

Trash

Call Me Karizma

Pretty in pink, you made me a pawn
And you ain't even playing along
The volume's turned up when the stereo's on
And now everyone's scared like I'm carrying bombs
I'm the man (ha!), a comedian too
I ain't on this date for love, babe, I'm eating your food
Don't get your hopes up, I ain't leaving with you
I must've lost my name tag that says I'm easy to lose
Why are you trying text 10 friends that you left my bed this morning?
To impress I'm sure, when I don't know why
I'm just depressed ol' Morgan
With my desk recorder and my thoughts
What does love cost? Probably too much
LA girls blow and Hollywood sucks and
Everyone is fake or a hater or just a judge
"Thanks!" See you later I'll make it up and I'll blush
Who said that is was right to be wrong?
Who said that is was wrong to be right?
Wait, I fucked up..
Who said that me just writing some songs would you make you want to stab my
back with a knife?
Imma grab one tonight
I'm the boy you always laughed in the halls at
You called whack
I wanna play too but my ball's flat
I'm part man, the other half me is a car crash
I'm hanging on the edge of sure death like Tarzan
I'm my Stan
Naked pics of me on my night stand
I tried to be a singer but I'm not in the right band
I'm white bland
So ghostly they cast me for Casper
Last week somebody asked me
If I was wearing bath sheets
Bath salts on acid tabs
Eating Ashley's ass cheeks
I'm sick of Instagram and camera captions
So only flash me if I'm at my show
Or in the way back seat of the taxi
I'm sorry I am me, not sorry I can be
You buy followers but follow everyone's candid
On Halloween you stayed the same but market and brand me
As you suck off everybody like you're swallowing candy
No record deal advancement, nothing for my ransom
Nobody cares about me, that's my motherfuckin' anthem
So if you got a problem, check the back of the book
Life doesn't seem so bad till you actually look
So turn the page, turn the page
Everybody here to rage
Middle fingers higher than a bird or plane
Higher than the murder rate
Higher than you've ever been
Higher when you burn a fucking pile of your purple strain
What the moral really is, is this:
I know I'm off balance like a gymnast slipped
And I ain't even gotta be a physicist
To know my chemicals are mixed like the shit you sip

I'm sorry I'm a loner, I'm sorry I'm a prick
I tried to make you happy, you said I make you sick
I'm a dick
I guess I'm just a dick (Riz)
So here's to being civil, let's throw another back
Our relationship is wasted, let's throw it in the trash
I'm an ass
I guess I'm just an ass, and that's that

This is probably the stupidest song I've ever made... but I guess I'm just a
n ass
Those are for all those, like... ten year old girls who I say I don't rap an
ymore. I rap... it's not very good, ha
Fuckin' loser