

Suburban Superstar (strung Out On Strong Island)

Dr. Acula

Fake flippers and nickel bag bitches.
Oxi cotton itches and friends turned tto snitches.
Suburban superstar in your daddy's car.
Pushin' cut yayo in your lo-cal bar.
The day came you tried to step up your game,
Featherweight prick tried to pass of a brick.
The hard way aint no place for a fake.
Picket white cheer smells of fresh green fear give it up.
Give it up.
Give it up.
Sheltered generation instagation frustration.
A saint like life destroyed in a night.
prescription hiding idols sedated a recitals.
Producing future generations of unkempt denail.
Don't send a child to do a man's work.
You'll be living in a box six feet under the dirt.
Don't believe everything you see on TV.
'Cause the day is gonna come when you meet somebody just like m
e.
Ruthless decimators devoures of youth.
No mortal coil while disposing.
'Cause this place is dark and it's where you'll stay.
Like so many before you in these dead in days