

Thousand Foot Krutch, Supafly

We smashing,
Thousand be the head of the class 'n',
Rollin thru ya party with the stereo blastin' we creepin'
It's bin' seven since last weekend,
Everybody in the club freekin'
And in the corner, I can see ya standin' there,
Black jacket 'n' long hair we've been exchanging stares,
'n' I know ya, 'n' what'cha thinkin' yeah right,
Wearin' ya clothes air-tight at the club every night 'n',
Don't'cha know that brothers don't like the girls,
That be into the guys that be tellin them lies 'n' listen here hun,
Life's more than this,
Ya tryin to tell me that'cha never get bored of this?,

Yo, check this who you eye'in up for ya set list,
Frontin' with ya fake gold necklace,
Not respected, 'n' yet ya wonderin' why,
Seen the gleam in ya eyes, as soon as ya spotted them dolla signs \$, Girl what's next? who you hit
Boy ya gettin' gamed on, thinkin' she loves you 'n' all that,
Need to get it all back, move on 'n' step off that,
She's the wrong type, but same goes for females,
Cuz' guys be spittin' lies, not telling the details,
In the fine print, baby girl, don't sweat it,
Cuz one of these days you'll regret it,
And yo, the moral of the story is,
Dogs and cats are notorious, for gettin' funny around cash money,
So lesson learned, 'n' ya playin' with fire get burned,
Respect yourself, peace, kid hope ya learned

You think ya somethin' more ya so supafly,
To the fact you're blind, you're so empty inside,
It's hard for me to get this thru to you,
To the fact ya blind, baby, blind, baby (x2)

Well it's the Sundance Kid,
Yo the rap villain, man for real and,
Peeps catchin' feelin's of the lyrical caps that I'm peeling,
Makin' noise y'all, me 'n' my krutch boys y'all, stand tall,
Cuz yo we ain't never gonna fall, man forget that,
Yo, we'll keep constantly comin' right back,
Like CHRIST when he rose on the third,
Strikin' ya nerves take ya down, down, like Titanic to icebergs,
If ya messin' with a girl for her curves,
And yo, ya might be, you think ya somethin high and mighty,
Might be that you be frontin,
Most likely, no doubt, money be singin' the same song,
Respect yourself hun, it's the 34th Psalm

And sometimes I feel, so unbreakable, I'm so forsakeable,
I'm shattered, And things aren't as they seem,
They're so in between, they're so make believe,
That it's un-real, And wake me up when things are better,
Cuz I can't take much more of this and take these rags,
But leave my comfortable sweater,
And leave me alone, then leave me alone,
alone, alone, a-lone