It takes a little bit to figure you out You're broken, you're flat, you're weak It takes a little bit to figure you out So put that tongue back in your cheek

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Everybody knows someone just like you
You dress up, you fuck, and you blow
And if you are a man then I mean you too
You think you're too cool for the show
You are not good people
You're rotten on the inside
You're only fooling yourself; you're see-through
Why you gotta hate
Why you gotta put your nose up
Everyday
Yeah-yeaaaaaah

Don't want to dap anybody up
Keep thinking you're the shit
Best up in the cut
When I know that you'll probably fold
When the times get tough or the weather gets cold
You're a front, you're a fake
Bitch, you're a snitch, you're a snake
You can't say shit but noise
You're that type of people, boy

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Everybody knows someone just like you
You pose and you flex and you stunt
If you are a girl then I mean you too
You define a bitch or a cunt
You are pretty on the outside, you're ugly on the inside
You're only fooling yourself; you're see-through
Why you got to act so conceited baby? Leave it baby
Hey-yeah, yeaaah-eeeeah

You treat other girls like a piece of shit You piece of shit So obsessed at the top of the clique Runnin' 'round with your damn purse and them tits Piece of shit Huh, that's you type people You ain't nothing new type people You make me want to hurl You're that type of people, girl

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