

Sick  
Stomach acid spit  
Hair product split  
High fashion  
Calling it quits  
Oh they put me on the pedestal of love  
High above  
I will never say  
I do  
Never ever  
Quick  
Here we are land of the free  
Well don't they know you bought and paid for me  
Whatcha mean  
Guaranteed that my left rights is human  
Whatcha mean  
And we bow out on the floor  
And we're barely holding on  
And we burn like stars in the sky  
Setting our world on fire  
Take them in the other room let them do what they want  
Hey  
I wasn't finished talking  
I wasn't done running my mouth  
They say beauty is a coffin  
And I've just been spat out  
Whatcha mean guaranteed  
That my left rights is coated in green  
Whatcha mean  
We burn out into the morning  
Hey mister, mister pay me just a little bit more