

## **Phatty-Gurl**

### **"12-Bit Lifestyle"**

Visit "[12-Bit Lifestyle](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I'm on top  
Of my business  
So spare me your witness accounts  
Of what I should do  
Of what I should not  
Of what I've become  
How 'bout yourself?  
Look at yourself  
We can't even talk no more, you say  
Well I never shut up, so I guess you're not listening  
You never let up on your preaching  
Can you accept that I'm the one speaking?  
Can you accept that I'm the one teaching now?  
I'm always working, locked in a room  
Seems so alien to you  
You don't understand why I do what I do  
You don't understand what I go through  
All this just to hold a mirror up in your face  
So tell me friend  
Just what's so great about the roads I didn't take?  
You're holding back, tell me about mistakes  
Nothing's worse than that silent stare  
Your holding hostage in your conscience  
Roll around in your fucking money  
And question my morality  
Excuse me if I laugh outwardly  
And cry on the inside  
For it's not me, it's you who's died  
It's not me who's chosen such devotion to a promise  
From a concept made to control your eager mind  
I've found my answers deep inside the samplers  
Where you're afraid to wander

They don't understand 'cause they're quick to judge a  
devil  
They don't wanna know 'cause it's way beyond their  
level  
But now they're all exposed to the infected child  
This is my 12-bit lifestyle

I'm underground

And I like it that way  
Don't get me wrong, I wanna make money  
But something about controlling your own destiny just  
appeals to me  
I guess I would sign, yeah I would sign  
See I've got this record and no one can take it from me  
now  
So from here on out you can hunt me down  
But I don't wanna be friends, just friendly  
Might shake your hand but you won't get a pound  
Don't ever tell me my record's not complete  
Or you don't hear that hit single  
You can bet that when you're sleeping soundly  
I'm awake, one hand on Middle C  
The rest of me fetal position inside of a stolen milk  
crate  
And you look down, disappointed  
Never realizing that I look up at you blocking my view  
Wondering when you're gonna fucking move so I can  
enjoy the morning  
So I'm not happy all the time  
But I'm well-adjusted  
Open-minded with a dead-bolt but I carry the key in my  
pocket  
Til the day I got mugged and I can't afford the  
locksmith  
Emotionally homeless now  
Too proud for handouts  
So I steal what I need  
And most of the things that I want  
But I'm going on your definition of who's a thief  
And who should be the one to step up and lead  
Bravely into the future  
Have fun being a dead martyr

They don't understand 'cause they're quick to judge a  
devil  
They don't wanna know 'cause it's way beyond their  
level  
But now they're all exposed to the infected child  
This is my 12-bit lifestyle

Visit [Phatty-Gurl](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.