

Lowlife

Ryker's

Straight edge yelling, drugs selling
Worthless piece of shit
How can you call yourself true hardcore
When you can't deal with it? You walk around like scarface
([Unverified])
Five minor jerks at each hand
I guess they're just too height to get it
Otherwise they would understand that you're a Lowlife, hardcore wannabe
Lowlife, that's what you are for me There must have been better times
Right now, I can't remember a single one
All my feelings proved to be mistaken
I thought that we would get along But you're an oversized leech
(Just)
Draining a scene of its life's blood
Close your eyes, get lost
What you see is what you got
(Have) Lowlife, hardcore wannabe
Lowlife, that's what you are for me
Lowlife, hardcore wannabe
Lowlife, stay the fuck away from me What you say and what you do
One way or the other comes back to you
I can't say that I have found a cure
But at least I know you, that's for sure You fucking sell out

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