

# Glenn Kaiser, Follywood Green

It ain't my real hair  
It ain't my real name  
It's just my p.r.  
It ain't my real fame

Now ya' see it but ya' think you don't  
You gonna buy it but ya' think you won't  
Image imagine, electric facade  
It's a trip, chip, clip of your wallet, honey  
Gotchayou need that style

60-year-old investors  
45-year-old boss  
30-year-old shop owners  
15-year-old consumers being massaged  
By a worldwide industrialized computerized mirage

We've learned no style sells  
Free-style as well  
To the best-dressed self-obsessed people in hell  
Cuz life ain't made of the stuff you got  
And the cross ain't sellin' where the cattle shop  
Gotchayou need that style

It's the price of hype  
Down to the store-bought smile  
And the price was right  
It only cost ya' your life honey  
Gotchayou need that style!