Girl, Your Baby's Worm Food

Weerd Science

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

introHey, what's up? This is a true story, about a girl I know.
Not like Return of the Living Dead was a true story, this is... there's been no fabrications.
This is all true, exactly the way I saw it. Listen up.ChorusGirl, awooo, I gotta tell you somethin. (You listening?) Hey.
If you really knocked up by my homie, ima punch you in the stomach. Ho.
There you go, it's your name. He don't mean it. No.
Girl you better count your dough, 'cause this August your man is leavin. Bitch.VerseCome on girl you do the math. He's already takin care of your three other kids
Without a question asked and now your gonna ask him to have the baby? What are you? Crazy?
You were done by four kids, by four different fathers. Haven't you ever heard of a thing called condoms?
How come none of the other babies daddies want 'em? When my kids grow up yours are gonna rob 'em.
And I don't want that, it's easy. Trip down the stairs or a baseball bat to the belly would please me.
Throw on a black mask aim for the midsection and CRACK THAT ASS!
Now, I know it sounds harsh, but it's not. The chick has a kid every time she farts.
Illegitimate illiterate little bastards. Dead by eighteen, but this is just faster.VerseGirl, awooo, I gotta tell you somethin. (You listening?) Hey.
If you really knocked up by my homie, ima punch you in the stomach. (Punch that bitch) Ho.
There you go, it's your name. He don't mean it. No.
Girl you better count your dough, 'cause this August your man is leavin. (Check check). Listen up cuntVerseNow, it's not like he's innocent. I mean, the girl get knocked up from havin sex on the internet.
Hadn't he remembered that he'd nutted up in her, and now I gotta fix it, 'cause he's in love with her.
And I can't let a homie take a fall. A condom? I'd have put tinfoil on my balls.
Ain't no time to stall, 'cause the time is now. Do something quick, before the kid comes out.
Look at the trouble that your dick shot out. Here's a couple hundred dollars, get the fuckin thing out.
There's abound a better reason to get rid of the kid. Take two steps back just look at the bitch.
She's one of the most crookedest bitches I've ever seen, she's been pitchin out kids since she was thirteen.
And I know that you trust her, but everyone from here to Illinois fucked her, dummy.ChorusGirl, (listen up cunt) awooo, I gotta tell you somethin. Hey.
If you really knocked up by my homie, ima punch you in the stomach. (I really need you to listen to the words) Ho.
There you go, it's your name. He don't mean it. No.
Girl you better count your dough, 'cause this August your man is leavin. Little cunt.VerseThink back to when

you first met the slob. wasn't she married? Her husband had a job?
Supportin his kid, one was his, she was busy suckin your dick and you were clinched.
She did the same thing to you, man. You better take matters into your own hands, man and make a plan.
And jam your fuckin fist and fuckin grab the kid. Pull it out by it's leg it's your only chance.
You wanna be the only man with a new born? (huh?) As soon as it was born it smelled like Newports (ew!)
Strangle the bitch with the umbillical cord. Let it be a lesson to the rest of you whores.Outro chorusTrash
Simultaneous
Man, I met some (Trash) trashy bitches in my day
Girl, he's a good man...
Trash *Simultaneous*
You're the biggeest piece of (Trash) trash I've ever seen, yeah.
Girl, he's a good man...
You're the biggeest piece of (Trash) trash I've ever seen, yeah.
Girl, he's a good man...ChorusGirl, awooo, I gotta tell you somethin. (I hope your friend's playin this for you)
Hey.
If you really knocked up by my homie, ima punch you in the stomach. Ho.
w/ outro chorus
There you go, it's your name. He don't mean it. No.
Girl you better count your dough, 'cause this August, your man is leaving.
(He's a good man, cunt. Alright, I'm done.)Outro with outro chorusWormfood. Wormfood.
Yeah, your baby's worm food.
Wormfood. Wormfood.
Yeah, your baby's worm food.
Wormfood. Wormfood.
Yeah.
Wormfood. Wormfood.
Yeah, your baby's worm food.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/