

Spit out the Poison

Skindred

Is there an antidote for what you've lied
The venom creeps and saturate your pride Spit out the poison
Get it out, get it out of me, get it out
Spit out the poison
Get it out, get it out of me, get it out Everything I try to do you stand and scrutinize
Insult me with your venom, I believed your lies
But no longer will I be willing
To sit back and keep chilling I'm coming for you, you hear what I say
Inside a tomb in a grave I won't lay
Believe your hype no not me no no way
You make me sick I gotta Spit out the poison
Draw the venom out, you gotta draw it out
Spit out the poison
Draw the venom out, you gotta draw it out Slaughter my confidence with the harmful words you say
Too long you tore me up left me in disarray
Always bringing me down and filling
My mind and my soul you're not killing I'm coming for you, you hear what I say
Inside this grave in a tomb I won't lay
Believe your hype no not me no no way
I'm coming for you, spit out the poison Is there an antidote for what you've lied
The venom creeps and saturate your pride Spit out the poison
Draw the venom out, you gotta draw it out
Spit out your poison
Before it kills you Spit out the poison
Draw the venom out, you gotta draw it out
Spit out your poison
Before it kills you Is there an antidote for what you've lied
The venom creeps and saturate your pride Spit out the poison
Draw the venom out, you gotta draw it out
Spit out your poison
Before it kills you Spit out the poison
Draw the venom out, you gotta draw it out
Spit out your poison
Before it kills you Get it out, get it out of me, get it out
Get it out, get it out of me, get it out

Songwriters

Charles Chaplin; Geoffrey Parsons; John Turner Published by
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