

# Regular People (Conceit)

## Pantera

I've trampled on that road  
That you think you own  
You have that "smart ass" attitude  
It's time to stop the fiction

I live it every day  
While you're mind's far away  
I'm out here putting pride on the line  
And you case on me with pure respect  
One chance at one thing  
Hard time is coming  
My time, your pain  
I reign on you  
You think you own  
I take away  
Take it with me  
You think you own  
I took away  
Made it my own

Most regular people would say it's hard  
And any streetwise son of a bitch knows  
Don't fuck with this

The so many times  
You practice in your mirror  
To be just like me  
But you just can't see  
You ain't got the balls, son

I fight for love of brother  
Your friends fight one another  
You can't see because your head's up your ass  
And just in cast you think you're bad  
I crush your rush  
I rule YOU fool  
I'm immovable stone in your world of weak -- I speak

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