

Mr. Asshole

Bigwig

You sell your soul now and there's nobody left. Friends dropping off like flies. Pushed to the brink how much longer did you think they'd humor your disguise? Spend all you're life kissing ass up the corporate ladder. Doing anything to get ahead including fucking over friends. To make that wallet fatter. Roll the credits to the show it's over before you know. You sell the blood you bleed. A life controlled by greed. What's that, another threat? Another cowardly admission it seems to me. You claim we're not professional enough. My apology done professionally. Fuck you and all of what you say. So stick who you know up your right winged ass and fuck your shallow industry. Roll the credits to the show it's over before you know. You sell the blood you bleed. Is this how you succeed? Treating people as if they were your slaves. I've been sold.

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