

Blood on the dance floor, Designed To Kill ! (drug

Cheezy weezy
Pumpkin peezy
My name is Du-De Deezy
I'll get you crunk on the heezy
I like them sluts they're easy
I'm chilling with my breezy
She makes me feel so easy
She keeps it really sleazy
It gives me the heebie-jeebies
Go on it good lordie
I'm about to pop up some fucking models
She knows she just can't have it
But cheatings just her habit
I know she's problematic
I want to fix her habits
I give into her thrills
As she sinks into kill
Everytime you talk to me
You never speak the truth
I taste your rage
I feel your stare
It'll be the death of you
You're just like a pill
Designed to kill
Everything you do
Messes with me
Smothering me
Poison goes down
I'm on the ground dying
Just like a pill
Designed to kill
I feel good
I feel numb
I feel High
OHHHHH OH!
Woah fucking fucking
Fucking bitches
The mother fucking bitches
The shit talking hoes
That don't even fucking know what
Fuck the drama
Save it for Obama
I don't give a shit
Cause your gonna get your karma
What what
I'm so sick of it
All this I'll shit
Vomit so atomic
Make me wanna vomit bitch
Vanity mix a little bit of ecstasy
Makes you wanna love me
Makes you wanna fuck me bitch
Every time you look at me
I wanna make you bleed
I hate your lies
I want your blood
Why won't you ever see
You're just like a pill
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