

Bleed On

Deluxe

"This is Deluxe and in today's topic, we'll be discussing sunsets, string beans and more particularly women's most dreaded inner conflict: PMS" Faced to the blank of the white paper

My beans are boiling its an hearthquacker

See hot sauce drowning is the sensation

Of my body rocking UP and building in tension

It burns my flesh and steals my sleep

Razzles my bones within real deep

Fully conscient but still there's nothing to do, i'm plainly ill Razing the crowd with a pink fister

Beast on the lose, its a Ballbreaker

Cockroach crawling UP and DOWN mansion

This is but a major z transformation

Cussing it out through dem blue teeth

A minute to laugh. Ten to go weep

Monsterocious appeal, there's nothing to do i'm plainly ill

Bleed on

Cure that syndrome

That Silly syndrome

Bleed on Going on a number 4

I declare hormonal war

And gently turn into a dark witch

You can ring the danger red alarm

Her loins are 'bout to spit an arm

Confiscate the mike from the ditch I'll dully lie

And contemplate the wreck I so despise

The guilty tension it implies

Cant seem to let the feeling die

so Bleed on

Cure that syndrome

that Silly syndrome

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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