

Urban Barbie

I Hate Myself

You've got your roots in the streets - stretch almost four weeks deep.

Straight out of Mayberry to claim these city streets.

You've got your Nike's, your new-found families.

Do what the fuck you please.

Rock the spot with your G's with moneys from mommy's and daddy's.

You're blowing up the spot, and you've shot up my heart.

You make alleys pop.

You make bodies drop. Please stop. I've been got. Emergency.