

Free Drink Ticket (Neven Remix)

Peaches

Crush it, it's what I must do
You crossed the line, and I'm not havin' it
I can't control it, eyeroll over it
You're shit now, I'm on my side
Confront, fuck your front
You'll go crap to crap, I'm not havin' that
Spit it out, you can't?
Let me spit for you, or on you Lookin' out for number one, that's me
I'm number fuckin' one, no sympathy for your weakness
You chickenshit Fumbling, falling, I wanna hear you hit bottom
Fumbling, falling, I wanna hear you hit bottom
I wanna see you break your fall
I know you're falling
I wanna kick you when you're down, yes I'm angry, yes I am
How quick it can switch
Chickenshit Hide in your little bar where you're the king of free drink tickets
Wow, impressive
Impress what you do with a little bit of power
I wanna be there when you implode
Measly little power Another free drink for you? Your personality turned to white powder
Your brain's clammed-up chowder
Your personality turned to white powder
Your brain's clammed-up chowder
I gave and you pretended, I gave and you pretended
Who the fuck are you, I have no idea
You were shitting on me, how could not smell it, fuck you
Answer me, answer any one of my questions
Okay, ask me anything, spit it out, spit
Let me spit for you, spineless coward
Can't fuckin' stand liars I want you to slip away, fade into the night
Skin so gray, touch so empty, I want to hurt you now
I think bad thoughts about you
People say life's too short, but I need to feel this Go get your free drink
Go get your free drink
Go get your free drink Your personality turned to white powder
Your brain's clammed-up chowder
Your personality turned to white powder
Your brain's clammed up chowder Congratulations on being such a fucking good liar
Congratulations on not getting caught for so many years

Congratulations on being the most evasive person I had ever known
I'm in so much fuckin' pain right now, I want you to feel it
I want to rip you apart with my bare hands, I want to crush your bones
I want to cut you Your personality turned to white powder
Your brain's clammed-up chowder
Your personality turned to white powder
Your brain's clammed-up chowder Another free drink ticket?
Will that make it okay?
Drink up, bitch

Songwriters

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