

# You Make Me Sick

Ugly Kid Joe

You make me sick and I don't want to hear another word outta you  
You talk so much about your problems, of problems you got that's true  
I feel like killin'  
Lots of blood spillin'  
Up unto the very last drop  
Yeah I'll keep squeezin'  
Well listen to reason  
It's you that I wanna stop  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Everyday I tell you "Listen, you ain't got the touch"  
Someday you'll amount to somethin'  
But believe me it won't be much  
My mind's made up  
Don't give a fuck  
Gunna put you outta your misery  
Cuz for you to live I've got to forgive and it ain't gunna happen you  
see  
No no no no

I'll keep squeezin'  
Until your blood drips dry  
There ain't no reason  
For you to be alive  
I'll keep squeezin'  
Until the day you die  
You got no reason  
You got no reason  
To be alive

For you to be alive  
For you to be alive

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