Whore

Soulpreacher

You, do you know that bad girls go to hell?
Up to your neck in shit, like a plague worse spread.
There's no getting over it.
You better bite your tongue,
Cover up your tracks.
You know you're down to get fucked.
I know what you are.
You're like a dark cloud, that follows me around.
Like a virus with no cure.
You're like an angry crowd,
I'm running in the streets.
You're a cheep little whore.
Putting words in their mouths,
Till they choke to death.
There's no getting over it.
You're more deceiving than most,
You tiptoe around like another ghost.
I know what you are.
You're like a dark cloud, that follows me around.
Like a virus with no cure.

You're like an angry crowd,
I'm running in the streets.
You're a cheep little whore.
Don't make me think any less of you now,
I won't believe a dirty word from your mouth.
Don't make me think any less of you now.
I won't believe a dirty word from your mouth.
(I can't understand what the fuck he's screaming.)
You're like a dark cloud, that follows me around.
Like a virus with no cure.
You're like an angry crowd,
I'm running in the streets.
You're a cheep little whore.
You're like a dark cloud, that follows me around.
Like a virus with no cure.
You're like an angry crowd,
I'm running in the streets.
You're a cheep little whore.

You're a cheep little whore,
You're a cheep little whore.
Yeah, hahaha, you're a cheep little whore

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