

TOXIC

POORSTACY

She says I'm an asshole, she says I'm a scumbag
If it hurts like hell, then why am I screaming "Hell yeah"?
She says I'm a fuckboy, she says I'm a dickhead
If I hate her guts, then why am I always in them?
Yeah, yeah

Split ends, mini skirt, bleached her fucking head
Until it hurt, yeah (oh God, that fucking hurt)
Brand new Prada bag, can't afford that drip
I think she stole that off Fifth Ave
One bed in Tribeca, says Kylie's her best friend, but
Last time that I checked she not A list, at best a B+
Studio in Soho, fishnets with the Go-Gos
Said the pops are at her door, it's just UPS though

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Loving you's toxic
But I can't stop it

I'm an asshole, a hard pill to swallow
She says I'm a narcissist and I'm so fucking shallow
Yeah my heart is hollow, wallow in my emptiness
She thinks that I'm such a mess, but I know all about hoes
Push the blame on me
Tell me that it's my fault and you'll never hurt me
Please just let me be
Tell me that you love me, tell me that you

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