

Call Me Karizma, Dead Body

Noose around my neck
Kick the fucking chair off out from under me
Stab me in the back
But tonight I got my blood on your new white T
Woah
Throw me in the cold
Toss me in the pit
With the wolves
Tear me to the bone
Rip me off my skin
It's getting old
Always being thought everything I did
Ain't enough
What the fuck is that shit?
What the fuck?

Left me alone and starving
But now you wanna come and crash my party
Over my grave, over my grave, over my
Over my grave, over my dead body
Your heart's as black as coffee
So who the fuck are you to sit and judge me
Over my grave, over my grave, over my
Over my grave, over my dead body

Drag me through the fire
Your favorite thing to do is to watch me scream
Baby you're a liar
Tell me what I wanna hear to get me off my jeans
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We have so much history
I can't take it with me
I'd rather be six feet
Buried with my six-string

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