

# Quitting Smoking Song

Princess Superstar

It's the quitting smoking song  
All the smokers cough along  
If I can do it, so can you  
Let's chew some gum and say fuck you  
It's the quitting smoking song  
All the smokers cough along  
If I can quit, you can quit  
Let's have some fun, break some shit

Well this is the hundredth, billionth time I've tried to quit  
So sick of it, wait, shit, I gotta cough and spit  
I was a bitch before but now a triple bitch, bitch, bitch  
Slipped on day six and stick patches on both tits, oww  
Ripped 'em off with a rash, sick of the crap  
Sick of payin' nine bucks a patch, sick of keepin' track (anybody got a match?)  
Throw the pack in the trash and blow one fast and light it up  
(You shouldn't do that), you know, I know, uh, I don't give a fuck  
Can I get to the end and feel bad again  
Can't call your friends cause this is the tenth time you said you'd quit  
And this time I'm really gonna do it man, I got a plan  
Acupuncture and bran, nicorette, treadmill and zyban  
Man I feel weak, I feel so dumb  
I got ninety-nine problems, cigarettes is number one  
Gonna curse Benson Hedges, curse Phillip Morris  
Gonna curse you motherfuckers till I make it to the chorus

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I haven't smoked in a week, all my clothes still stink, eww  
What did I used to think, this website says my lungs have one spot of pink, what!  
What am I gonna do instead of smoke when one, drinking coffee, two, thinking about the Iraqis  
Three, in a boring conversation, four, mad impatient or five, waiting outside  
Six, while I drive, seven, feeling crappy, eight, feeling happy, nine, this is not happening!  
I can't stop snacking, it's numb-wracking  
My pants buttons are snapping and my rapping is totally blocked  
Got more wrinkles than a pitbull, plus a new pimple  
I'm supposed to be a sex symbol! Yeah  
It's official, I'd rather kill myself smoking than live without it  
So sick of feeling sick, so sick of myself sick of talking about it  
Gonna curse Marlboro, curse Phillip Morris  
Curse you motherfuckers till I make it to the chorus

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Wow, it's been a year, I still got a career  
Lost some weight but still don't got a stomach, or dough, like Britney Spears  
s  
But I can actually breathe, got some nice white teeth  
And I can sit through dinner and not get up to smoke in the middle and leave  
Believe me, I've got a lot to say on the topic  
If you're a smoker and you know it clap your hands, now stop it!  
You look pretty stupid with that thing in your mouth  
Pretty insecure with that thing sticking out, little wrinkles on your brow  
I don't know how you're gonna do it but you better do it  
Your lungs or these corporations, which one you want ruined  
I'm sorry, I'm startin' to preach just a little bit  
Nothin' worse than a smoker who quit but you smell like shit  
Go kiss someone else, you taste so gross dude  
I smelled you before you even came close, eww  
Gonna curse Benson Hedges, curse Phillip Morris  
Gonna curse you motherfuckers till I make it to my chorus

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Hey can I have a cigarette now?