You Got a Problem

Joan Jett and the Blackhearts

Stay out of my sight
Spit your words right out of my mouth
Since you picked this fight
Know my life is just that it's just that mine

Oh no, not me
You think you can
You think you can
But there's no cage can fit me

You gotta problem
You gotta problem
You gotta problem
Whatcha gonna do
You gotta problem
You gotta problem
I gotta problem
And it's name is you

Ain't gonna wear your shame
Who will win this silent war
When I don't even want to play
Or know the rules to your game

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