Voodoolulu, Evil Time

EVIL TIME
all of my problemz are multiplyin
one minute fine then the next i'm cryin
rippin u apart would be so satisfyin

if u wanna get with it with the technical it's the P to the M to the S
it don't matter if i'm fly az i'm cruising by u won't care if I wear a dress
it's sum down right nasty ugliness no matter which way u slice
an instead of the chill voodoolulu that u know I become the Anti-Christ.

I don't wanna wash my face, don't give a fuck about deodorant
i'm hostile and i'm evil and i'm bloated like a cocunut
my attitude is slipping, my hair needs more than flipping
i'm delusional and tripping and its clear I need a whipping
but there's no one who iz big enuf or man enuf to do it
my cajones are on steroidz like an elephant's whatudit
I expect u to cum in and kiss my ass and then slaute it
an if I say that black iz blue u better not dispute it.

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my pussy hair needz trimming my face iz one big blemish
and I haven't cleaned the kitchen since the day we fried the fish
the super came to fix the heat I said, don't do me any favorz.
an I went out without makeup just to torture all my neighborz.
God and God alone must understand my hormone cycle
but she just will not explain it even to her close disciplez
and now even those who luv me are all staying far away
and they're running from the carnage screaming, MAYDAY! MAYDAY! MAYDAY!

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i'm binging on chocolate and sugar and fat
i'm burning my bridgez and not looking back
surviving on popcorn and ice cream and pillz insulting the homeless and not paying billz
offending my boss destroying rapport
re-opening woundz pouring salt on the sorez detonating on shit that took yearz to construct
if sumbody shot me we'd all be in luck

I wrote the Book of Bitch without even trying
(i made a small child cry)