

MEN SUCK

You left your socks on the floor again
This is my place not a fuckin' pig pen
You left then ghosted me for three days,
Then texted "u up?" like that's okay?!

You mansplained clouds to a weather girl,
Your cologne makes me want to hurl
You said "I'm not like the other guys,"
Then turned around and dated Jessica twice.

Chorus:

MEN SUCK—like a vacuum with rage,
Like a midlife crisis or a batting cage
MEN SUCK—like an unpaid tab,
Like an untrimmed beard let me call you a cab
MEN SUCK—don't call me bitter,
Just allergic to your Insta and your Twitter.
Don't wanna ride in your pickup truck
With very few exceptions MEN SUCK

Except for, like... three of you.
(You know who you are. Maybe.)

Verse 2:

You called yourself an "alpha dog,"
Then I caught you writing a Star Wars blog
Your band is called "Existential Grit,"
Your lyrics are stupid and your drumming's for shit

You bought Bitcoin and a bonsai tree,
Said "I'm deep now"—then ghosted me.
You called me "crazy," but guess what, bro—
There's the fuckin' door it's time for you to go

MEN SUCK—like a soda gone flat,
Like a 20-minute rant about your stupid hat.
MEN SUCK—like Crocs with socks,
Like a bunch of fart jokes and TikTok talks.
MEN SUCK—except my gay friends
And maybe Chris Evans but that's where it ends
Even my mom thinks you're a schmuck
She likes everybody but...

MEN SUCK—like a bolo tie

Like a Tinder match who says “I’m a nice guy.”

MEN SUCK—like your fantasy league,

Like a vape cloud full of insecurity fatigue.

MEN SUCK—like your group chat name,

“Bros Before Everything” (including shame).

So hit the road wishin’ you good luck

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