

Despise

Stuck Mojo

I remember the motto corporate rock sucks,
now I look at Green Day it must be payday.
Ditto, ditto, could you please play a tune a little
alternative nation talent must be on vacation.
You say the underground is metal music now come take some lessons
learn how to throw down.
You little Weezer, you became a Breeder Filter
through Gin and Blossom to begin. We're the alternative to the alternative, heavy is where it's at. Ahhh!
You become what you despise! With your fake accent Rancid-smelling ass signing
phat contracts but you tell me will it last.
Yo let's burn a Bush, paint a Silverchair back to black ask me if I even care.
We'll in Flame your Lips crack your Lemonhead blow up an Oasis Blind Melons
dead and 120 Minutes of bitches sounding like
Crows Count them all before you start to blow! We're the alternative to the alternative, heavy is where it's
at. Ahhh!
You become what you despise!

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