

# One Rizla

Shame

My nails ain't manicured  
My voice ain't the best you've heard  
And you can choose to hate my words  
But do I give a fuck?  
Socks are old and shoes are broke  
Lungs are tired 'cause they're filled with smoke  
Wallet's empty I'm going broke  
But I'm still breathing

Well I'm not much to look at  
And I ain't much to hear  
But if you think I love you  
You've got the wrong idea  
Well I'm not much to look at  
And I ain't much to hear  
But if you think I love you  
You've got the wrong idea

Yellow teeth fit the sleeping bags  
Not so good at school but I ain't bad  
I'd rather be fucked than sad  
And that's a start  
Lying's fine if you get what you need  
You're confusing love with greed  
And I won't, I won't say please  
At least not yet

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And you're clinging to conflict  
And you're clinging to conflict  
And you're clinging to conflict  
Just let go  
Just let go  
And you're clinging to conflict  
And you're clinging to conflict  
And you're clinging to conflict  
Just let go  
Just let go