

Anarbor, Rhythm Rhyme And Syllables

You insist on explaining the obvious.
When it's pointless and I'm heartless for saying,
What's really on our minds.
Your words go to rhythm, while mine go to rhyme.
You were never good with syllables and half heartfelt lines.
So keeping swimming sweetness until you catch my drift
And remember the name tag that reads,
"Hi I'm a backstabbing bitch"
When I said you were my best by best
I meant my worse, by best I meant my worse