

I Want You Dead

Brooke Valentine

You know, there's a few things I been wanting to say
There's a few things I been wanting to get off my chest
You feel me? Let's go

I ran your car into a ditch
Poked holes in your propelectives
Used to love me
Used to love you
Now I hate you
You hate me too
Would have walked on hot coals for you
Now I don't care spit about you

I want you dead
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I pawned your jewelry on the net
Called up your boss told him you quit
Must have been breast fed
Fell on your head
You'd be better
Slicing your wrists
Think you'll ever leave me for her
Revenge is sweet but I

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Used to love me and hug me and tell me you need me
Hold me gently, I was sure of everything
But now you've changed you're my worst enemy
I'd rather see you in the cemetery
Gagging, boxed up, full of maggots
Rotten bones in a wooden casket
But now I'm calm and cool about this
Some hopeful thinking never hurt anyone

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