

# Imani Coppola, Let It Kill You

Well...ya got no friends and youre always alone  
But you got 20 missed calls on your cellular phone  
If youre constantly out to lunch youre gonna choke on a bone  
Youre never sick but you always feel ill  
You got a belly full of honey and a pocket full of pills  
If youre livin' in your own world yourre gonna die alone  
But if you like it, Let it Kill You  
Save your talk for the dollar store  
No bargaining with it  
Your breath is something whiskey  
And your talk is just spit  
You got a hollow leg but the rest of you is full of shit  
You cant get enough cause youre a bottomless pit  
Youre a fly in a pig sty wallowing in it  
If you swallow that bug in your drink you think youll get more lit?  
But if you like it, Let it kill you  
It's gonna be a long way home, so I'm gonna rock the microphone  
You try to make it go away with self medication  
But oblivious to the world is an odd sensation  
If youre livin in a bubble than youre gonna die of suffocation  
Are you gonna give it up  
Are you gonna let it go  
You can enter the rest of the world  
Cause everybody knows that youre  
Happy when youre high and your crappy when youre feelin' low