

## Stuck Mojo "Trick"

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So you're leaving me out of your reindeer games  
'cause don't have quite enough fame.  
Lame your excuse, here take the noose, no use, no  
spine,  
Your trickin' everytime tipping around those thoughts  
that are really on your mind,  
But we got that cookie cutter going on.  
Green machine stealing your dreams, selling yourself  
short to grab the quick cream.

Rebelling and yelling but really who is the machine,  
Not part of your scene or buying into your routine.

Trick!  
I won't be tricked again.  
Trick!  
I won't be tricked again.  
No.  
Trick!  
I won't be tricked again.  
Trick!  
I won't be tricked again!

Let me see.  
Conspiracy you step to me then challenge I manage to  
separate the facts from emotion,  
I get the notion you got a dose of the potion.  
In the backseat of the pimpmobile u adapted your style  
for mass appeal,  
Sign your name and let's close the deal.  
Like Ned Flanders' running hell, excuse me while I  
curse the fools you failed!

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