

guh

Mori Calliope

(Guh)
Give it up, give it up
(Guh)
Dead beats, we like it rough
(Guh)
Give it up, give it up
(Guh)
(It's high noon)
Dead beats, we like it rough

So, a yeet yeet skrt to the yacht yacht steeze
A little more wind, we could shoot the breeze
The routine's got me reminiscing back to the start line
Madness indeed, I believed I was part time
Sick to my stomach, click click bit of mischief
Miss, hit, "fuck this shit" then a bitch quits
Stop. Forget this. Be an entertainer
Reaper with killer wits, they cannot restrain her
I could be a plain girl. Would you like that?
Nah, think I'll take you to the forest with a spiked bat
Beat you and skin you and make me a nice hat
(Calli, are you okay?)
Just a little wiped, that's all
But it's every day now
I'm sensing a Sensō and can't express how
Eat a light snack, and remain loud
Have a nice laugh, all the way down

Who's the one, the loaded gun
Who's always pointed downward
Shooting myself again
The sweetest sound they ever heard
Now let's play a game: shall we go a bit deeper?
Who is the best at the roasting the reaper?
(Give it up, give it up
Haven't we learned anything?)
Be a force of nature, little agitators
Show you how it's done for fun a little later
Vomit your comments, my range is greater
G to the U H saying "give up, haters"

There's a lot of thoughts I can't say outright
I've got my chords, you've got your keyboard, and both us got all night
Try again, I'm wishing you well
But you will never roast me better than I roast myself
Hang 'em high, 'cause you won't take my life, 'cause I ain't got none
So sorry, I'm hardly just getting started
But why, have you misplaced your life? I'll help you find it
Just follow my shadow
Guess what, I'm on your side

Self-deprecation is a bit over-done
Give herself a point of credit, she could go for one
Understood, have a song where I imply I'm deserving
Now the big-headed bad guy Calli got them swerving
I really ought to try to be a little less offensive
Not to brag, though my vocab's quite extensive

The structure's a mess, not unlike my flow
Got the message, I best stick to what I know
I don't care what you say, self-hate is an art
If you want to compete with me then get smart
"My dad plays games better, pee pee poo"
Geez look at the size of the brain on you
Coming through, these burns are the best in the biz
I'll pretend that my antis are all just little kids
(Were you observing what I just did?)
Reverse self-serving, surprise, here's a pop quiz:

Who's the one who smacks herself for fun without a lick of hesitance
"Damn, My Content's Only Decent" Club and I'm the president
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