Julia Stiles

Allday

Julia Stiles, I got

Hello matey it’s me, the so shapely overweighty fat fuck
I'm ice-cream cone crazy
Oreo tasting, my father don’t praise me
With a beach ball gut like I carry my own baby

Skin so flakey like a painting in the Louvre (true)
Socially awkward, I'm strange and I'm aloof
They made me in a petrie dish, raised me in a tube
Now I'm driving round the city with a lady in my boot (let me out)

Innately I'm frustrating, just a vacant kinda dude
Go walking like I'm Walter, wake up naked in a fugue
Too many buegs and I'm slower than the YouTube sloth
Want to fuck with me? You do not

I'm fat, you should see me with my muumuu off
Now rappers want to kiss me where my do-do was
See I smuggled in some googs in my Fubu socks
Catch me going fucking mental in a Bluejuice mosh

It’s the fat fuck boy with the flabby gut
Breathing down the phone, you're like "go away, I’m hanging up" (grr)
But can he bust quicker than a junkie with his bally up
Been days since smacking up, don’t even get me angry, punk

See I'm frustrating myself to be around me
I'm like a twelvie towny, a real freaking downy
Found me in your driveway, just tryna key your Audi
Wake up crying in a sweat from a dream of Bieber drowning

Astoundingly disgusting, there’s really nothing there
In my brain, so deranged, I feel pain punching air
Cause I can’t mow the lawn and the neighbours love to stare
And my dad's like, "yeah, you gotta grow a fucking pair"

And my life is Solitaire but I'm too dumb for cards
Too hyper for Monopoly, I’m too drunk for bars
More obese than Toadie, got a humongous arse
Tryna fuck all the time like I’m Susan and Karl

I hate the way you talk to me, and the way you cut your hair
I hate the way you drive my car, I hate it when you stare
I hate your big dumb combat boots and the way you read my mind
I hate you so much it makes me sick, it even makes me rhyme

I hate the way you’re always right, I hate it when you lie
I hate it when you make me laugh, even worse when you make me cry
I hate it when you’re not around, and the fact that you didn’t call
But mostly I hate the way I don’t hate you, not even close
Not even a little bit, not even at all

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