

Nothing's What It Seems

Project Wyze

Ladies and gentlemen
Presenting the outrageous
I'm music without limelight
A guitarist without stages
I'm a Hells Angel without the Harley Davidson
You're a golden state warrior
Without Antawn Jamison
I'm your last laugh without a punch line
I'm a fistfight in your high school halls at lunchtime
I'm dangerous like car wrecks without the drunk driver
I'm that island that traps you and votes you off like survivor
I'm MacGyver without a red switchblade
I'm man made
I'm graffiti on the walls without the aerosol spray
I'm a 30-second delay without the time limit
I'm a shark-infested ocean, I dare you to dive in it
I'm that gold chain ready to be snatched from your neck
I'm that AIDS virus when you don't practice safe sex
I'm that hole in your latex that made your whole world crash
The most dangerous 3-letter word is YASChorus
Somebody back-up
There's no room to stand up
Stop and throw your hands up
Nobody can do it like this
Somebody back-up
There's no room to stand up
Stop and throw your hands up
Let's get it on like this I'm your last bit of oxygen
I'm Waco Texas
I'm a 13-year-old kid stealing your Lexus
I'm a trilogy without the second and third sequels
I'm a crash test dummy without the smashed up vehicle
I'm everything you dream of
I'm life without death
I'm a respirator holding on to your last breath
I'm Bill Gates' Microsoft without Silicon Valley
I'm a natural born killer without Mickey or Mallory
You're a chair being thrown around at a Bobby Knight practice
I'm a cross between rival gangs and celebrity death matches

I attack this like pythons, I'm a living icon
You wanna see the apocalypse, then turn my mic on Chorus (2X) 1,2,1,2 I'm a shark-infested ocean, I dare you
to dive in it (4X) Chorus (4X)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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