Bottom Feeders

Scott Cruz

Written and produced by Scott Cruz.

So they need validation to a point they canâ€™t even breathe. They wanna crawl out from their skins, leave it here to bleed. Just another stupid suffered fool incapable to see,
They try to be like who theyâ€™re killing.

Thereâ€™s a gangsta with a trigger, go figure,
brings a gun to a fist-fight show.
Thereâ€™s a hooker with another fucker,
sheâ€™ll be dead on the carpet floor.
Another queer suffocated to tears after sucking off a married joe.
Every creature meets a bottom feeder
so beware whoâ€™s friend or foe,
a friend or foe.

Another victim, one more person down,
The fool will take the crown.
It doesnâ€™t matter how they take it though,
they will fight until youâ€™re down.
Their only mission is to cover up the mess that they leave, We fall victim to their envy.

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Their eye on us is gleaming,
to silence us with screaming,
its all about tricks and how fast they trick your thinking.
Meaningless events makes us blinded to the real events,
Thereâ€™s no substance or an ounce of a spirit left.
Youâ€™re a creature of habit, itâ€™s gonna bring you havoc.
They're fucking with your brains to bring you all those filthy habits.
...To blind you from what really happening.

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