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