

Leech

Trash Talk

Sycophants, I'm fucking sick of it
You pat my back until I've had enough of it
How would you hate to be exposed
Shame that everybody knows Agony accompanies every little thing you do
Honestly I don't wanna be anywhere next to you Misery loves company but that ain't me
Leech, I see your a leech
Hanging on my heels since the walking disease
On my back while I fight to the top
Then you get off at your own stop
Agony accompanies every little thing you do
Honestly I don't wanna be anywhere next to you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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