

hot shit

CIL

You got that fake torn t-shirt
And a couple of cigarettes in your ashtray
You say that I'm so lucky
'Cause you want my body not that you asked babe
Powder on the counter talkin' 90 miles an hour
You've got everybody captivated
I'm just sittin' waiting for you to stop
Blowin' smoke just pass the joint
On and on we get the point
Ooo look at you big boy

Ain't you some hot shit baby
Trust me I can tell
I just love the way you only ever talk about yourself
Really drives me crazy
Ooo that's what I like
I just love the way you only ever call me when you're high
Like ooo baby ooo baby
There ain't nobody like you baby ooo baby
You're so original
Hot shit baby
You're like hot shit baby
Look, you're so original

And to be honest, oh I just think you're insecure
Did you disappoint your mommy? Do you need a little more?
Who you angry at? Oh do you need some attention?
Do you need validation that you're a big big boy?

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You ain't that special babe
I met a million of you
What you want me to say?
Want me to say you're a big big boy?

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