

# Pop Bubble (feat. Jamey Jasta)

## Body Count

I'm fed up with this shit, man  
I'm gonna say it,  
ain't nobody gonna say it, I'm gonna say it  
Motherfuck this shit, you're all whores  
music ain't sayin' shit no more  
Read my lips, read my lips you ain't talkin' bout shit America's losing they cribs  
Why you braggin' bout the shit you did?  
All the shit that you buy, most of it lies  
Yeah I know and you know I know  
The government's tapping the net  
Why you rappin' bout your car and check?  
I miss P.E., I miss group's like Rage  
this pop shit's making me physically sick  
Obama did 8 years 'cuz  
Why you singing bout bottles and clubs?  
This shit don't make no sense  
Most of your fans can't pay their rent You've been sold a fantasy  
You're livin' in a bubble full of bullshit  
A pop bubble full of bullshit  
You've been sold a fantasy  
You're livin' in a bubble full of bullshit  
A pop bubble full of bullshit  
You're livin' in a bubble [Jamey Jasta]  
You've been sold a fantasy  
Little do you know the price we pay  
The sick are regarded children starve  
Our veterans come out to the real war  
They're penitent on borrowed time  
The beggars steal, the media lies  
Now you've been bought and fuckin' sold  
Feel steel like a temple, body count Music is coming a long way  
Guys have gone from fight the power,  
to what does Kim Kardashian have on today  
The fuck's the matter with you?  
This pop shit's driving me fucking crazy  
And I'm not talking about the people that started out being popstars,  
I'm talking about so-called 'hardcore' motherfuckers  
that'll do anything to get on the radio  
Eat a dick. Body Count, motherfucker I can't fake it

This shit's whack  
I say this to your face, this ain't behind your back  
You corny motherfuckers, can't look me in the eyes  
Cause most of you fake and you're living a lie  
You're living in a lie  
The cops are still twisted,  
the laws are still fucked  
The rich are still greedy,  
government's still corrupt  
You're living in a fucking lie  
The news is all gossip  
People have no hope  
So what, you're making cash?  
Your soul is still broke  
You've been sold a fantasy  
You're living in a bubble full of bullshit  
A pop bubble full of bullshit  
You've been sold a fantasy  
You're living in a bubble full of bullshit  
A pop bubble full of bullshit  
You're living in a bubble  
Bitch motherfuckers, don't want no fight  
Ya mothefuckin' pants too tight  
You'll be in for a few,  
and then you're through,  
cause pop ain't got no love  
So what?  
Your shit's in the club  
You want me to say some names?  
I'm too seasoned in this game,  
that only give em pop fame  
Fuck bloggers, fuck bullshit hype,  
Ice is the only one tonight  
Check my history, ain't shit changed  
Still OG, and I'm still insane  
Turn that fucking radio off.

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