

# Trophy Scars, Assassin. Assassins.

Limb separation bone isolation.  
Nothing to do but to decapitate these words  
Oh yeah  
Abrasive allergic inhaling detergent  
Eating the last of the words that were urgent oh yeah

This little girly wants to get to the action  
Rob another bank and win a reaction  
Didn't know she owned a gun  
Didn't know she'd shoot that gun

Com on baby grab that cash and get in the car  
hit the gas  
the cops will catch up crazy fast  
Come on baby drive

I cant believe you shot that guy  
You better hope he doesn't die  
This time there ain't no alibi faster baby drive  
God! NO! what have we done?  
Bonnie and Clyde on the run, on the run

This time your  
Tricky-tricky-tricky tricks  
Are more than just scaring me  
They're making me sick  
Babies in blenders and insect intestines  
Nothing to eat but stained glass in heaven, man  
Oh yeah  
Nodding my head to the dancing dead  
You'd be so surprised what the skeleton said, man  
He said oh yeah

Who'd ever think we would be 21?  
Our faces will change but these places stay fun  
Bonnie looked so beautiful biting at her cuticles  
I'd never thought we'd get his far.

I never thought you'd stop this car  
Shoot a guy and break my heart  
Oh baby  
You get me high

Dancing in the rain that night  
Puddles dripping from your eyes  
The greatest day of our lives  
Maybe we should have died

Oh man look what we've done  
We've suited our hearts  
From the words off our tongues

This time your itty bitty-bitty bones  
Will lock up inside you and not let you go  
Huh?

Bonnie sails over the ocean  
My bonnie sails over the sea  
Wont you please bring back please bring back  
My bonnie to me

Now I know what this girls all about  
She'll hold you!  
Fuck you!

Stick a gun in your mouth!

Call me romantic  
Or call me naive  
I spilled my own blood to save her heart  
From the streets that she'll leave

You know what those damn cops will do if they find you  
They'll cuff you  
Or shoot you  
Don't let them find you

You know what would happen  
When you let this all happen  
You're dead  
Or you're happy

I hope that you're happy, baby

She was my bonnie my one and only my wifey my homey  
Molded controlled me slowly showed me  
Its only dough  
You hold me boldly coldly like a .9  
Use me cock me back and blow my mind  
You're the thought behind my rhyme design

For quite some time  
This life of crime has showed no sign of ending  
Almost spouses running into house  
Blouses doused in blood

Shouting get down n empty the clout out of your trousers  
Bonnie n Clyde, ride with my baby by my side  
Those baby blue eyes hypnotize  
Visualize when you strip the gun clip slip secure on your thigh  
Never slipping she's gripping

Smith n Wesson dressed in fishnets stretching from toe to heaven  
Bonnie blessing bank with bullet flanks that blow whole ranks to waste  
Lower than worthy women wobble wobble when wielding weight  
Disintegrate when placed in these crazy ape states

These situations got me craving the rush  
So much I want to reach out and touch  
Clutch your bullets load your nuts  
Finger fuck the rust off your trigger  
Hear you hush  
Chamber thrust then you bust