

Trophy Scars "Assassin. Assassins."

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Limb separation bone isolation.
Nothing to do but to decapitate these words
Oh yeah
Abrasive allergic inhaling detergent
Eating the last of the words that were urgent oh yeah

This little girly wants to get to the action
Rob another bank and win a reaction
Didn't know she owned a gun
Didn't know she'd shoot that gun

Com on baby grab that cash and get in the car
hit the gas
the cops will catch up crazy fast
Come on baby drive

I cant believe you shot that guy
You better hope he doesn't die
This time there ain't no alibi faster baby drive
God! NO! what have we done?
Bonnie and Clyde on the run, on the run

This time your
Tricky-tricky-tricky tricks
Are more than just scaring me
They're making me sick
Babies in blenders and insect intestines
Nothing to eat but stained glass in heaven, man
Oh yeah
Nodding my head to the dancing dead
You'd be so surprised what the skeleton said, man
He said "Assassin. Assassins." "Assassin. Assassins."
yeah "Assassin. Assassins." "Assassin. Assassins."

Who'd ever think we would be 21?
Our faces will change but these places stay fun
Bonnie looked so beautiful biting at her cuticles
I'd never thought we'd get his far.

I never thought you'd stop this car
Shoot a guy and break my heart
Oh baby

You get me high

Dancing in the rain that night
Puddles dripping from your eyes
The greatest day of our lives
Maybe we should have died

Oh man look what we've done
We've suited our hearts
From the words off our tongues

This time your itty bitty-bitty bones
Will lock up inside you and not let you go
Huh?

Bonnie sails over the ocean
My bonnie sails over the sea
Wont you please bring back please bring back
My bonnie to me

Now I know what this girls all about
She'll hold you!
Fuck you!
Stick a gun in your mouth!

Call me romantic
Or call me naive
I spilled my own blood to save her heart
From the streets that she'll leave

You know what those damn cops will do if they find you
They'll cuff you
Or shoot you
Don't let them find you

You know what would happen
When you let this all happen
You're dead
Or you're happy

I hope that you're happy, baby

She was my bonnie my one and only my wifey my
homey
Molded controlled me slowly showed me
Its only dough
You hold me boldly coldly like a .9
Use me cock me back and blow my mind
You're the thought behind my rhyme design

For quite some time

This life of crime has showed no sign of ending
Almost spouses running into house
Blouses doused in blood

Shouting "get down n empty the clout out
of your trousers"
Bonnie n Clyde, ride with my baby by my side
Those baby blue eyes hypnotize
Visualize when you strip the gun clip slip on your thigh
Never slipping she's gripping

Smith n Wesson dressed in fishnets stretching from
toe to heaven
Bonnie blessing bank with bullet flanks that blow whole
ranks to waste
Lower than worthy women wibble wobble when wielding
weight
Disintegrate when placed in these crazy ape states

These situations got me craving the rush
So much I want to reach out and touch
Clutch your bullets load your nuts
Finger fuck the rust off your trigger
Hear you hush
Chamber thrust then you bust

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