

The Stryder "Crook"

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You're shooting looks at me semi-automatically
Just like you've never seen what it is that you see
I'm just a man in the street
I got shoes on my feet
You always get what you want
But do you know what you need?
All my intentions are good
But my pockets are empty
I've got nothing to give except for what's in my body

Let me pat you down
Are you wired?
Don't you make a sound
Were you hired?
Cus you're a fucking crook
You're a liar
You're playing with my cash
So you're fired
You know it's making me lose my mind
Hard to find
Lose my mind
Hard to find

I'm gonna go if you stay
I'm gonna stay if you go
If you ask I don't know
If you're fast then I'm slow
You know you're pissing away
Your words bitching at me
Cus I won't ever hear what you're saying to me
And are you really a fan?
Are you really the sweet type?
I don't know I don't know
Cus I fell right out of bed
And stumbled into your spotlight
And you could be making this up

(chorus)

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