

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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