

Psychopath

"W.A.J.A.W.A.H.W.I.S.D"

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We got a little bread these days so we don't have to
take it

Well people all around us say "you're never gonna make
it"

A lick and a promise try to put us down

Well I'm sorry for the man but we're still around

There's a poster on the wall

The unknown galant four

We smell a lot of shit turn around now, look who's
talking

Don't hang around here, fuck off, you better start
walking

Even if you pay us, we wont be there

Even if you beg us, we just don't care

Even if we make it we won't give a shit

Shut up

It seems like your mind is dry like desert sand

Cause you talk a lot of shit about us still you love our
band

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