

## 7 Year Bitch "Get Lit"

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Get out of hand  
Get under foot  
Get to the square root  
Put a word to a feelin'  
Let 'em know with whom they're dealin'  
Dear Elizabeth throw your fit  
Yes you can talk or you can walk, you can walk away  
You can stay and make em pay for you, feeling this  
way  
Thrown out grow up I shot (grown up my child punch  
em out??)  
He goes down on me with my (critique??) you'd mind  
quite a bit

Dear Elizabeth throw a fit, makes me feel like I'm lit

Get out of hand  
Get under foot  
Get to the square root  
Put a word to a feelin'  
Let 'em know with whom they're dealin'

Faint talk after the song ends:

That's what you told me to do!  
No, don't do that crash, that sucks.  
See, that's what you told me to do!  
She looked at me and goes 'now'...

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