

Oh beautiful lady, Maybelline baby
Hearing from her mirror
That the dukes are not daisies
Her shape and size, must need advice
The pain of that face, make sure those blemishes hide

Coffee and a cigarette
Calorie noose around your neck
Dolling up for disrespect, disrespect, disrespect
Popping pills and posting pics
Stressing on your wasting hips
Girl, your body's right but the world is sick
World is sick, world is sick

Flower, flower, growing free
All your petals, they look good to me
And you're just the way that you should be
Give it to me naturally, give it to me naturally

Oh beautiful maiden, L'Oréal patron
Wasting all your money on that body you keep hating
Your ass and thighs they don't need advice
Just 'cause the magazine rack says your rack's the wrong size

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