

Rodriguez, Only Good For Conversation

My pocket don't drive me fast
My mother treats me slow
My statue's got a concrete heart
But you're the coldest bitch I know
In the factory that you call your mind
Graveyard thoughts of stone
A master thief I wouldn't enter there
You've nothing I would care to own, so help me

You're pretending that you got it made
I know you know you know no truth
You're still serving cookies and kool-aid
You're so proper and so cute
My pocket don't drive me fast
My mother treats me slow
My statue's got a concrete heart
But you're the coldest bitch I know, so help me