Trick

Stuck Mojo

So you're leaving me out of your reindeer games 'cause don't have quite enough fame.
Lame your excuse, here take the noose, no use, no spine,
Your trickin' everytime tipping around those thoughts that are really on your mind,
But we got that cookie cutter going on.
Green machine stealing your dreams, selling yourself short to grab the quick cream.Rebelling and yelling but really who is the machine,
Not part of your scene or buying into your routine.Trick!
I won't be tricked again.
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No.
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Conspiracy you step to me then challenge I manage to separate the facts from emotion,
I get the notion you got a dose of the potion.
In the backseat of the pimpmobile u adapted your style for mass appeal,
Sign your name and let's close the deal.
Like Ned Flanders' running hell, excuse me while I curse the fools you failed!Rebelling and yelling but really who is the machine,
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