I'm Designer

[unknown]

My generation's for sale, beats a steady job
How much have you got?
My generation don't trust no one
It's hard to blame, not even ourselves
The thing that's real for us is fortune and fame
All the rest seems like work
It's just like diamonds in shit
I'm high class, I'm a whore
Actually both, basically I'm a pro
We've all got our own style of baggage
Why hump it yourself?
You've made me an offer that I can't refuse
Course either way, I get screwed
Counter proposal
I go home and jerk off
It's truly a lie, I counterfeit myself
It's truly a lie, I counterfeit myself
You don't own, you don't own
You don't own, you don't own
You don't own what none can buy
You don't own, you don't own, neither do I
High and mighty, you say selling out is a shame
Is that the name of your boo?
Push a silver spoon in your ass
No more holding us down
Down dog, down mutt, nice mutt
You're insulted, you can't be bought or sold
Translation offer too low
You don't know what you're worth
It isn't much, my piano's for sale
How many times must I sell myself
Before my pieces are gone?
I'm one of a kind, I'm designer
Never again will I repeat myself
Enough is never enough
Never again will I repeat myself
It used to be the plan was screwing the man
Now it's have sex with the man after he buys
You.com for sale at a low, low price

It's truly a lie, I counterfeit myself
It's truly a lie, I counterfeit myself
You don't own, you don't own
You don't own, baby
You don't own what none can buy
You don't own, you don't own
What none can buy, neither do I

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