

Hardcore Bitches

iMayday!

This for my hard core bitches
For my suicide girls
This for my hard core bitches
In a suicide world

Well hello Ms. mayhem, haters to the side
Tatted up waist band, ink up on your thigh
Taken' karma photos, your such a go go
Got the world watchin' but you actin' like you don't know know
I'm lighting this one up and pouring you some whiskey
Doin' dirty things, you were born to do them with me
Rolling in a 6'1 Lincoln Continental
Suicide doors, suicide mental
Attention planet; I'm in love, God dammit
With a girl got talent in a world so manic
Independent like fuck a man who?
But she still the type to go and wanna fuck a man too
Play this in your jukebox when she wanna few knocks
Poppin' out the tube top, hoping she don't move shop
I'm layin' eyes on Havoc Hailey
Don't ever let them call you crazy, baby

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Hey gypsy
Tell me who I am with a glance, come and tempt me
Theses girls are vanilla, I need somethin' more trilla'
Please girl let me know if you can help me
I'm sorry if it's forward but I need a certain type
And I've been noticin' you notice me all night me all night
Got sparrows on your chest for your whole life
Met you on the road cussin' on out vice
Nothin' nice and I love it so fuckin' stubborn
Fight to make up to wake up to more cummin'
So go ahead let theses bitches talk rubbish
They all look the same and spend there lives clubin'
One look one glance and you're dead
Daddy's little girl gone fuck up your head
She know I want her but she hard to get
Made another song for her again

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Look, me I'm a God's Girl kind of guy
You you look odd, kind of fly
Like the wings you got tatted on your back
Your pieced all over tell me where you got 'em at, shit
Nipple, tongue, clit, oh shit! And the naval too
Encourage me to do what other men weren't able to
Blame the internet it enabled you
All the girls jealous, so a ho is what they labeled you

You worth the lurkers on her cam
With the perverts you don't immerse fans
I understand if you never wanna meet up
But please don't stop sendin' pics of them "D" cups'
Matter fact it's time to re-up
Make the chat private, so that no one else can see us
And after I finished runnin' charges on my Visa
I'm fallin' to me knees, please forgive me Lord Jesus

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