

Pop Bubble (feat. Jamey Jasta)

Body Count

I will fuck this shit and your whores
They say shit, no war
Read my lips and talk about shit
See I know you know I know
...this shit is making me physically sick
About 8 years have passed
This shit don't make no sense You step aside
You live in a pop bubble full of shit
I pop bubble full of shit You step aside
You live in a pop bubble full of shit
I pop bubble full of shit
You live in a bubble
...music is coming along way
Wtf is the matter with you?
And I'm not talking about people who starve out
I'm talking about so-called poor motherfuckers Body Count, motherfucker I can't fake it
This shit is right
It's in your face, and they talk behind you back
You motherfuckers, you look at me right in the eyes
Cause most of you are safe and living a lie You're living a lie
People are still greedy
Governments are still corrupt
You're living in a fucking world
The music is all gossip
People have no hope
So what are you still making cash?
The soldier is still broke
You're living in a pop bubble full of shit
I pop bubble full of bullshit
You're living in a bubble
You're living in a pop bubble full of shit
I pop bubble full of bullshit
You're living in a bubble Bitch motherfuckers, they don't want no fight
Cause poppin' got no love
So what?
Your shit is in your car
They only care about fame
Ice is the only one tonight
Still OG, I'm still a saint
Get that fucking radio off

