

Have It Out

Mother Mother

I have it out, I have it out, with myself,
With myself, I have it out.
It's gonna get ugly.
It's gonna get messy.
It's gonna be World War III of myself.
I have it in for this guy who's been there for me
A fuckin' gem who takes me back in like a friend.
But what is he good for, if he just stay spectator of war?
I have it in for, have it in for, have it in for.
I'm gonna start with his liver,
And throw it into a river of tar.
I'm gonna move to his fingers,
Can't play guitar,
Can't play the rockstar.
He'll have but nothing to talk about,
He won't be able to flap his mouth.
'Cause I'mma cut out his tongue.
Can't kiss the girls.
Can't fuck the young ones.
I have it out, I have it out, with myself
With myself, I have it out.
And what about you?
Yeah, and what about you?
What about you?

Songwriters

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