

Nullset, H Bone

Another rubberneck witness enters the scene unsolicited,
well indisguise as a narrow-minded hypocrite.

But it's okay, set the stage.

A bigger show, but i can see through this phase.

The pawns that you play, think you have credibility.

The live show, exposes your ability,
to look real fly but i think you missed your plane.

(Your CD, it comes with a free gold chain)

And it's around your neck, but what the heck,
cause they bought it.

And who cares, you got your money in your pocket.

Then the song remains the same, it never changes.

The one hit wonders why, he's off the playlist.

Following you never laid. Do you want my sympathy?

Crawling to the one i praise. Lack gravity.

Pop goes the wheasel goes pop,

until they play you on the radio.

Squeeze me to the very last drop.

Well i'm your--

Don't be mad at me.

I'm on MTV, get my MP3.

Pop will the wheasel please stop?

Want some more, you whore?

It's just another business, in the end lookin' for duckets.

The DJ plays the single, you say "fuck it";

Splashin' your cash down, because it sounds fat,
the other ten tracks are whack, and you've been had.

(But the video is gonna go platinum, when the images that represent my album)

But there's not a thought that you bought that i will back.

Unless it means, i get more beans for my sack.

Following you never laid. Do you want my sympathy?

Crawling to the one i praise. Know your name. Lack gravity.

Pop goes the wheasel goes pop,

until they play me on the radio.

Squeeze me to the very last drop.

Like a whore--

Don't be mad at me.

while i'm on MTV, get my MP3.

Pop will the wheasel please stop?

Want some more, you whore?

(Okay sonny, i'll need you to sign right here, great, alright then, we're gonna take this song here an

Pop goes the wheasel goes pop,

until they play you on the radio.

Squeeze you to the very last drop.

Like a whore--

Don't be mad at me.

While i'm on MTV, get my MP3.

Pop all you wheasels please stop?

Okay, you rock.