

You Suck,! But Your Peanut Butter Is Ok

None More Black

Would you exist without all the fists the music clenched for you.
You're dressed up like a full-bodied anarchist.
Right down to your views. It's more than points that break.
There's no threat. Little promise to your life, so you take it out on music.
Your talk is cheap, I don't want to hear it.
Go preach to your fucking choir. You piss and moan for what's no longer your own.
You're pissing on the motives of my friends.
I understand what you're saying, what you're going through, but your point never ends.
The ticket price. The songs that you write.
"We've got our eyes on you. The internet is just a minute away. I'm telling on you."

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