

## Radio Chorus

Nonpoint

This is what I am, who I be  
What I do and what I see  
Is a person who sold their soul  
Well that's not me  
Only thing I'm selling is what you see

This is going to be the type of conversation that  
Person to person will personally effect you  
Make impressions impossible to forget about  
Get past, or get us closer to a break through  
Mask any emotions, through motions of regretting you  
Because of all the words I never got to spit out

The product of a man's man  
With his hand's rock hard  
And scared from the life that he loved  
Don't give a shit about another man's plan  
Or what you think  
Cause in blink of an eye I'll be gone

Fuck a radio chorus  
I wanna see blood for once without the judgements  
Fuck a radio chorus  
I wanna say what I want without you judging me

So you wanna be the type of mother fucker that  
Person to person is personally an asshole  
And leaves impressions impossible to forget about  
With the tragedy and gravity of a black hole  
And sucking out every opinion that I have of you  
And with every second I say every word I ever wanted to spit-out

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