

Markus Meier

"Self Defeat"

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One. I'm tripping literally, I should be dish washing
'Cause I got bowlegged knees and often they be
crossing
Go ahead and ask my bosses, they'll tell you that I'm
clumsy
I'll probably fall into your fist so you don't have to
punch me.

Two. I'm vegetarian so I don't want no beef
You floss expensive jewelry, I floss my crooked teeth
I sing in church choir, my daddy is a reverend
I tried to be a gangsta but my curfew was eleven

Three. I drive my Vespa through the streets and wear
my helmet proud
I do my homework every night then come to this rowdy
crowd
I signed up for the battle, filled in all the basics
But when they saw it was me, they put me on the wait
list

Four. I run from bullies in the streets, I don't know how
to fight
I don't throw lefts or rights I just left and sprinted right
I'm skinny, all scrawny arms and a tiny chest
Shoot I could hide behind that pole if I just hold my
breath

Five. My apron looks like a dress
I should twirl around like a pretty princess,
I'm not a busboy, I'm a waitress
But I can't get the drink right, taste test

Let me buy another round for your guests
My hand got sweaty and I lost my grip
My shoes don't fit, they hand me down
From the Salvation Army right downtown

When I walk into the room, the lights go down
I'm so ugly, mom won't hug me
And that's ten better disses than you

I beat myself, something you couldn't do

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