
And give you that proverbial taste of your own
medicine

We took your formula
And relabeled it
And sat patiently and giggled it when you drank it, see

It's new poison street cred when
Just about the same refresh the pan dance
Pop bottles and drop names

And you'll dismiss it cause it isn't what you're used to

But who the f*** died and made you King Koopa?

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Wow, congratulations on your new purchase
I heard you bought a crib on biters block
Downtown plagiarism's paradise

You're not a movement
You're purely amusement
The poster boy for Xerox and a role model for
parasites

You serve no purpose
You're purely decorative
And bore us to death with your auditory sedatives

Oh, they don't see
No, we don't sleep
And hog tie your runaway bride with cold feet

We built this city on lock and load logic
And burned it down the same night

So go ahead and put your tears on ice baby
I think we got a winner
And kiss your crucifix, your boy's a certified sinner

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