



Palate Insane

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Lyricist: Wendy Hudson

At one time you were welcome
Till you brought a pot of lies
First applied, in such small doses
It was easy to disguise
Later on, you got more liberal
And poured all the extra in
But I caught on to the smell
I won't eat that shit again

Go ahead, go on reasoning
Get that shit out of my face
No matter what the seasoning
Dogfood has better taste

Tuk tuk, I hear you knocking
I won't be needing anything
Keep on moving, keep on scooting
Because your palate is insane!
Slam, there goes the door in your face
You can't put that on my plate
because my stomach has no space
Tuk tuk, I hear you knocking
I won't be needing anything
Keep on moving, keep on scooting
Because your palate is insane!
Slam, there goes the door in your face
You can't put that on my plate
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I know the ingredients fly
I cannot be fed all the lies
That kitchen fire wasn't nice

Cooked them up with extra spice
No thanks, I ate that shit before
Now put a lid on that pot
Taste buds can't take anymore

Go ahead, go on reasoning
Get that shit out of my face
No matter what the seasoning
Dogfood has better taste

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Dishonesty is the main dish
Sprinkled lightly with truth
I grew wiser, know better, true
I won't buy no shit from you
It comes with a horrible stench
My appetite ruined, I clench
A new oven needs to ignite
To start cooking shit up right

Go ahead, go on reasoning
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No matter what the seasoning
Dogfood has better taste

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