

# The Box

1990s

The industry is dumbing down the nation  
They dope up the youth  
So plug up your ears  
While phony punk bands cry about relationships  
We forget our roots  
And run on patriotic fears  
I was so weak  
I let them run all over me  
But now I'm fighting just to get back my name  
Yea I was so fuckin weak  
But now I'm so fucking pissed  
You bitches - I'm fucking tired of this shit  
Don't box me in  
I'm out the box  
This I'll keep it so real  
I'll learn from my mistakes  
Can you feel me?  
Next time I'll stick to my guns  
Ya wanna rumble - here I come  
I never run  
I get up - stand up and fight  
I'm burnin and lootin all night  
No woman - no cry - know why?  
  
'cause e'rythings gonna be alright  
Just let me do what I gotta do  
You'll never change me  
Can ya feel that?  
Let me do me - you do you  
Stay outta my business  
Hear dat?  
I can't stop rappin you faggot  
You see what happens - it's tragic  
You want war  
You can have it  
Don't box me in...  
No I can't live that way  
You never say what you wanna say  
You only say what you think they wanna hear

Fuck you - I'm not your motherfucking slave  
Fuck you - I fucking hate you!!  
Fuck you!!

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>