

# Moksha

Shilpa Ray

There's no entry for the foreigners  
I'm your native girl with my  
Tail between my bleeding ass  
And I'm off to the gates of heaven  
I've been fakin' my drunken stupor  
And my absence from your real world  
I'm just better than prostrating bitches  
Who make believe they're misunderstood  
Cause I've been here before  
And nothing's new anymore  
Pass me to sainthood  
Discount, pass me to sainthood  
I'm wanna storm through that door  
Fresh off of this killing floor  
Won't you pass me to sainthood?  
Discount, pass me to sainthood  
Pass me to sainthood  
Pass me to sainthood  
Where's my pass?  
Where's my pass?  
I'm takin' a dump in your holy waters  
Straight down to your sunken chest  
Where you hold hostage moron amputees  
Who've paid you for your second best  
Am I a troll? Am I a monkey?  
Who's got aspirations to be an alpha man  
Well this Hindu gets the last laugh  
So don't hold your breath while I choke and gag  
Cause I've been here before  
And nothing's new anymore  
Pass me to sainthood  
Discount, pass me to sainthood  
I'm wanna storm through that door  
Fresh off of this killing floor  
Won't you pass me to sainthood?  
Discount, pass me to sainthood  
Pass me to sainthood  
Pass me to sainthood  
Where's my pass?  
Where's my pass?  
Where's my pass?  
Where's my pass?  
Where's my pass?  
Oh baby, once you like what you're like, you can't stop, wow  
Once you like what you're like, you can't stop, wow  
Once you like what you're like, you can't stop, woo

Once you like what you're like, you can't stop, woo  
Once you like what you're like, you can't stop, woo  
Once you like what you're like, you can't stop, woo  
Once you like what you're like, you can't stop, woo  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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