

You'd better run run run run to hell
There's an army of angry ladies at your door

Playing the meanest little games, don't do you good no they don't
Your time as come, the dead is done you're bout to pay for them all,
They've come with clippers silver scissors aiming right at your balls
Don't stand a chance you been outnumbered bout to pay for them all

You hear ya' whole town know you've screwed up big time
Fooling 'round with Miss Brown, Sally, Patsy, Clementine!
Molly, Daisy, Madeline, leagued against your dark force
Cooking quite the big fuss and building up in powerpuss

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