

Pain Of Salvation "Spitfall"

Visit "[Spitfall](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

1: INTRODUCING STAR

We saw you every day with your hands on your crotch
and so much to say
You went from bouncing toy cars with golden motors to
neon striped BMWs and a court of drugged up nodders
and quoters
Namefucking fame on all photos, all cheered on and
applauded by even richer promoters
Now when you're a star, when you've reached this far
and the world really knows who you are (really?) you
show off your six black Mercedeses and drink Cristal
like they all do
And the poor outside your gates appall you, and the
only hood you see is the one on your car
Do you even know who you are?
Bro I don't think so
I mean Mercedes, man what a stiff old dull fart's
republican shit car
Sick of hearing you preach to the poor like before, only
now you're a coward, only letting TV through your door
Getting older, take a bow and just go
The rage on the stage getting colder like your hits on
the chart, but then the talk shows can still get you hard
Doin' rhymes on your prime time fistfights and spittin'
grime in the limelight like a star gets a chip off your
shoulder, a boulder that rolls and rolls over and over
and over

There's nothing like a broken childhood
There's nothing like a broken home
There's nothing like a tale from your hood
There's nothing like a record of restriction orders
Outspoken borderline disorders, a violent long way to
the top
The longer that you fought yourself up, the longer the
spitfall

2: THUS QUOTE THE CRAVING

You're so fucking lost that with all of the costs you still
don't see that in reality the one thing you fail to buy
yourself is a personality
You're trapped in a mould of the rap, you sell but

you're sold

I mean, can't believe that you're paying all that gold to
some home decorator that hands you buckets of
conformity

Seems you're losing your way together with your policy
man, ending up with a new definition of poverty - it's a
joke

Like those you make in every video to reach the kids
with the dough, with every copied "aha yo" and worn
out "bro"

Guess what we need is yet another clown who can feed
our breed with another look and hooker hook

Now when "bitch" is mundane you take the lead with
"wassup ho" and let TV blur your mouth once more

Just what we need in every store, thus quote the
craving: "forever more!"

You're so right, a shiny knight on a white steed, truly a
hero

Yeah right

Fuck you - fuck you right down to the core

You know what? You're just another Parental Advisory
bore

There's nothing like a broken childhood

There's nothing like a broken home

There's nothing like a tale from your hood

There's nothing like a record of restriction orders

Outspoken borderline disorders, a violent long way to
the top

The longer that you fought yourself up, the longer the
spitfall...

When you're rappin' your shit y'all

3: REDEFINING VOMATORIUM

Yo

I guess when you're that loaded you'd better empty the
barrel every chance you get, is that so?

Empty your word and pose magazine, in magazine
after magazine, let every shot go, let the shit flow

'Cause the show must go on and on and on, you're it
bro

But it's sad to know, when your star implodes, all that
shit hits the fans, just like your words back when you
shone

But it's getting late in the game, trapped in repeating
your name, again and again, like you're scared we'll
forget it

Can't blame you, apart from that name you're all
embarrassingly the same, it's so lame - can't you get
it?

And perhaps you are right in that fear - more sane than

you appear in your self deploring cock obsessive koks
delirium
But I say, to me you just redefine the old romans'
vomitorium

There's nothing like a broken childhood
There's nothing like a broken home
There's nothing like a tale from your hood
There's nothing like a record of restriction orders
Outspoken borderline disorders, a violent long way to
the top
The longer that you claim that you have fought yourself
up, the longer the spitfall...

4: MAN OF THE MASSES

You're a man of the masses, took all the classes
Their asses are yours
All those bores who are paying the bills for your palace
uphills
And your pills that will help you proceed in your greed
You are free of the chains that you need on your fans
to adore, to kneel down before you, more precious to
you than your brains and your hands
They live for you
If you could just see this old tree, this patriarchic
hierarchy, up where you want to be, you need miles of
roots to lick your boots
Don't you see?
You're a man of the masses, you need all those asses,
their fate to relate to the one that you were
Do you know who you are? Who are you? Not the one in
your words that they buy
They concur that you conquer, though a natural
flunker, and you need them to stay, not to fly, to obey
like the dogs that they are, the cogs under the hood of
your Mercedes car
They will pay for your trip to the stiff upper lip
You're a man of the masses, your trip is a journey
through classes
You are high, they are low, and you need it to be so
See, without them you'd be nothing more than before,
and you know that's not much
It's just or unjust such: just a sad little man with his
hand on his crotch

There's nothing like a broken childhood
There's nothing like a broken home
There's nothing like a tale from your hood
There's nothing like a record of restriction orders
Outspoken borderline disorders, a violent long way to
the top

The longer that you fought yourself up, the longer the
spitfall...
The longer the spit falls...
When you're rappin' your shit y'all

5: YO
You're just another Parental Advisory sticker surfing
beach boy
Yo

Visit [Pain Of Salvation](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.