Powerman 5000, Even Superman Shot Himself

Goddamn, even Superman shot himself Blew his mind couldn't save the wealth Maybe he read the Sunday paper Murder front page death and rape

I can't see through the haze of the hazy It's the little things that drive a man crazy You know what I mean I know why he did it Too slow to outwit it, get it His cape was red, but so was his blood Man of steel fell with a thud

Taken out by a villain who's willin' to stand in line And do the time you hated 'cause life brings death that life has created

And do you understand when I say it's the little things that break the man By the way are you feeling it bit by bit Piece by piece they're stealing it Bite the dust hit the deck they're dealing it You've got to give it up

Sometimes I feel so stupid Sometimes I feel so low Sometimes I think of all the things that I'll never know Sometimes I don't know what to do But most motherfuckers don't have a clue

Open your eyes see out the inside the point of the point of the point you can't hide from the shit that's all around funky ghetto of the mind that brings you down
Can't shake it 'til you give it up, sell your soul, or don't give a fuck

Takin' you out superhero style your finger's on the trigger Wishing you were bigger all the while you've got the soul with rigor mortis Like Travis Bickle said, "Suck on this" You've got the soul with rigor mortis Suck on this The grip on the neck and the snake bite kiss