

# You Make Me Sick

## Saving Abel

Here comes Mr. Cool, thinks he's looking real fine  
All dressed in black, tattoos he found online  
But getting real loose in his daddy's Cadillac  
Still living with his mom, yeah in a three room shack You make me sick (sick.. sick...)  
You make me sick Look at all these little girls looking for their dreams  
Living off these sexualites who's life ain't what they seem You make me sick (sick.. sick...)  
You make me sick  
Do us all a favor and make it end quick  
You make me sick  
Look at Mr. TV man tryna spread the news  
All I hear is lies about time to tell the truth You make me sick (sick.. sick...)  
You make me sick  
Do us all a favor and make it end real quick  
You make me sick Hey there politician with your painted on grin  
Don't forget to free the hands of the ones that got you in  
You only seem to care about that money that you make  
Your livin in that shitty grin that's planted on your face You make me sick (sick.. sick...)  
You make me sick  
Do us all a favor and make it end real quick  
You make me sick, aha  
You make me sick (sick.. sick...)  
You make me sick  
You make me sick  
You make me sick  
Do us all a favor and make it end quick  
You make me sick

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

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