Zebrahead, Death By Disco

We got licked, just a bit, right outside the show The t stripped, then your manners flew right out the door It's like this, Who you keep texting on the phone? It's like that, I'm not the only one with whoops to owe It's automatic, don't you point your finger at me It's so tragic, you should be a Kennedy It's automatic, you're pulling me like gravity You're putting me down, pulling me down six feet Hate me, Hate me, tell me what thought would make you Break me, break me, go on and shatter me Cause lately you run me into the ground And you can hate me, hate me, Call it a victory But you'll see lately, not going easily, Cause I'm not falling down and you won't Get the best of me now A fat lip, finger flip, and an insult to go The record skips, you got issues like a girl in porn It's like this, you act crazy from tour to four It's like that, I can't take all of the blame no more It's automatic, don't you point your finger at me It's so tragic, you should be a Kennedy It's automatic, you're pulling me like gravity You're putting me down, pulling me down six feet Hate me, Hate me, tell me what thought would make you Break me, break me, go on and shatter me Cause lately you run me into the ground And you can hate me, hate me, Call it a victory But you'll see lately, not going easily, Cause I'm not falling down and you won't Get the best of me now I didn't want to get into another battle (Hey Hey) I didn't want to make the claws and bones rattle (Hey Hey) I didn't want to get into another battle (Hey Hey) It's automatic how you throw it all away So hate me now You can't break me down So just hate me now You can't break me down And you can hate me, Hate me, tell me what thought would make you Break me, break me, go on and shatter me Cause lately you run me into the ground And you can hate me, hate me, Call it a victory But you'll see lately, not going easily,

Cause I'm not falling down and you won't

Get the best of me now

It's automatic

It's so tragic

It's automatic