

Faction, The "Black Balled"

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Parents, police, teachers, do we need them?

Action, myself, attitude, I claim in mayhem

I know you don't like me but I could care less

You try to win, you lose, now who's the best?

I fell nothing now

A coma has set in this town

My grave I've started to dig

"cause Quincy

ChiPs have black balled us and big

The masses they can't relate

Blind as a bat

Blind as a bat but they think they know this and that

Why don't they just wake up, smell the roses

Smell the roses with their nozey noses

And when you see me walk by

I hope that I make you cry

Your opinions are just lies

It's too bad we're only gonna die.

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