

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-)