

Sass Pancakes

Ashnikko

Hey, what's that?

Well, those are apple rings, this is pancake batter and that's sausage

Hey, that might be pretty good!

Pretty good? Why don't you try it? Take a batch already

Don't compare me to my parents, my choices are my own

Cooked 'em up in my cauldron, that's where all my money's blown
And the potion made me do it, god damn, what was in it?

Your rapper boyfriend's tongue and a carton of Popeye's spinach
Rep the borough and the Baltics, I tried to be the nicest

Leave me stuck in between with an identity crisis

And I might just bite dust, dick around and try to write up
A dollar for a date just to compliment my type but

You throw out that slut word, that's so old news

You boys are easier to use than my Velcro shoes

So who's coming to chill with me and caterpillar later?

Mix something with the sheesha to attract you gaters

You tater tots on my block, don't throw like I thought

Talking 'bout your third eye like these rap robots

And sorry I'm done, I'm cocking my gun

Showing off and throwing shade 'cause it's fun

So listen my son, hold your tits when you run

Try to keep up and don't cry when it's done

I'm sweet, Maple syrup on the beat

Force feed you sass pancakes every day of the week