

## Millionaire "Her Gender"

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Can you believe that, she doesn't feel the need  
To overcome this mess and forget about the stress?  
That she has now, when she thinks about the lies  
Which made her who he is, how many time she tried  
To be boyish, use tape to flatten her breasts,  
Living life in closet and playing with the cars of her  
brother,  
Who turned into a plant.

Liked the tasted of sugar,  
But now he's using hemp in his backroom.  
With everything at hand, porno on the telly  
And every night his hand.  
Anyway she said: I'm gonna work i out, whatever is the  
problem, I'm gonna get it out  
And now she's here and now they're here  
Now the butcher is here  
And they got plans for her body yeah  
They're going to get her fixed.  
So she told me about the outcome of her plan,  
Toilet seat up, convenient for a man.  
She was happy, didn't change her name, everything  
was fine but running gave her pain.  
Anyway she said: I'm gonna work it out, whatever is the  
problem, I'm gonna get it out.  
And now she's here and now they're here and now the  
butcher is here.

All that comfort is just too much and your eyes took all  
neon they could take  
All you breath is exhaust and gas,  
All you feed of is bones, offal and trash.  
I just want to know who she was before, before she  
became a crsytal gazing shrew.

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