

Heavens To Betsy, Calculated

My hate for you is a passion
That will run for a million years
My fury is a force that is equal to
A billion of your tears

It's calculated
What I get back
I'm taking everything
I'll get it back, well

I've got a knife that's sharpened
Exactly for one white boy
My target is your heart
And the knife will go deep, the knife will go inside

It's calculated
What I get back
I'm taking everything
I'll get it back

Get it back
Get it back