

Steppin' Out

of Montreal

I'm the wrong color but I'm on the one
Wish I wasn't human, wish I was a pop gun
Get off me babe, I'm not your ride
Besides, I'm out of tickets and I mean, where's your pride?
It's not so terrible being alone
There's nothing to hurt you, except your own
Somebody just date raped me to get to me know me
Speech impediment like let's make macaroni art
Heart in a furnace, got your learner's permit
Now you're preggo wondering if you should full term it
Should you get extensions or maybe just perm it
Treats you like a pervy switch
He likes to catch, can't really pitch
He's such a bitch about humidity
Because now his weave is all fucked up
Tucked you in with a bedtime story
Act all whorey, sports fantasy about Robert Horry
Three feet big mouth on your teet like a little tyke
I always show respect to the sluts and the dykes
And the freon boys and a banned agenda motherfuck D.O.M.A.
Baby, never surrender
You've been a fag hag for too long
Time for stepping out in your front thong
(Step out)
Get off me babe, I'm not your ride
Besides, I'm out of tickets and I mean, where's your pride?
It's not so terrible to be alone
There's nothing to hurt you, except your own
I'm the wrong color but I'm on the one
Wish I was a chameleon, wish I was a pop gun
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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