

# 28 Days, Kill The Fake (Seshoo)

a puppet on a string  
what do you bring, nothin  
everybodies looking for a quick buck  
and buffin the dick of the powers that be  
not 28d, complacency is not my style  
as you can see, fuck it that's not me  
it's like every time i turn on the box  
i gotta watch another  
manufactured band that sucks cock  
gotta listen to suckers who  
don't know diddley squat  
dance steps is their reps  
and no props go out to slop  
it's not fresh  
I got my shit down on the road  
shoot yourself in the foot when you're  
talkin out your spincter, boy  
just another toy  
and your climbing out of the box  
you don't write shit but you're convinced  
your shit rocks  
I got my shit down on the road  
shoot yourself in the foot when you're  
talkin out your spincter, boy  
just another toy  
and your climbing out of the box  
you don't write shit but you're convinced  
your shit rocks  
Now you don't write nothing  
leave it up to your puppeteers  
you better hope it sells now  
cause give it two years  
another humdrum throw away  
is what it becomes  
a massive debt that someones got to play  
at the end of the short day  
can't sell a record because you're so wak  
you cold sold your soul  
can't deal with the payback  
You see I got my shit down on the road  
shoot yourself in the foot when you're  
talkin out your spincter, boy  
just another toy  
and your climbing out of the box  
you don't write shit but you're convinced  
your shit rocks.  
kick it!  
hay yo!