

Suicide Kings

Cherry Poppin' Daddies

Don't like your tone you sound confused
Because your ma said I was born too loose
I smoke my menthols and sport my rings
She don't like me running with my posse the Suicide Kings
Freaky toy girl don't you crack you whip on me I'll take you from your home
And give you what you want in a man
I got skin smooth as chrome
I'll get you stickier than strawberry jam
So don't you cross me or get sly
I'm an American insensitive guy
And I don't give a rat's ass
About polite society or questions of class Leave a sexy corpse live fast and die young
This is what I want to do
I'm destiny's child ride tree or die
With suicide superstar cool
The wind is cold the times are hard
You've got to live before you're chucked in the sod
It's all a hustle out on the street
Black leather gimme tougher skin
So that I can compete
Ain't nobody gonna crack that whip

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