

bad mood

Chris Miles

(I didn't come to party, I just came to get my money right. I didn't come to party I just came to get my, came to get my-)

I would never hurt you
But I probably would though
If I was your husband
I'd turn you to a widow

Block nine, shots flying through the window
God, girls do it better I'm in slip mode

I got it [?]
Fucked up, head ache
Make it make sense
Please, I'm brain dead
I'll do drugs in the bath hole
I hate my face
That's why I covered it in tattoos

Bad mood
I got bad mood
Bad mood
I got bad mood