

Ugly Hungry Puppy

Qwel

Screamin everybody, anybody, nobody, ain't it funny
Insincerity just made me a whore
I got this feelin that you don't love me like I love me
Cause if you did you'd give me so much more
Of your money and your time
Spineless putty, fudge a rhyme, lines of slutty hussies
Tee-hee, love's a dub at the door
Me me, buck for support
The biggest duck in the source forged, struck for stubs he tore
War bucks, shucks, but what was it for
I forgot a lot of odds and ends, like God and friends, and lonely faces
Mostly sacred places that we fucked on tour
We trudged on fore
Sport a grimace for the anti witness sickness
Spittin candid candy Christmas
Slipped his slough on the floor
Given just us rewarded, trusted lust at the rusted core
Sinkin fink with double wink and nudge in accord
I only seek relief
Anomaly
Anomaly of honesty
Not the easy wanton skeeze, nobody loves and adores
It all got muddled up so subtlety
Releasing love between greed and greeting hugs and easy drugs
I mean direction was the purpose
Once at least, even if only puddle deep
But you all disappeared once my tongue
touched the reflection reflecting on the surface
It didn't taste much like I wanted it
Switch
My buds must be off a bit
Often it's the audience that clutched the reward
Tell 'em what they want, shit if you want what they got
Struck so suddenly, I can't believe it never sunk in before
We can patronize the fatherless and march 'em to the bottomless pit
Shit if it fits, antagonize a cliché
Garbled garbage, so called artists flip, and ego guarded martyr trips
But peep the rattle hinds and neat fangs
Babble minded weak ways
Cattle rhyming these days
Apple shined and sweet glazed
Grab those diamonds, greed pays
And makes the climb go each way...I know
Tell 'em sit around and heads'll geek to kiss the curb
Then we'll sell 'em fish a noun instead of teach 'em fish a verb
Seven diadems in the flesh, stress like, what should I wear?
To dribble spittle to the middle safe, like, fuck, should I care
Screamin, everybody, anybody, nobody, funny
Insincerity just made me a king, bling
I got this feeling that ya'll love me like an ugly hungry puppy
But if not then please save me three seats
And maybe we's me
And maybe you ain't, tainted self hell
With patients like Kavorkian
Narcishorties sang the cd
At least the pattern formin habit for the early fish to grab
Shit, at most, awaited latest was the lamest release

It's all about the unit, push love
Love, assuming it's love
If you insist, love
Somebody, anybody, this tomb isn't love