

She's a leprachaun with mouth full of bile  
She's a movie lover, suckin cock in the isle  
It's like ten thousand dicks, when you're not really gay  
She's a Death Row contract, when you hate Dr. Dre

And I think she's moronic  
It's a real pain  
When she hits the airwaves  
With a pack of lies  
That she wrote in the third grade  
She's a head of lies  
That's you just can't shake  
And each single makes me sicker

To imagine her naked  
I'm afraid to see (afraid to see)  
I took my suitcase  
And broke her left titty  
When I was at burny-grunmans  
Mastering my album  
I had the chance to burn her masters  
And I wish that i had  
Cause I think that she's moronic (blah blah blah)

It's a pure pain  
When she hits the airwaves  
And I hope she dies  
And pour salt in her veins  
She's a head of lice  
That you just can't shake  
And each single makes me sicker

She has a funny way  
Of processing her lower vocals through a stereo chorus end  
Delay  
She has a funny funny way  
Of singing all of her bridges like the kibbde-kibbde-kibbde-kiddby  
Count bass

Isn't she moronic  
Don't you think  
Never once melodic  
And I really do think

And I think she's moronic  
It's a real pain  
When she hits the airwaves  
With a pack of lies  
That she wrote in the third grade  
She's a head of lies  
That you just can't shake  
And each single makes me sicker