

cyanide

Paris Texas

She tastes
She tastes

She tastes like cyanide, I think she's dead inside
My face looks like a grave, she lied in mine
A grave, she lied in mine (Ooh)
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Off a little bit of coke, I'm geeked
So you know I can't rest in peace
And I nailed this shit like a Jesus
How you still don't fuck with me?
I got clout 'fore I ever got you
And that shit fucked up my ego
Better get with a nigga that's regal
'Cause you can't fuck someone that's equal

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Yeah
Flirtin' with the check before I fuck
She just caught me screamin', "What the fuck?"
Now I feel this turnin' in my gut
Bitches make me sick, need Kaiser
In my veins, it's a iceberg
I could feel my blood turn cold
Mournin' every truth I thought you told
With the stale face, tombstone
Flirtin' with the check before I fuck
She just caught me screamin', "What the fuck?"
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