

Faction, Black Balled

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.