

Lower Class Brats

"Who Writes Your Rules"

Visit "[Who Writes Your Rules](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

They come in droves trying to look mean
Fake blue dreads and they're wearing baggy jeans
They think they're cool, they think they're tough
But we know better, they're just pups
CH:
Who writes your rules for rebellion?
You'll buy anything that they're sellin'
Who writes your rules, who rights your rules
Who writes your rules for rebellion
Standing on the streets begging for my loot
I won't give you nothing except for my boot
Scream "fuck the system" your the systems tool
Look at yourself man you're lookin at a fool
Your trendy fucks, you're hippies with spikes
You're everything I hate and nothing I like
You know everything and you're only 16
Clame to be punks but you don't support the scene

Visit [Lower Class Brats](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.