

## Rykers "Lowlife"

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Straight edge yelling, drugs selling  
Worthless piece of shit  
How can you call yourself true hardcore  
When you can't deal with it?

You walk around like scarface  
([Unverified])  
Five minor jerks at each hand  
I guess they're just too height to get it  
Otherwise they would understand that you're a

Lowlife, hardcore wannabe  
Lowlife, that's what you are for me

There must have been better times  
Right now, I can't remember a single one  
All my feelings proved to be mistaken  
I thought that we would get along

But you're an oversized leech  
(Just)  
Draining a scene of its life's blood  
Close your eyes, get lost  
What you see is what you got  
(Have)

Lowlife, hardcore wannabe  
Lowlife, that's what you are for me  
Lowlife, hardcore wannabe  
Lowlife, stay the fuck away from me

What you say and what you do  
One way or the other comes back to you  
I can't say that I have found a cure  
But at least I know you, that's for sure

You fucking sell out

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