

THR3AT

Above This

It's going to be one of those nights I can already fucking tell

It's a Saturday night, and the feeling's right
Let's go all out tonight, let's start the biggest riot
I've had too many drinks, it makes it hard to think
And when we roll in deep the party stops and speaks
Look at me, I need to speak to you
You fucking talk too much, I've had enough of you
Who said that? That I was over done
You tell 'em shut their mouth, I've only just begun
Everybody's buzzin' off their minds
Don't fucking piss me off, tonight is not the night
You fucking talk too much, why do you try so hard?
If you would open up, We wouldn't play your card
Keep your hands off me, I'll take you to the ground
If you knew me well, know I don't fuck around
I wouldn't make a threat if I were you I say
I wouldn't make a threat if I were you
I can't keep saying that it's okay, cause it's really not
I can't keep making these threats
This is my way of handling, This is my way of venting out
This is my biggest threat, you wanna fuck with me,
Your fucking with the best of them
Who the fuck are you? And what the fuck do you know?
Why should I listen to you? That's it..
I throw you on the ground, you're not getting up, you're not ge
tting down with me
I throw you on the ground, you're not getting up, you're not ge
tting down