

In Circles

Raised Fist

You move around in circles but I never saw you in the circle pit
Stand back admit that you will never commit
To the scene that you and your friends ripped into shit
Counterfeit, I rather slit my wrist than be such a hypocrite
And we still don't give a fuck about what game you're
playing
We were busy breaking our ribs in the pit yesterday
And we stand behind one crew, we go around the world to
have some fun
And you have no clue, while getting your hair and nails done
Young, just became twenty-one
Still writing lyrics like a sailor
That have lived hundreds of hard years under the sun
This is close to the end
And we must say that time is running out for you and your friends
No you can't attend
We can't pretend that you can represent, so here we go again
You try to stab us in the back, small cuts
Like the now dead crews cruising around 96 and never had the guts
To come up front for a closer view
Afraid to get a little bruised
And we still don't give a fuck about what game you're playing
We were busy breaking our ribs in the pit yesterday
This is close to the end
And we must say that time is running out for you and your friends
No you can't attend
We can't pretend that you can represent
This is close to the end
And we must say that time is running out for you and your friends
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We can't pretend that you can represent, so here we go again
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This is close to the end
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