

# Rage

L.A. Guns

Don't give me no bullshit, baby  
And pretend it's genuine  
I can take that bullshit  
A nickel and go buy yourself some time

I got plenty of money  
You got a fuckin' rock you live under  
I am a zen motherfucker  
You are rage

Gotta keep it down  
Gotta elevate  
Gotta hold it in  
Let it out now

Don't give me no bullshit, baby  
And I'll let you think you're mine  
If you try and push it  
Then you better push it o'er the line

I got the skill of a master  
You got the fuckin' brains of a dead man  
I'm just motherfuckin' transcendent  
You are rage

Gotta keep it down  
Gotta elevate  
Gotta hold it in  
Let it out

Blow your mind  
You're having a nervous breakdown  
No, you're fine  
Just going a tad insane  
Blow your mind  
You're having a nervous breakdown  
All in time  
You're losing your mind and I can't wait

You got a little bit a  
I got a lot of it  
You got a little bit a  
I got more comin'

Gotta keep it calm  
Gotta meditate  
Gotta lock it in  
Let it out

You're a lot like me  
I'm a lot like you  
We're both a little crazy  
Crazy and I like it now  
Hold me down  
I'm crazy and I like it now

Let it out

Blow your mind  
You're having a nervous breakdown  
No, you're fine  
Just going a tad insane  
Blow your mind  
You're having a nervous breakdown  
All in time  
You're losing your mind and I can't wait