

Bella Poarch, Dolls

Oh, don't I look nice, batting my eyes, isn't it pure perfection?
Cute, think I'm polite, stereotype, got your full attention
Think that you can play with me, you better watch your back
The last thing that you'll hear will be my laugh (Haha, yeah)

'Cause, baby, dolls kill, don't provoke us or we will
Push you downhill, might be pretty, but we're still
Bitter as much as we're sweet, knife hidden under the sheets
Baby, dolls kill, don't provoke us or we will

Heels, made out of steel, how does it feel to be walked all over?
Nails leaving a trail, got 'em pigtails, blood drips down your shoulder
Baby, there's power in numbers, better warn all of your friends
You're down to less than an hour, we all know how this ends

Dolls kill, don't provoke us or we will
Push you downhill, might be pretty, but we're still
Bitter as much as we're sweet, knife hidden under the sheets
Baby, dolls kill, don't provoke us or we will - GO!

Sugar and spice and everything nice
No, that's not what we're made of
Venom and ice, tequila that bites
Go ahead and pray 'cause

'Cause, baby, dolls kill, don't provoke us or we will
Push you downhill, might be pretty, but we're still
Bitter as much as we're sweet, knife hidden under the sheets
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