

# BAD

Leon Else

I woke up this morning  
With puke on my chest  
This ain't my puke  
And this ain't my bed  
The women beside me  
She look like she dead  
And out of her mouth hangs half a cigarette

And I feel that itch I need to get me something  
To get my heart pumping  
And life is a bitch at least I know she loves me  
But she owes me nothing

Is it bad  
That I like being fucked up more than being sober  
Is it bad  
That my best friend is this demon on my shoulder  
Is it bad  
The shit I find fun could get me sent to prison  
Is it bad  
That I don't really care if I live or I die I just want get high  
Now don't you  
Wish that you could live like this  
Not having to give two shits  
I'll tell the world to suck my dick  
And it does  
And I can't get enough  
Now bring me more drugs  
And shut the fuck up

I'm bad  
I'm bad

Thought I was hungover  
Cos the pain in my head  
Then I noticed blood  
Was stuck in my hair  
I look in the mirror  
And I look like I'm dead  
I spit on the floor and it's painted red

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