

The Title

"Yippie-ky-yay-motherfucker"

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Trapped in this routine,
Surrounded by these fake people.
And you better walk with a cool step,
If you wanna make the sequel.
This is that, some day
Here's every chance,
To throw it all away.
I've seen their tricks.
And oh, how they're so talented.
Look how they make their morals stick.
I still can't believe I'm a part of this.
Oh my God, I hate this place,
And it's hard to keep a straight face.
When I know that everything burns.

I'm the industry's undisputed terrorist,
Pushing anarchy, trigger pullin' lyricists.
Terrorist lyricist...

One bright blast of one exact,
Surprise for them all.
With no colors that stand out, but red.
Now sit back and watch them fall.
The game isn't checkers, it's chess.
With ideas that go through vests,
A perfect world is laid to rest.
I told you, run.

I'm the industry's undisputed terrorist,
Pushing anarchy, trigger pullin' lyricists.
Terrorist lyricist..
Now, burn this scene to the ground.

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