

Pain Of Salvation, Spitfall

1: INTRODUCING STAR

We saw you every day with your hands on your crotch and so much to say
You went from bouncing toy cars with golden motors to neon striped BMWs and a court of drugged
Namefucking fame on all photos, all cheered on and applauded by even richer promoters
Now when you're a star, when you've reached this far and the world really knows who you are (real)
And the poor outside your gates appall you, and the only hood you see is the one on your car
Do you even know who you are?
Bro I don't think so
I mean Mercedes, man what a stiff old dull fart's republican shit car
Sick of hearing you preach to the poor like before, only now you're a coward, only letting TV through
Getting older, take a bow and just go
The rage on the stage getting colder like your hits on the chart, but then the talk shows can still get
Doin' rhymes on your prime time fistfights and spittin' grime in the limelight like a star gets a chip of

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There's nothing like a tale from your hood
There's nothing like a record of restriction orders
Outspoken borderline disorders, a violent long way to the top
The longer that you fought yourself up, the longer the spitfall

2: THUS QUOTE THE CRAVING

You're so fucking lost that with all of the costs you still don't see that in reality the one thing you fail
You're trapped in a mould of the rap, you sell but you're sold
I mean, can't believe that you're paying all that gold to some home decorator that hands you buckles
Seems you're losing your way together with your policy man, ending up with a new definition of pov
Like those you make in every video to reach the kids with the dough, with every copied "aha y
Guess what we need is yet another clown who can feed our breed with another look and hooker ho
Now when "bitch" is mundane you take the lead with "wassup ho" and let TV
Just what we need in every store, thus quote the craving: "forever more!"
You're so right, a shiny knight on a white steed, truly a hero
Yeah right
Fuck you - fuck you right down to the core
You know what? You're just another Parental Advisory bore

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When you're rappin' your shit y'all

3: REDEFINING VOMATORIUM

Yo

I guess when you're that loaded you'd better empty the barrel every chance you get, is that so?
Empty your word and pose magazine, in magazine after magazine, let every shot go, let the shit flo
'Cause the show must go on and on and on, you're it bro
But it's sad to know, when your star implodes, all that shit hits the fans, just like your words back w
But it's getting late in the game, trapped in repeating your name, again and again, like you're scare
Can't blame you, apart from that name you're all embarrassingly the same, it's so lame - can't you
And perhaps you are right in that fear - more sane than you appear in your self deploring cock obs
But I say, to me you just redefine the old romans' vomatorium

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4: MAN OF THE MASSES

You're a man of the masses, took all the classes
Their asses are yours

All those bores who are paying the bills for your palace uphill
And your pills that will help you proceed in your greed
You are free of the chains that you need on your fans to adore, to kneel down before you, more pre
They live for you
If you could just see this old tree, this patriarchic hierarchy, up where you want to be, you need mil
Don't you see?
You're a man of the masses, you need all those asses, their fate to relate to the one that you were
Do you know who you were? Who you are? Not the one in your words that they buy
They concur, you conquer, though a natural flunker, and you need them to stay, not to fly, to obey
that will bare you the trip to the stiff upper lip
You're a man of the masses, your trip is a journey through classes
You are high, they are low, and you need it to be so
See, without them you'd be nothing more than before, and you know that's not much
It's just or unjust such: just a sad little man with his hand on his crotch

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The longer the spit falls...
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5: YO
You're just another Parental Advisory sticker surfing beach boy
Yo