

Steppin' Out

of Montreal

I'm the wrong color but I'm on the one
Wish I wasn't human, wish I was a pop gun

Get off me babe, I'm not your ride
Besides, I'm out of tickets and I mean, where's your pride?
It's not so terrible being alone
There's nothing to hurt you, except your own

Somebody just date raped me to get to me know me
Speech impediment like let's make macaroni art
Heart in a furnace, got your learner's permit
Now you're preggo wondering if you should full term it
Should you get extensions or maybe just perm it
Treats you like a pervy switch, he likes to catch, can't really
pitch
He's such a bitch about humidity because now his weave is all f
ucked up
Tucked you in with a bedtime story, act all whorey, sports fant
asy about Robert Horry
Three feet big mouth on your teet like a little tyke
I always show respect to the sluts and the dykes
And the freon boys and a banned agenda motherfuck D.O.M.A. baby
never surrender

You've been a fag hag for too long
Time for stepping out in your front thong (step out)

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Besides, I'm out of tickets and I mean, where's your pride?
It's not so terrible to be alone
There's nothing to hurt you, except your own

I'm the wrong color but I'm on the one
Wish I was a chameleon, wish I was a pop gun