

Ma said "Wake up son, good morning"  
I rolled outta bed, greeted mama with a yawn then  
Paused to scratch an itch and went, down to the kitchen  
Fixed a plate of eggs and bacon, glass of OJ Simpson  
Just as I was about to dig in  
A thought jumped in my head, school was to be attended, shit  
I payed my thoughts no attention  
Cause I wasn't tryna kick it with this bitch that just ended it  
with me  
But mama wasn't havin it, so I grabbed my bag  
And split out the door and saw the whore that I'd rather kick  
It seems kinda brash but it's the hash, I mean the harsh truth  
She runs shit, she's the jock, I'm the horseshoe  
She's gorgeous, when niggas see it jaws hit the floor so  
When she left, it didn't break my heart it broke my torso  
Making my eyes ache, stalking her MySpace  
Posted a new pic, I mean it when I say, that I fucking hate you  
, but

Maybe if you looked in this direction  
I'd pick my heart up off the floor and put it in my chest then  
Feel the fucking life, rushing through my body  
But you got a guy, it's not me, so my wrist is looking sloppy  
Come on, let's cut the bull like a matador  
You light me up like lamps a chance is all I'm really asking fo  
r  
Give me one, I promise I'll be back for more  
Most wanna tap and score, I want a fam of four  
Not like a family of four, just like... fuck it  
You'll never listen to this shit anyways, fuck you, bitch

She said "You rushing, you rabid son of a Labrador"  
But I'm attracted to you like teenyboppers to Apple stores  
The basement light is darkened and the switchblade is sharpened  
Her name on my arm and her face on a two percent carton  
See her face while you're fixing your breakfast  
And know she's in my basement, objecting to sex with  
Me murder spree, surges on with the next bitch  
Tombstones read RIP cause it's pieces they rest in