Make Me Famous

Kim Dracula

Ten, nine, eight, seven rabbits running to the finish line
Johnny shot a fucking triple with his brand-new little AR-15
Little Johnny, pretty Johnny
Honey, Johnny's just mentally ill
(What a ceremony)
After all, they will say he's misguided, just needs a bit of love

Ooh, just like that
And of course, we'll always give it to him

It's enough to make you think
It's enough to make you think
It's enough to make you
It's enough to make you

Sick
Motherfucker

Listen closely to the words in this song
I'm betting a lot of people never had a place they belong
Give 'em a platform for doing something evil
"You better not look at me wrong, 'cause I'ma mess you up for real"

Celebrity status just for murdering people
Baby, doesn't it feel so familiar?

Cruising down the street with my '74
These stupid little rats don't even know I have been lurkin' 'round s
niffin' before
Who wants to dance? (My wicked dance)

Celebrity status just for murdering people
Baby, doesn't it feel so familiar?
We could be famous, like famous for real
Baby, you and I are so similar

I love to play, I love to cause damage
It's what these useless idiots deserve
Soon I'll be praised for causing havoc
That's why I signed up to protect and to serve

This is your captain speaking
I order you to give 'em all a nice bullet to the head
Yes sir, whatever you say
I'll paint the walls a potent fucking red

Make me famous
Make me famous

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