

# Supermodel

## Cardiknox

I got my headphones on, on the back of the six  
I got my hood pulled up cause my hair isn't fixed  
I gotta go, I gotta go, I gotta go  
I got my fake best friends in the palm of my hand  
I got my head buried deep in some heavenly sand  
I gotta go, I gotta go, I gotta go I'm all lit up from the bridges I burned  
There is no easy way  
I'm livin' and learnin'  
Walk the talk like a dog in a fight  
The rules, they fade away  
Every day and every night My love is temporary  
My lips are sour cherry  
Come on, baby, spin the bottle  
I'm fucking like a supermodel  
From New York, Tokyo, Paris and Rome  
I'm always late with nowhere to go  
I gotta go, I gotta go, I gotta go  
I got my war paint on and I'm picking a fight  
I would have called you back, but my phone always dies  
I gotta go, I gotta go, I gotta go I'm all lit up from the bridges I burned  
There is no easy way  
I'm livin' and learnin'  
Walk the talk like a dog in a fight  
The rules, they fade away  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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