

# Self Defeat

Tyler James Williams

One. Im tripping literally, I should be dish-washing  
cause I got bowlegged knees and often they be crossing  
Go head and ask my bosses They'll tell you that Im clumsy  
I'll probably fall into your fist So you dont have to punch me.  
Two. I'm Vegetarian So I don't want no beef  
You've Floss expensive Jewelry I Floss my crooked teeth  
I sing in church choir My daddy is a Reverend  
I tried to be a gansta But my curfew was eleven  
Three. I drive my Vespa through the streets and wear my helmet  
proud  
I do my homework every night Then come into this rowdy crowd  
I signed a full on battle, Filled in all the basics  
But when they saw it was me They put me on the waiting list  
Four. I run from bullies in the streets I don't know  
how to fight  
I don't throw lefts or rights I just slap, then sprint and write  
Im skinny all scrawny arms and a tiny chest  
shoot I could hide behind that pole if i just hold my breath  
Five. My apron look like a drees  
I should twirl around like a pretty princess  
I'm not a busboy I'm a waitress  
But i can't get the drink's right, Taste Test  
Let me buy another round for all ya'll guests  
My hand's got sweaty and I lost my grip  
My shoes don't fit, They hand me down's  
From the salvation army right Down-Town  
When I walk into the room the lights go down  
Im so ugly mom won't hug me  
And that's ten better Disses than you  
I beat myself some-in you couldn't do

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