Out Of Your Mouth, Thanks For Nothing

Thinking about the days with my head down, Lost count, freaked out, fell down really hard. Thinking about the days at the bottom of the food chain, Freaked out, fell down really hard.

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Everybody knows what the middle finger shows. I'm waving that along with my name. Sounded kinda strange, fucking people never change, Always telling me that I am insane.

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Everybody said that I would wind up dead, Not counting on this kid to get ahead. Sounds a little wacked, fucking people and their facts, Can all get on their knees and give me head.

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