

Kick My Ass

Rehab

High on coaine drunk drivin' in the rain
Goin' north in the southbound lane
Railroad crossing I out run the train
Holdin' pain golden grain Danno Malone's the name
In my chest gotta flame a collage of photos is in my brain
My temper is fire and propane
No shame no game no pain no gain
Hey that's insane should I bend over and let the world gang bagn
Or raise my neck and let the vampires position their fangs
or be a pussy that hangs from a beam and swang no thanks
I gotta an old truck I'm the king of touch luck from where ya
bluff you get your card
Plucked and get fucked up, ya get fucked up
C'mon c'mon c'mon c'mn c'mn
You wanna fight me?
You wanna try me?
You wanna fight me?
Hey, then kick my ass I come forth abortin' babies beatin' seals wearin' a fur choppin' down
trees sprayin' aerosol cans ozone defficiency
Just wanna make sure everybody hates me
I am the anti whatever you are alien drunk at the bar Junkie misfit
conforming mics into unbiodigradable toxit shit and don't posses
no guilt about it rebel without a cause
Just to sever ya fuckin' claws and ya biblical laws
That really ain't got jack to do with Psalms
No officer I won't calm I won't vote
I won't participate in hands across America or any area in fact
It's all good fuck it
Naw fuck you the most brilliant thought you had today
I had when I was two bitch C'mon c'mon c'mon c'mn c'mn
You wanna fight me?
You wanna try me?
You wanna fight me?
Hey, then kick my ass Every bit of me's hostility and I'm ridiculous got a knife let's see
if you're tickleish
I will pull yaw jaw completely out ya head
and when ya kick my ass make sure that I'm dead C'mon c'mon c'mon c'mn c'mn
You wanna fight me?
You wanna try me?
You wanna fight me?
Hey, then kick my ass

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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