

Imani Coppola, Ill Tempered Lover

Ill Tempered Lover

Time keeps ticking away

It wont be long until they find me out

good evening officer what seems to be the problem

whats all the fuss about

I give up I give in

let me explain before you begin

this time I committed no crime

Im not in control so please let me go

Last night I woke up in a cold sweat

tears were rollin out my eyes first

First I laughed then I cried

dream dream I was dreamin in my livin room

playin with shot gun

loaded it up with a lime green bullet

aimed it at you hear

bang bang I shot my lover

Jast night I shot my lover dead

He read me my rights in a monotone voice

and then he brought me down to the station for some questioning

allowed me one call so I dialed the number of my lawyer

and got his answering machine

Please man you gotta help me

Im in prison and I gotta break free

Ive been arrested for a crime I committed

I did it I did it you get it hit it

Repeat chorus