

Boy George, The Real Feminem

Guess who's back
Guess who's back
Guess who's back

Guess who's back
Guess who's back
You ain't black!

So you were poor
and you were trailer trash
Now ya living like Elvis rollin' in cash
Bet ya house is real palatial
Hey pretty boy did you enjoy your facial
Ain't that shit suppose to calm ya down
Why you so angry, cos you ain't brown
Dissin' Moby for speaking his mind
Well you speak yours, so I'll speak mine
What's the worst you can level at me
Coz I'm old huh?
Past my prime
If you can't do the time, then don't do the crime

Bring on the drag queen, bitch

This looks like a blow job to me
Coz what we need is some controversy
Everybody suck, just swallow me
Cos I like a big dick up my dish

MTV killed rock 'n' roll
They don't play me no, but I'm proud of my soul
I'm into dick and I can swallow it whole
Fags, calling you genius
Come on, that's like scoring a home goal
White boys getting into rap
So clever with words, it's the same old crap
Be predictable play the game
Like Vanilla Ice try into rap again
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide
When there's gay men being crucified
Matthew Shepherd, remember that name
He was killed, do you feel no shame
Listen up, Sir Elton John
Anything for fame wellyou got it wrong

This looks like a blow job to me
Coz what we need is some controversy
Everybody suck, just swallow me
Cos I like a big dick up my dish

Strange fruit hanging from trees
Homophobia is the same disease
Proud to be black, proud to be gay
I don't piss in my handbag
Dr. Dre

Last night a DJ f**ked your man yeah
Last night a DJ f**ked your man yeah
We were at it all night long, and then he heard this song
He said I gotta get up, gotta get up, gotta run away now