

Foxy Nazi

MC Chris

I took very long walks with my scary pet tiger
We'd have very long talks, so many topics to decipher
We were new at existence but our discussions seemed timeless
Whether speeding down a hill or pretending that we're pirates
Every Calvin needs a Derkins, of that I'm sadly certain
You walked into the room, they looked at you and I looked nervous
Tried to shake it off, told myself that I'm a millionaire
Music producer, but this juicer had a killer pair
Of eyes, surprise, she's headed this way
We fell in love. For a year, we did date
But she was so focused and I was out of frame
Then we just broke up because I couldn't take the pain
She was just a bigger deal, my ego's emo, havin' feels
She's writing songs talking trash, is this girl f'real?
Then I thought that shit was done, turns out it ain't over yet
Triggered 'cause her IG showed her turtleneck is shoulderless

I still love you
But, babe, gotta say, you're still a mystery
I miss Hobbes, dude
We were so tight, now I must fight all Nazis
I still love you
But, babe, gotta say, you're still a mystery
I miss Hobbes, dude
We were so tight, now I must fight all Nazis

Taylor's about as country as the state of Pennsylvania
But everywhere is country, not just South with its regalia
Cities are so self involved, they can't see past their ponds
Liberals fail to understand that this isn't Coruscant
90 minutes out of Philly, she grew up on a farm
They grew pretty Christmas trees and they sold them in a barn
Her father worked in finance, they all were hella rich
She made 'em move to Nashville to get signed and make it big
She made it saying, "Look at me, I'm such a geek
I wear these funny glasses, boys don't like to watch me weep
I'm just like Juliet, that basic bitch from English Lit
Now everybody bow down, say I am the shit."
Now she's the richest person, her philanthropies unmatched
Got no problem being vocal, cool with doling out the cash
Kept quiet couple years ago, she could've okayed Clinton
She doesn't talk 'bout politics as if that shit's forbidden
So you didn't pick a side, Miley's crying over Hillary
You can't deny you spent more time pickin' out your jewelry
You made a clever posed, revealed your vote in code
If you were gonna do that, why did... Come on, Taylor!

Concerts are classrooms
We coulda taught them how to V-O-T-E
Babies in cages
You could have saved us, you only fight when you lose money
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Donald was delivered or should I say extracted

His mother never loved him, always seemed kind of distracted
Was ill when he was little, when he needed mommy most
They were never reunited, was divided from the host
Threw cake at birthday parties, liked to play hooky
Shipped him off to military school with no cookies
Donald was a derelict, almost killed a kid
So they said goodbye forever and I bet they're glad they did
When he got out of college, he dodged the draft
Inherited his dad's business and kicked out the blacks
Put his brand on every manse like a rancher gone mad
Known to take advantage of his workers and his staff
40 years go past, three wives, five kids
Cameo in Home Alone, game show host for kicks
Decides to run for office, only he has all the answers
Now we're all afraid his mother couldn't love the bastard
They can call us snowflakes, they can call us cucks
But they're not the people being loaded into trucks
In 2020, Taylor, make sure your girls get it
If you're not voting Democrat, you vote for Armageddon

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Can't you see that these kids look up to you?

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Next time pick a side, losing abortion rights thanks to you

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