

Goth Kid

Princess Nokia

I'm goth as fuck
Even when I'm not in black
Gothic is the pain you feel and not the clothes that's on your back
Don't give a fuck about the fun you make of me
I'm not the type to play your role so get the fuck away from me
You make me sick
And all I was was just a kid who picked a flaw in all I did
And go and make me feel like shit
I swear to god
You have no clue to how I live
To foster care, abused as kids

Playing under my desk, a comic book in my bed
I got fuck with Emily Strange
And I got pins in my bag
I'm Wednesday Adams to you basic ass hoes
Marilyn Manson to you corny ass bros

I was sleeping in the cemetery
Kinda cute, a little scary
Goth as fuck
A little Carrie
You don't know shit about me
You go assume and doubt me
I'm just like Ginger Foutley
The world was born of innies
And I was born an outie

You gonna see a side of me that you've never seen
My mind is kinda sick, and my jokes a little mean
Just a little gorey, like a bloody fucking spleen
I been hanging out with prostitutes and fiends

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I just landed from another planet
And I think it's time to start the madness
Stupid hungry boy I'm famished
Take a plate of food, if moms is asking
I'm in the project chilling with my boys
I'm talking grown ass men who play with toys
Mom's asleep don't make a noise

Extracurriculars is having sex and smoking weed
Stealing clothes and climbing trees
Hustling kids and buying peas
Duane Reade, stole the triple C's

Tripping hard I try to breathe
Tripping hard I go to sleep

It's a dirty game, and I'm nobody's fool
I'd rather be myself, pretend I'm fucking cool
I'd rather be at home, than party where there's hate
People making fun of me while smiling in my face
I'm a nice kid
And the world ain't
Got the knapsack, and a fat sack
Said I'm gonna quit today
Ha ha, fat chance
And at first glance, I'm so small and cute
Haven't seen me puking drunk, on my own shoes
I'm a big slob, I got a big job
I know who I am
I'm a real hug

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Yellow cab, yellow bag
Little sad, copped a bag and took a drag
Dwelling on the things I had
Things I lost, paid the cost
Acting stupid now I'm tossed
I didn't mean to be mean or act obscene
I know you've had enough of me
Don't blame you every time you run away from me
A monster, see?
A monster I've come to be
I'm a bad kid
Fucking rancid
Burn like acid, Manson, Charlie
I am the class clown, everybody's favorite asshole
Unreliable, plagiarized, I am liable
It's undeniable
Maniacal, I really am
Manipulative, all my teachers are frustrated