

A Whisper Rising "Which Is Worse"

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I could be selling kids for crack down on the ave and I might listen to gangsta rap, my bitch I'd slap with my right. I don't wanna work. You can't make me. Don't want to be an architect, no. I'd put a bullet in my brain. I'd rather be a freeloader and sit on my ass. Play asshole with Mr. Bud. (I need) You're seven digits away. I need a heroin habit, or a pair of rollerblades. Could be spending daddy's cash, smoke lots of grass with All Chrome. Burn my Sting records; write a letter saying "You Suck". I'm sick of pretending that I give a shit. Because you're seven digits away. I need a heroin habit, or a pair of rollerblades.

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