

# Bullet

Nova Twins

Who the fuck you calling?  
I'm that girl you couldn't get and now you hate me for it  
I'm not asking for it  
Don't you ever touch my hair unless you're paid to cut it

Excuse me, where you going?  
I don't want to get to know you  
I don't want to give my number  
I can feel your gearbox slowing  
Conversation isn't flowing  
I can feel your red cheeks glowing  
Is it too much for your ego  
When I say, "See ya, amigo"?

I'm not asking for it, I know what you want  
I know what you want  
I don't owe you one  
I'm a rocket, I hit like a bullet, son  
Like a bullet, son  
You ain't getting none  
I'm not asking for it, I know what you want  
I know what you want  
I don't owe you one  
I'm a rocket, I hit like a bullet, son  
Like a bullet, son  
You ain't getting none

It's my prerogative  
I don't dress up to impress, you're such a narcissist  
I'm not ashamed of it  
It's my body, it's my mind, do what I want with it

Cat caller on the street  
Why do you always bother me?  
On your rooftop in the heat  
I hope you fall from forty feet  
Pulling up in shiny cars  
Won't hide your dull demeanour  
If I kiss you in a bar  
It doesn't mean you'll get that far

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Bitches and hoes, diamonds and gold  
Ice and around my neck so that everybody knows  
Bitches and hoes, bend over to your toes

I talk about my dick 'cause my brain is fucking slow  
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Ice and around my neck so that everybody knows  
Bitches and hoes, bend over to your toes  
I talk about my dick 'cause my brain is fucking slow

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(I'm not asking for it)