Barcode, Game Of The Lame

This one goes out to all reality star fuckers and wannabes
The sick and twisted twenty four seven three hundred
And sixty five worldwide exhibitionists
The pathetic need to confess guys, they rebuild my ugly body girls
The way too mentally deranged to find a partner by myself morons
Motherfucking blast aways
I'm sick of it, take me away
Don't give a shit about what I gotta do as long I'm paid
Rule me, fool me, use me, abuse me, push me way too far
Wanna see my face all over the place, I wanna be a star
Game for fame
Game of lame
Real time destiny
Riding high, riding prime time
Keep the tape rolling, pass me the mike, give it a try
Expose every weakness, confession unveiled turn my inside out
A ridiculed fool who'll claim to be cool and I'll be acting proud
Say goodbye to dignity
Lose it all in the game for fame, farewell to integrity
All it takes is the mind of the lame
Reality game, game of the lame, insane