

# Commodities

## Atmosphere

[Chorus]

Everybody, everybody want to be somebody  
Go gotta be, there's no probably  
You can talk to me after the party  
It's just monotony, human commodities[Slug]  
Don't you just, don't you just love that profile page?  
Where we use our voice and take the stage  
Just to get repped for future endeavors  
When you only special as physical measurements  
Pardon me if what I speak seems amiss  
Like anyone, we looking for a reason to exist  
Validate the little ego cause we seeking it  
But we only get attention from the neediest  
Sex symbolic, took it literal  
But the visual change with the wind that blows  
And it shows cause we don't tiptoe  
We got the tendencies to disclose too much info  
Everybody, everybody want to be famous yeah  
So we ask Santa Claus for fake tits huh  
Let's take steps to embrace the objectification  
and fix your face next Yeah you're attractive, anyone's attractive  
What? That's not magic, in fact when I last checked  
you got casted as an extra, fantastic  
But why don't you tone it down to bout half as dramatic  
Can't dance past without a glance at the glass  
Still won't admit that you practised that accent  
Your personalities are canvas  
You wanna impress me? Go fix a decent sandwich  
Come on chuckles, grab a cluster of struggles  
Muster up the guts to tattoo 'em on your knuckles  
Broken models causing troubles  
Frozen nostrils, solve that puzzle  
How many photo albums full of self-indulgence?  
Cellphones, so portraits can be helmed  
on your favorite internet social network rebellion  
Got me wondering what the fuck you selling[Chorus: 2X]

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