

Crystal Castles, Exoskeleton

Look at that lady, she wears bitch heels
The top of the blood, you'll tell them we got skills
You can give her head and pretend that she's tight
You can make her hunger dead, she won't tell her friends
You can push her around, you can say she's no good
She's more than a tramp, you're misunderstood
But we all know this is too clean
She don't know what she did so she's down on her knees

Start packing up meat, send it by the ounce
I'll give you fifteen bucks to see those titties bounce
Root canal exposed through a single bone
Your dick is her pet and it's undergrown
I'll make her cum, make her perspire
When she's crying in pain your dick is on fire
We got some spare change, you're all for me
You better prep yourself for the guillotine