

# Rodriguez, Only Good For Conversation

My pocket don't drive me fast  
My mother treats me slow  
My statue's got a concrete heart  
But you're the coldest bitch I know  
In the factory that you call your mind  
Graveyard thoughts of stone  
A master thief I wouldn't enter there  
You've nothing I would care to own, so help me

You're pretending that you got it made  
I know you know you know no truth  
You're still serving cookies and kool-aid  
You're so proper and so cute  
My pocket don't drive me fast  
My mother treats me slow  
My statue's got a concrete heart  
But you're the coldest bitch I know, so help me