

Self, Moronic

She's a leprachaun with mouth full of bile
She's a movie lover, suckin cock in the isle
It's like ten thousand dicks, when you're not really gay
She's a Death Row contract, when you hate Dr. Dre

And I think she's moronic
It's a real pain
When she hits the airwaves
With a pack of lies
That she wrote in the third grade
She's a head of lies
That's you just can't shake
And each single makes me sicker

To imagine her naked
I'm afraid to see (afraid to see)
I took my suitcase
And broke her left titty
When I was at burny-grunmans
Mastering my album
I had the chance to burn her masters
And I wish that I had
Cause I think that she's moronic (blah blah blah)

It's a pure pain
When she hits the airwaves
And I hope she dies
And pour salt in her veins
She's a head of lice
That you just can't shake
And each single makes me sicker

She has a funny way
Of processing her lower vocals through a stereo chorus end
delay
She has a funny funny way
Of singing all of her bridges like the kibbde-kibbde-kibbde-kiddby
count bass

Isn't she moronic
Don't you think
Never once melodic
And I really do think

And I think she's moronic
It's a real pain
When she hits the airwaves
With a pack of lies
That she wrote in the third grade
She's a head of lies
That you just can't shake
And each single makes me sicker