

WOOSAH

KxllSwxtch

This song is for angry white kids with too much testosterone and not enough bitches
Yeah, ayy, uh

Death to everybody, Criss Angel, make your soul levitate
Tell her open wide, now she drinkin' piss like it's lemonade
Woosah, shawty, come give me brain, let me meditate
Decimate him after, I fold his body like figure eight
Swing first, ask questions last, I don't take shit
From a motherfucker since y'all get hit with a head kick
A6, pull off, XLR8 like I'm Ben 10
Red bottoms, no Louboutin's, guess what I stepped in?
All that shit you talkin' fake, I can see through your posture
Slackjaw, speakin' about me gon' need you a doctor
Heads get to rollin' around like we playin' soccer
She asked wanna fuck, I declined, but thanks for the offer
Pause, wait just a minute, bitch, shut up, oh my God
Bitch, I'm the shit, uh, he Charmin soft
Axe hand morgan, put the steel up to his jaw
Act up with me, fuck around, catch a charge

One, two, three, pin him down, he's stuck
1v1, gun fight 'em, no Rust
Re: Zero iced up, wrist on pump
Shawty come blow this dick, Ms. Puff
One, two, three, pin him down, he's stuck
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