

Get in the Ring

Guns N' Roses

Why do you look at me when you hate me
Why should I look at you when you
make me hate you too
I sense a smell of retribution in the air
I don't even understand why the fuck
you even care
And I don't need your jealousy yeah
Why drag me down in your misery
And when you stare don't you think I feel it
But I'm gonna deal it back to you in spades
When I'm havin' fun ya know I can't conceal it
'Cause I know you'd never cut it in my game
Oh no
And when you're talkin' about a vasectomy
Yeah
I'll be writin' down your obituary
History

You got your bitches with
the silicone injections
Crystal meth and yeast infections
Bleached blond hair, collagen lip projections
Who are you to criticize my intentions
Got your subtle manipulative devices
Just like you I got my vices
I got a thought that would be nice
I'd like to crush your head tight in my vice
Pain!!

And that goes for all you punks in the press
That want to start shit by printin' lies
Instead of the things we said
That means you
Andy Secher at Hit Parader
Circus Magazine
Mick Wall at Kerrang
Bob Guccione Jr. at Spin,
What you pissed off cuz your dad gets more
pussy than you?
Fuck you
Suck my fuckin' dick

You be rippin' off the fuckin' kids
While they be payin' their hard earned
money to read about the bands
They want to know about
Printin' lies startin' controversy
You wanta antagonize me
Antagonize me motherfucker
Get in the ring motherfucker
And I'll kick your bitchy little ass
Punk

I don't like you, I just hate you
I gonna kick your ass, oh yeah! oh yeah!

You may not like our integrity yeah

We built a world out of anarchy oh yeah!

And in this corner weighin in at 850 pounds,
Guns N' Roses

Get in the ring
Yeah!

Yeah this song is dedicated to All the Guns n' fuckin' Roses fans
Who stuck with us through all the
Fucking shit
And to all those opposed...
Hmm...well