

# Bubblegum

JJ Demon

I never wrote a song about the death of the microphone,  
Thats 'cause I'd be wrong, 'cause the flow is still right at home!  
This is not the drums and the samples you're findin' stale.  
I know what I'm doin', I'm just pullin' the lions tail, all by my self.

Are we dancing or are we dead?  
The world is not the same, we can make this shit cool again!  
The world is not ashamed to fall in love with something so....  
Pop-pop-poppy bubblegum  
You're caught in the undertow, it's uncontrolled  
Wait, oh no, why don't you leave me alone?  
We pop that bubblegum, we pop that bubblegum  
Wait, I've been waiting to sell my soul  
We pop that bubblegum, we pop that bubblegum

Stickin' my head in the mouth of a lion,  
Throw me off the top of the mountain of Zion!  
Everybody's sellin' out, and nobody is buyin'  
At least if you sold out it means that you're tryin'  
To get outta your mom's basement,  
You'll be doin a dirty job forever!  
Ten years from now in the same situation,  
Fuck it, you'll never get 35 and clever!  
Why are we so afraid to make music that people like?  
If it ain't cool to be pop than what did the Beatles write?  
You wanna be evil? Imagine writing an evil song they play on the radio, it's  
like bringin' evil to life!

Are we dancing or are we dead?  
The world is not the same, we can make this shit cool again!  
The world is not ashamed to fall in love with something so....  
(pop-pop-poppy) bubblegum  
You're caught in the undertow, it's uncontrolled  
Wait, oh no, why don't you leave me alone?  
We pop that bubblegum, we pop that bubblegum  
Wait, I've been waiting to sell my soul  
We pop that bubblegum, we pop that bubblegum  
I've been waiting, I've been waiting to sell my soul  
I've been waiting, I've been waiting to sell my soul  
I've been waiting, I've been waiting to sell my soul

Pop that bubblegum shit!  
Sick and mischevious, troublesome shit  
Evil and devious, itchin' to kill.  
Suicidal rythmn, fistful of pills.  
Shakin' and twitchin' and flailin' around,  
If you weren't before, YOU'RE FEELIN' IT NOW!  
Sweat on your brow, muscles are tense!  
This is the panic of jumpin' the fence!

Something intense!  
I'm in the game while you're humpin' the bench  
Stumblin', mumblin', tryna make sense,  
While you're watchin' your life come crumblin' in  
What is your life 'bout, music or drugs?  
That doesn't make sense, your music sucks!  
That means that one is effecting the other,

Time to clean up your act, MOTHER FUCKER!

Wait, oh no, why don't you leave me alone?  
We pop that bubblegum, we pop that bubblegum!  
Wait, I've been waiting to sell my soul!  
We pop that bubblegum, we pop that bubblegum!  
Wait, oh no, why don't you leave me alone?  
We pop that bubblegum, we pop that bubblegum!  
Wait, I've been waiting to sell my soul!  
We pop that bubblegum, we pop that bubblegum!  
Wait, oh no, why don't you leave me alone?  
We pop that bubblegum, we pop that bubblegum!  
Wait, I've been waiting to sell my soul!  
We pop that bubblegum, we pop that bubblegum!