

Society's Finest, Seven Years Of Momentum

"Don't ever listen to what they say," you tell me
As you're turning money into your god.

I could see you failing from a long way off.
Why don't you just cut your strings off,
you're turning into a puppet.

I used to look up to you so much,
You've ruined my thoughts toward you.
Why don't you just cut off your strings,
You're taking children down with you.

I wish I could stop you, but you've seen
Seven years of momentum

Your foundation has been ripped straight from under you.
You seek greed by His name.
You've seeked the shaded of green.
Take your "ticket" and burn your lives away