

## Self "Moronic"

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She's a leprachaun with mouth full of bile  
She's a movie lover, suckin cock in the isle  
It's like ten thousand dicks, when you're not really gay  
She's a Death Row contract, when you hate Dr. Dre

And I think she's moronic  
Its a real pain  
When she hits the airwaves  
With a pack of lies  
That she wrote in the third grade  
She's a head of lies  
Thats you just cant shake  
And each single makes me sicker

To imagine her naked  
I'm afraid to see (afraid to see)  
I took my suitcase  
And broke her left titty  
When I was at burny-grunmans  
Mastering my album  
I had the chance to burn her masters  
And I wish that i had  
Cause I think that she's moronic (blah blah blah)

It's a pure pain  
When she hits the airwaves  
And I hope she dies  
And pour salt in her veins  
She's a head of lice  
That you just cant shake  
And each single makes me sicker

She has a funny way  
Of processing her lower vocals through a stereo chorus  
end  
delay  
She has a funny funny way  
Of singing all of her bridges like the kibbde-kibbde-  
kibbde-kiddby  
count bass

Isn't she moronic

Dont you think  
Never once melodic  
And I really do think

And I think she's moronic  
It's a real pain  
When she hits the airwaves  
With a pack of lies  
That she wrote in the third grade  
She's a head of lies  
That you just cant shake  
And each single makes me sicker

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