MIKA.MONTERO

Don't Test the Lipstick

No Angel. No Apology. · track 6 of 15

Intro

Red on my lips, got a lot on my mind,
You got opinions? Get in line.

Hook

Don't test the lipstick,
Don't push your luck.
I look like a sweetheart,
But I don't give a...
Don't test the lipstick,
Don't test the girl.
I came with my own keys,
I don't need your world.

Verse 1

He said, "Baby, you should smile a little more,"
I said, "Baby, you should find another door."
He said, "I like a girl who's easy to impress,"
I said, "Then go date a motivational desk."
Got a fresh set, fresh fit, fresh attitude,
You got a podcast and a questionable mood.
You tell me how to dress, how to speak, how to move,
Honey, I'm not a project you can put in a room.
I like my coffee strong, my boundaries clear,
And my favorite kind of man doesn't interfere.
You can open the door, you can carry the bags,
But don't confuse good manners with a reason to brag.

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Verse 2

I got a little black dress and a complicated brain,
Can dance in the rain and remember your name.
I can talk about art, I can talk about rent,
I can read your whole character in the way that you spend.
I don't need permission for a seat at the table,
I can change a tire and still look fabulous.
I can laugh at myself, that's a beautiful skill,
If you can't take a joke, you can pay your own bill.
You got a lot of rules for somebody so lost,
Counting everybody else's choices and the cost.
I got better things to do with my Saturday night,
Like making bad decisions that feel perfectly right.

Breakdown

Who's got the keys?
I got the keys.
Who's paying the bill?
I got the bill.
Who's making the rules?
Not you, sweetie.
Who's still having fun?
Me. Obviously.

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Outro

Red on my lips, got a lot on my mind,
You got opinions? Get in line.
And honey?
Your shirt needs ironing.

Words by Mika Montero · © 2026 Mika Montero