

Rodriguez

"Only Good For Conversation"

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My pocket don't drive me fast.
My mother treats me slow.
My statue's got a concrete heart,
but you're the coldest bitch I know.

In the factory that you call your mind,
graveyard thoughts of stone.
A master thief, I wouldn't enter there.
You've nothing I would care to own, so help me.

You're pretending that you got it made.
You know I know you know no truth.
You're still serving cookies and kool-aid,
you're so proper and so cute.

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