I Betcha

Snak the Ripper

Yo, I can see it in her face when she looks in the mirror
Wishing her complexion was a little more clear
As she pulls her skirt higher, wipes away a tear,
she's fucked over fifteen dudes in less than a year
She thinks she's only having just a little bad luck,
spilling her emotions all he wants to do is fuck,
she only likes him because he has a brand new truck
He's got world wide tattood but he's attitude sucks
So she moves on to the next, first day oral sex,
unaware of the effects on the respect that he may have had for
her
But he lost only calls her he's sauced,
she needs a razor now she fucks the boss,
so confused, used and abused, wants anyone to love her,
as she cry's herself to sleep underneath the covers
She just moves to the next, tryna get rich and you wonder why t
hey call you bitch, I betcha

How can you love him when you don't love yourself
Something needs to change im telling you girl
The problem you have in life won't solve itself
Now how can you love him when you don't love yourself

Yo I can see it in his face when he's had a couple beer
Acting all hard like he's the dude that you should fear
He's crying on the inside but nobody see's his tears
He likes to hit his girl, they've been together seven years
So he throws his fist, time to fight, blinded by the stupid lif
e
Revved up like the notion of vagina reaaal tight
Dude doesn't understand that his anger makes him weak
Quick to get defensive when somebody else critiques
So he always stays the same, just, bitches and complains
Tryna act succesful flossing all the glitter in the rain
World wide tattoo, in his truck sniffing cain
Listening to nickleback living mundane
Tells his girl that he loves her, and she believes him
Tells her she's fucking dead if she ever leaves him
Talk behind your back just a liar and a snitch,
definition of a male bitch, I betcha

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