

K.y.a.

Flotsam and Jetsam

So you wanna come up on me
Chest out up on both feet
Puffed up, look down your nose
Attitude up on your tip toes
Hope you know how it's gonna be
Blood and knuckles out in the street
Come at me like a drunk in a bar
You must like the taste of road tar

Woah the end of you
Woah the end of you

I will kick your ass
You cryin' pussy
I will kick your ass
You fuckin' sally girl

Run home cry to mama
Don't come back here again
Go home and wash your skirt
And paint your nails
And face like you've been
I can't stand you
Can't even look at you
Don't wanna hear you cry
I just can't deal with fragile little boys
I'd rather see you die

So you sneak up from behind
A cheap shot like I was blind
You better make it the shot of the year
And when I get up don't you be here
There's no place you can hide
So you better keep runnin'
Dress up like the girl you are
And hide out in the ladies stall

Run home cry to mama
Don't come back here again
Go home and wash your skirt
And paint your nails
And face like you've been
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