

Interlude: 15 Minutes

OPM

15 minutes with you
and I want to slit my wrists I can't believe we used to kiss
I can't believe I used to put up with, all of your bullshit
I remember when I was all up in that ass
Religiously like a Sunday Mass
That's what she'd say when we'd get into
the sheets are dirty and so were you
there was a time when I'd think of you
and the feelin' was good and the feelin' was true
but now-a-days I got a one track mind
when I see your face I wanna grab a knife
15 minutes with you
and you still kee runnin' your mouth, I can't believe we once went out
I believe I used to listen to you scream and bitch and shout!!!
I remember when I was all up in that ass
Religiously like a Sunday Mass
That's what she'd say when we'd get into
the sheets are dirty and so were you
there was a time when I'd think of you
and the feelin' was good and the feelin' was true
but now-a-days I got a one track mind
when I see your face I wanna grab a knife

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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