

## Zak Claxton

### "Phoney Smiles & Fake Hellos"

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You, yeah you, yeah you  
You got a cardboard cutout soul  
Just a powertripping, mindraping, backstabbing junkie  
Thinking your hype is true  
You, yeah you, yeah you  
Respect ain't a word you know  
You're a fabricated lie that doesn't exist  
Dropping names wherever you go

(CHORUS)

Life's phoney smiles and fake hellos  
The hardcore rush of watching heads roll  
I'll dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare  
Fuck yourself for all I fucking care

You, yeah you, yeah you  
Thinking you know it all  
35 years old with a wife and two kids  
Still living and your mother's home  
You, yeah you, yeah you  
A sellout and a social whore  
You'd sell your mother's soul just to get ahead  
A disease down to the core

Chorus

You, yeah you, yeah you  
Still haven't figured what it is you do  
Just a no talent nothing with a ten ton ego  
Until your 15 minutes are through  
You, yeah you, yeah you  
A conscience deaf and blind  
I'm driving the hearse without remorse  
Killing you and your kind

Chorus

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