

Three-Oh [x12]
I'm 'a hit you from the back
I'm not coming to your party
Shake it, shake it, shake it like you-
Get your hands up
Take-take that
Mother fucker fake rap
I'm 'a hit you from the back
Chokechain
I'm hot baby you're not
Poisonous pill
Punk-punk-punk-pu-punk-punk bitch
Colorado

(Day One) A chaple and glistening
(Day Three) The sun is shining on a perfect beach
(Day Six) A train that isn't whistling
(Day Ten) and I don't want to see you off again

We know the most crunk
Indie city choking chimeny-sweeper,
Turn up your radio
the song we play will blow the speakers
don't stop whistlin'
to let them know what they've been missing
turn the jukebox on
the song we play will blow the system

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no ones been, no ones been
the cherry in that eye
and it's burning under my skin
carrying, carrying
the lady back to work
but that should be the first thing

no ones been, no ones been
the carpenter i've been
building you this cabinet
burying burying
those heroes as they're gasping
but that should be the last thing