Get Lit

7 Year Bitch

Get out of hand
Get under foot
Get to the square root
Put a word to a feelin'
Let 'em know with whom they're dealin'
Dear Elizabeth throw your fit
Yes you can talk or you can walk, you can walk away
You can stay and make em pay for you, feeling this way
Thrown out grow up I shot (grown up my child punch em out?)
He goes down on me with my (critique?) you'd mind quite a bit
Dear Elizabeth throw a fit, makes me feel like I'm lit
Get out of hand
Get under foot
Get to the square root
Put a word to a feelin'
Let 'em know with whom they're dealin' Faint talk after the song ends:
That's what you told me to do!
No, don't do that crash, that sucks.
See, that's what you told me to do!
She looked at me and goes 'now'...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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