

VUKOVI, LASSO

My Lipstick on your bottle lid
You wanna lick it off, you think I'm a god
You wanna treat me like I'm not human, you just can't wait your turn
I'm not your violent voodoo doll baby

I'm your day dream sick fantasy, you push and prod
You don't wanna be us
I'm your lasso, candy capsule
Delectable cause you don't wanna be us

Don't make me feel like a prize
Cos i'm broken and bleeding inside
Fuck that fuck you too
Don't come at me out of the blue
You might wanna watch where you tread
Cos i bark and I bite, I see red
I swear I'm gonna bitch slap you
So sit till you're spoken to

MAKE US YOUR POPSTARS
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MAKE US YOUR POPSTARS

My Lipstick on your bottle lid
You wanna lick it off, you think I'm a god
My Lipstick on your bottle lid
I'm your popstar still got a heart

IM NOT A GOD, IM A POPSTAR
IM A POPSTAR, NOT A GOD