

# Crooked – Helluva Boss

Crooked horn,  
Crooked grin  
You're a crooked,  
Horny, freaky, little joker  
(You're a deadly sin)  
And I don't wanna hear another  
God-damn word about  
Win, win, win  
Oh, oh, oh,  
I think you're messy,  
But I'm messy too  
No, no, no,  
I wouldn't clean a thing,  
When I ended up with you  
I don't know why you waste your time on me  
(Baby, all I got is time)  
When there's so much I'll never be  
Holy shit, babe  
There's so much you can't see  
(What can't I see?)  
Oh, oh,  
You're a broken record  
Don't you ever shut your crooked little lips  
(What do you want me to  
Do with my lips? Heh-heh)  
Oh, oh, oh, you sure are lucky  
You make my crooked heart  
Do freaky, little flips  
You make my crooked heart  
Do froggie, little flips  
Ribbit heheh



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych

