

American Headcharge

"What"

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Your mum didn't tell you
You'd have nothing to say
Shut the fuck up bitch

In a poisoned state
While the rapist behind you
Is whispering your name

My lies foreshadow me
They make a scab of me
I can't crawl through this

You can't shut me up
You can't shut me up
Make it rough

What!

Difficulty breathing makes you drip
Swallowing on first dates entertains

I scream mistakenly
I'm trying to make you see
What makes him resent you

That's right I lie
Solid filth 'till I die
But it makes me smile

Lord of the elite
Is prince of the cowards
Try not to choke on it

You can't shut me up
You can't shut me up
Make it rough

What!

Difficulty breathing makes you drip
Swallowing on first dates entertains

Misogynist attracted to you
Wallowing in pity's comfortable

What? What?
Get up, get up

What? What?
Get up, get up, get up

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Get up, get up, get up

What? What?
Get up, get up, get up

What?
Get up, get up, get up

What? What?
Get up, get up, get up

What? What?
Get up, get up, get up

What? What?
Get up, get up, get up

(Huh, that was fucking trippy)

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