

Ummmm hello! I was wondering, how goth is my frock?
see I got a thing for horror movies and mope rock
but I can't shock my hair up (I ran out of stock)
and just like that, frontalot ran out of talk
it was tragic, unheard of, never seen, me:
out of rhymes when they usually come indefatigably
but me here talk good? no, bad talk do!
like my tongue got encrypted right before I lost root
like my small talk got box-rox0red on a prior boot
it's moot, she only dates guys in chokes and boots,
not brutes lacking eyeliner like I lack
but look, I'll put a little on plus lip shellac
just to stand next to that and dream about love
of necessity, that has always had to be enough
cause I can't talk to goth girls, i just stare and stammer
my name is mc frimmer frammer
and damn her if she giggles damn her double if she laughs
goth girls like it when you double-damn it twice fast

Goth girls, goth girls: they're the girls that go
to see the nerdcore rapper with the geeked out flow
at the show, you can see the black lace on parade
I met a hundred dozen of 'em but I ain't got laid

Got shunned by her at the Rocky Horror premiere
she steered clear of the nerd crowd but I heard loud in my ear
the disdain that she held for my type
always geeking on the computron -- I get hype
on the stage, she might notice me then and observe
that I'm "ironically hip in some flip universe"
and her purse in patent leather held in fishnet glove
could then contain mp3player with the Front filled up
her name is nytshaed, yo don't call her cherry tomato
she look like paisley tinkle but poisonous like topato
she says her hair got attacked cause it's black and it's blue
she got a johnny the homicidal maniac tattoo
legs all deep in the boots, boots all up on the heels
yes, the kind to make a certain type of fetishist squeal
the ordeal that I endure: this close to her splendor
yet besieged by my shyness