

# primer

## Handwrist

Hey Daily, Get the fuck away from my sister you punk motherfucker(intro) I do... I do... I do...

Hey whassup, can I kiss the bitch yet?... I do...First of all bitch, I never promised I'd be rich  
so fuck you and your wishes, ya need to do the dishes

and change the damn cat litter

I thought I told you to get rid of that crazy cat last week

Yo, don't you get sassy with me missy

Because I'll go upside you quickly

But yo, she's kinda sneeky when I sleep she'll probably stick me

But it be a threat, and threats make her respond

She probably grew up watching pops beat her mom

and to the break-a-dawn

I could pop shit, talk shit, hostage to herself

Because there aint no where to walk; this is the middle of hell

You've got no job, no diploma

Might as well kick it with me and live in Hinckley, Minnesota

She's my trailer park chick

with the pop tarts and venison hard liquor to cop a buzz

off the over the counter medicine

The rent is in the mail

bitch pump the keg

Fix the antenna, act your age and spread your legs

It's my CAS-STLE, whiiiiite stank ho

and if I want to I'll put it in your asshole

You wanna battle baby? I'll put a shadow over ya sky

Now shut the fuck up and fix me turkey pot pieI own the camaro and the mobile home, so where the fuck you  
gonna go?

(4X)go, go,

go ahead and call your mom if ya need someone to cry to boo

I guarantee ya that that bitch is gonna lie to you

Fuck ya crank head, soap opera, pastries, and diet soda

everything she'll ever need to know she learned from Oprah

You what the hell she's gonna do for you?

That bitch is stuck too

Get off my phone, tell her I said what up, and muthafuck you

And tell daddy if he wants some

to bring his drunk ass on

I beat that fat bastard with a cast on

Ay yo honey I'm trippin

But why you always flippin

dress slutty everytime that we go drinkin with my buddies  
won't be long before you carrying my puppies

Speaking of which you bleeding yet bitch?

Cause you gettin kind of chubby

Yo, where the hell'd you put my stash?

Better tell me quick fast or catch a foot in the ass

Oh no, you did not smoke all of my pot

If my remmington was out the pawn shop, you'd get shot

Stop, and put that knife back in the sink

Baby, Baby, Baby, why you fucking trying to take me to the brink?

What you think?

Quit thinking and pretending that you're smart

Happily ever after 'til death do us partI own the camaro and the mobile home, so where the fuck you gonna go?

(4X)I love you.

Lyrics provided by

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