

Extra Extra

Illy

You can walk away, tell me it just won't do
I still can't walk a mile in your shoes
Trouble comes in threes, we do just fine me and you
I hate to be the bearer of bad news

Yeah, hickey hickey, old boy dared me
Neighbours hearing us over their TV's
Fight like you spartan and smile like you cheerlead
Live on the scene and message you the heavy set
No good news today
Whole lot of curse words, a couple of broke plates
Dress it, I'll pay your light, can't have it both ways
It's pouring but no coat, umbrella with no rain
But hey, it's just a season
And if you don't want it, up and leave then
And you can keep asking "what's the reason"
But wait, wait, wait
I'll stop you there, good luck and good evening, damn
Love to play to the gallery
We go together like PB and celery
I failed math, but breezed through anatomy
So me plus you equals trouble come naturally, yeah

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So I say extra, extra, read all about it 'cause I'm gone
'Cause I'm gone

And they're saying I'm bad news, you probably think that too
Like I'm out, taking everything that moves
By the gloss, but not a thing rang true, so I'm hitting haters up like bim,
bam, boom
And we can handle this cool, or take a different route
Wig out and give them something new to bitch about
Can barely tell, you kicking it or kicking out?
Back right after the break if you stick around
Stop the presses, circuit breakers, drop the pressure
Read between the lines on the message
It's 2016 now, even forever's not forever, man
Already plotting a part two
Brought to you by a coffee and dark moods
On our way, no stopping to argue, I'm sorry
It's just something I can't do, but you know what they say

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If this is love, I've had enough, I don't
Want to hear another thing about it
So give it up, and let it go
'Cause I don't give a fuck anymore

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