

# James Dean

Slayyyter

Walk down the street like I run it  
All the boys say that they love it  
All the girls, they push and shoving  
In the club I cause a ruckus  
Don't repeat that you want  
I'm speaking it's no discussion  
Headbang it till a concussion  
Three drinks and maybe we fucking

He wanna mess with my makeup  
But his face kinda ugly  
When I get real fucked up

He look just like James Dean  
He look just like James Dean

(Yeah)  
(Tell me, are you ready to make some-)  
(Yeah, yeah)

Latex lipstick, high heels, my credit card declined  
Money on the bed when we fucking from behind  
Clothes off, stereo on, I party every night  
Latex lipstick, high heels

He look just like James Dean  
He look just like James Dean

(Tell me, are you ready to make some-)

Make a bitch wanna slit her wrists  
He ain't ever met another girl like this  
I don't need ass when I'm Miss New Tits  
I don't need cash I don't pay for shit  
She wanna sound like Slayyyter but it's not hitting  
It's my track that the DJ's be spinning  
It's not you whores that keep on, keep winning  
I heard your new song and, bitch, it's not giving

He look just like James Dean

(Tell me, are you ready to make some-)