

Cuban Cigar Crisis "Hitler Aviation Museum"

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If you want me to go away
I will
And not come back another day
If you want me to play the crook
I will
You won't hear what I've got to say

I know you don't have a lot to dis
So you
Pick on me for once
Just get this through your head
I'm not
About pulling my Y fronts
Down

Down for you
Down for her
Or down for me
Well, maybe down for me
The only thing I have to go by
Is your constant lack of subtlety

Nobody smiles
At me anymore
Ever since you told them
I was such a whore

Now I don't want to cause no harm
But you
Try to pull everybody in
With your infectious charm
And venomous
Feminism

I can think of worse ways
To
Sooth white suburban guilt
But to me you still smell like
Expired milk

Nobody smiles
At me anymore

Ever since you told them
I was such a whore

Yo chingÃ© con hitler
Que importa?
Yo chingÃ© a hitler
Que importa?
Yo chingÃ© a hitler
Que importa?
Yo chingÃ© a hitler
Que importa?

Que importa?

Right on my sister
Your the victim here

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