

Sudden Death

"Smoker"

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In a store full of heath food you buy the crap
Twenty little fixes of cancer in a pack
With a college tuition's worth of taxes placed on 'em all
Russian Roulette, you and the Surgeon General
Kill the lungs and the throat and the head
Cigarette flamin' with a loser on the other end
Don't have a match so you use a blow torch
It's forty below and you're smokin' on the front porch
Don't cry to me when you're buried down beneath
Go away and try to hide the yellow stain on your teeth
You don't believe that it's bad for you, mac
Well I challenge you to run a couple laps around the
track
So stuff your face with a nicotine pack
But save a couple bucks for the day you have a heart
attack
Yo, smoke it
Smoke Eight packs a day
I'm a smoker, baby
So why don't you kill me (repeat)
(Puffin' on a Death Rod)

Wrinkles on faces from an all-day puff out
Toxic waste pourin' out of your mouth
I wonder why you like to smoke and you say you like the
taste
Well, do you also like rancid meat and human waste
Sittin' there lookin' like a human exhaust pipe
Blow it in my face and I'll punch out your lights
So much smoke it's like your brain is in a fog
Listen to your voice you sound like a dyin' frog
Gotta have a smoke with every meal, every breath
You'll be buried with a carton when you're curled up at
death
Which'll be here sooner than you thought
If you keep puffin', and chokin' on a filter
Smoke And nicotine
My throat's decaying
So why don't you kill me (repeat)
(Get crazy with the menthol)
(Brain dead smoke addict)

Yo, break it on down Smoke

Smoke Eight packs a day
I'm a smoker baby
So why don't you kill me
(I'm a nicotine idiot)
[cough]

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