

28 Days "Kill The Fake"

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a puppet on a string
what do you bring, nothin
everybodies looking for a quick buck
and buffin the dick of the powers that be
not 28d, complacency is not my style
as you can see, fuck it that's not me
manufactured band that sucks cock
it's like every time i turn on the box
i gotta watch another
don't know diddley squat
gotta listen to suckers who
dance steps is their reps
and no props go out to slop
I got my shit down on the road

it's not fresh
shoot yourself in the foot when you're
just another toy
talkin out your spincter, boy
and your climbing out of the box
your shit rocks
you don't write shit but you're convinced
I got my shit down on the road
talkin out your spincter, boy
shoot yourself in the foot when you're
just another toy
your shit rocks
and your climbing out of the box
you don't write shit but you're convinced

Now you don't write nothing
leave it up to your puppeteers
you better hope it sells now
cause give it two years
another humdrum throw away
is what it becomes
a massive debt that someones got to play
at the end of the short day
can't sell a record because you're so wak
you cold sold your soul
can't deal with the payback

You see I got my shit down on the road
talkin out your spincter, boy
and your climbing out of the box
just another toy
shoot yourself in the foot when you're
your shit rocks.

you don't write shit but you're convinced
kick it!

hay yo

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