

Biohazard, Plastic

it's apparent to me, that you are happy to be,
stumbling around in your bullshit fantasy,
where everybody wears this phony ass grin
and nobody's ugly, or willing to look in-side
the mirror, they hide from the terror
that the world is not a utopian place
it's iller than ever with scumbags and killers
as the head motherfucker I spit in your face

I'll bet they write us off as a bunch of illiterates
With nothing to say, and think that we're ignorant
afraid of our might, so they label us belligerant
how can they be so motherfuckin arrogant?
to think we'll stand by and take this shit
we are the strong and they the insignificant
so here's my reply to your condescending statements
all you fuckin faggots can suck my dick

sick of all the lies, I despise all you fuckin fakes
comes as no surprise, your demise, you fuel my hate

hatred-anger contempt-plastic

you commercial motherfuckers coming out like your hard
you wanna talk shit lets pull some cards
the mike is my blowgun, spittin' venomous darts
I'm calling you all out, and you know who you are
These plastic people on this plastic planet
Are under my skin, and no one gives a fucking shit
pop genocide, my solution seems drastic
you've got no heart, I know that you're plastic

I am the voice of hate!!!
Why are you all so fake?
I am the voice of hate!!!
You're plastic