

# I Want You Dead

Brooke Valentine

You know, there's a few things I been wanting to say  
There's a few things I been wanting to get off my chest  
You feel me? Let's go I ran your car into a ditch  
Poked holes in your prophelectives  
Used to love me  
Used to love you  
Now I hate you  
You hate me too  
Would have walked on hot coals for you  
Now I don't care spit about you I want you dead  
I want you dead  
I want you dead  
I want you dead I pawned your jewelry on the net  
Called up your boss told him you quit  
Must have been breast fed  
Fell on your head  
You'd be better  
Slicing your wrists  
Think you'll ever leave me for her  
Revenge is sweet but I want you dead  
I want you dead  
I want you dead  
I want you dead Used to love me and hug me and tell me you need me  
Hold me gently, I was sure of everything  
But now you've changed you're my worst enemy  
I'd rather see you in the cemetery  
Gagging, boxed up, full of maggots  
Rotten bones in a wooden casket  
But now I'm calm and cool about this  
Some hopeful thinking never hurt anyone I want you dead  
I want you dead  
I want you dead  
I want you dead I want you dead  
I want you dead  
I want you dead

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