

## Interlude: 15 Minutes

OPM

15 minutes with you  
And I want to slit my wrists I can't believe we used to kiss  
I can't believe I used to put up with, all of your bullshit  
I remember when I was all up in that ass  
Religiously like a Sunday Mass  
That's what she'd say when we'd get into  
The sheets are dirty and so were you  
There was a time when I'd think of you  
And the feelin' was good and the feelin' was true  
But now-a-days I got a one track mind  
When I see your face I wanna grab a knife  
15 minutes with you  
And you still kee runnin' your mouth, I can't believe we once went out  
I believe I used to listen to you scream and bitch and shout!!!  
I remember when I was all up in that ass  
Religiously like a Sunday Mass  
That's what she'd say when we'd get into  
The sheets are dirty and so were you  
There was a time when I'd think of you  
And the feelin' was good and the feelin' was true  
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