

## Female Dyslexic

Kakkmaddafakka

In the early days it was easy, I felt like an intelligent guy  
From the kitchen to the bedroom, I could tell by the look in her eye

But a couple of weeks later, there's a party going down  
She says: I got some stuff to do, but you just go and have fun

Well, I hit the town drinks flowing down, gin and juice, patron e, crystal and rome

Mario gets another one, I said I gotta run

So, I'm getting home, no missed calls on my phone, opened the door with a smile

Where the fuck have you been, drinkin' all that gin

Well you said go and have fun

What does she want? I can't read her!

What does she need? I don't understand...

I guess I'm female dyslexic!

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How am I suppose to understand her, every time she talks it's like decrypted code

When she's in this fucked up mode

She says "Yes", she means "No", I say "What?", she says "You should know!"

Has it ever been a problem understanding me?

I say what's on my mind every time!

Am I suppose to be a shrink? Am I suppose to be a psychic?

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