

My M.O.

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They they say people are known by unmod-  
erns, opurandi. Whats your m.o.? So you know?  
Well, I'll share part of mine

Its my m.o. to fall for guys who arent on  
my level, who dont deserve me, who in  
the end prove I made a mistake for fall-  
ing in love with them.

Its my m.o. to go out of my way to be 100%  
with someone only to find out they 2%.  
I am a winner & I constantly attract losers  
who dont know a real woman when they  
have her. Nor can they handle the woman  
I am.

Its my m.o. to self destruct when I feel  
betrayed & broken hearted. Its my m.o.  
to want to do myself harm because  
I can hurt me & it make sense. Other  
people hurting me dont make sense.

Its my m.o. to want to put it in their  
face once they lost me. This relationship  
isnt no different. I can show you better than  
I can tell you. Its not all about me &  
anyone who knows me can tell you when  
I shine everyone around me shines to. Oh but,  
some people will only see it from a distance.

My m.o. is to harden my heart when the  
pain of a broken heart becomes too much.  
Its my m.o. to clown & all this time  
I've been 10000 good. Amm... funny how my  
life staring back @ me is screaming  
Danger!

My mom & what I know about me would say  
fuck you and do what I do because I know  
I can do it best that way. But prison is not  
where I'm coming back to. My mom knows  
how to be gutted & you fucking with a  
monster for real!