

Quitting Smoking Song

Princess Superstar

It's the quitting smoking song
All the smokers cough along
If I can do it, so can you
Let's chew some gum and say fuck you
It's the quitting smoking song
All the smokers cough along
If I can quit, you can quit
Let's have some fun, break some shit

Well this is the hundredth, billionth time I've tried to quit
So sick of it, wait, shit, I gotta cough and spit
I was a bitch before but now a triple bitch, bitch, bitch
Slipped on day six and stick patches on both tits, oww
Ripped 'em off with a rash, sick of the crap
Sick of payin' nine bucks a patch, sick of keepin' track (anybody got a match?)
Throw the pack in the trash and blow one fast and light it up
(You shouldn't do that), you know, I know, uh, I don't give a fuck
Can I get to the end and feel bad again
Can't call your friends cause this is the tenth time you said you'd quit
And this time I'm really gonna do it man, I got a plan
Acupuncture and bran, nicorette, treadmill and zyban
Man I feel weak, I feel so dumb
I got ninety-nine problems, cigarettes is number one
Gonna curse Benson Hedges, curse Phillip Morris
Gonna curse you motherfuckers till I make it to the chorus

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I haven't smoked in a week, all my clothes still stink, eww
What did I used to think, this website says my lungs have one spot of pink, what!
What am I gonna do instead of smoke when one, drinking coffee, two, thinking about the Iraqis
Three, in a boring conversation, four, mad impatient or five, waiting outside

Six, while I drive, seven, feeling crappy, eight, feeling happy, nine, this is not happening!

I can't stop snacking, it's numb-wracking
My pants buttons are snapping and my rapping is totally blocked
Got more wrinkles than a pitbull, plus a new pimple
I'm supposed to be a sex symbol! Yeah
It's official, I'd rather kill myself smoking than live without it
So sick of feeling sick, so sick of myself sick of talking about it
Gonna curse Marlboro, curse Phillip Morris
Curse you motherfuckers till I make it to the chorus

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Wow, it's been a year, I still got a career
Lost some weight but still don't got a stomach, or dough, like Britney Spears
But I can actually breathe, got some nice white teeth
And I can sit through dinner and not get up to smoke in the middle and leave
Believe me, I've got a lot to say on the topic
If you're a smoker and you know it clap your hands, now stop it!
You look pretty stupid with that thing in your mouth
Pretty insecure with that thing sticking out, little wrinkles on your brow
I don't know how you're gonna do it but you better do it
Your lungs or these corporations, which one you want ruined
I'm sorry, I'm startin' to preach just a little bit
Nothin' worse than a smoker who quit but you smell like shit
Go kiss someone else, you taste so gross dude
I smelled you before you even came close, eww
Gonna curse Benson Hedges, curse Phillip Morris
Gonna curse you motherfuckers till I make it to my chorus

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Hey can I have a cigarette now?

Lyrics submitted by Athena.

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