

# Abhinanda "Junior"

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Backstabbin', moneygrabbin', son of a bitch, you're  
going down  
You've been up in the clouds but now you're hitting the  
ground  
Asskissin', sensemissin', you talk a lot of shit  
We are playing for you so now you face the music  
Misplaced, twofaced kid who got too much attention  
How can one fucked up kid cause this much tension  
Double-talker, crap-stalker I've had enough

We took you in and believed you were a friend and  
then you took a crap on us  
Now I ask, who can you trust?  
We gave you respect, now see what we get, in return  
you took a crap on us  
Now I know, Your no one to trust...

Destroy the scene within and you're hitting the ground  
- You're going down

Now sail on through, the wind don't change for you, but  
you change just like the wind  
Blow away and we'll accept your sin  
You came from the west, with what we detest, now the  
direction of the wind,  
Has turned, so let us begin... by saying...

You paint a false picture and stick on the wall  
How dare you hang around and mock the shit out of us  
all  
Every true artist says: "We're not gonna take it!"  
Show your face here again and we are gonna break it  
You're gonna pay...

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