

Us And Pigs

SOFIA ISELLA

I ate dinner with beasts
Crinkled hands and red cheeks
Looking at my body like it's food
And your breath smells like bacon
You ask "What's the special occasion?"
Like I dress and dance just for you

Our women are cattle, there's blood on our kids
Are you being paid to not pay attention?
Does it have to happen to your mother
To your sister or your daughter
For you to take it personal? Oh-oh-oo

So, pump us full of sperm, put us in a barn
Us and pigs on a Mississippi farm
In nine months, we'll have a kid you won't care about
And if the kid's not straight, white and male
We guarantee a living hell
Murder in the name of a loving God

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So, burn the witch alive, drink our dirty water
Be prepared for the Mississippi slaughter
Your mistress gets a pass 'cause your wife can't find out
I guess we were just being a little loud
Shut us up and put apples in our mouth
But pull your own daughter out from the lineup