Lowlife

Ryker's

Straight edge yelling, drugs selling
Worthless piece of shit
How can you call yourself true hardcore
When you can?t deal with it?You walk around like scarface
([Unverified])
Five minor jerks at each hand
I guess they?re just too height to get it
Otherwise they would understand that you?re aLowlife, hardcore wannabe
Lowlife, that?s what you are for meThere must have been better times
Right now, I can?t remember a single one
All my feelings proved to be mistaken
I thought that we would get alongBut you?re an oversized leech
(Just)
Draining a scene of its life?s blood
Close your eyes, get lost
What you see is what you got
(Have)Lowlife, hardcore wannabe
Lowlife, that?s what you are for me
Lowlife, hardcore wannabe
Lowlife, stay the fuck away from meWhat you say and what you do
One way or the other comes back to you
I can?t say that I have found a cure
But at least I know you, that?s for sureYou fucking sell out

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

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