

Frying Pan

Mindless Self Indulgence

I'm player hatin' ya'll so much so I can't talk
I'll never really know
I'm player hatin' ya'll so much so I won't stop
You'll never really know

Out of the frying pan and into the fire
Nobody knows me 'cept me and my mother
Out of the frying pan, into my Mercedes
This is the dope shit for me and my lady

I'm player hatin' ya'll so much so I can't talk
I'll never really know
I'm player hatin' ya'll so much so I won't stop
You'll never really know

Out of the frying pan and into the fire
Nobody knows me 'cept me and my mother
Out of the frying pan, into my Mercedes
This is the dope shit for me and my lady

Out of sight, out of sight
Out of mind, out of mind
Out of sight, out of sight
Out of mind, out of mind
Out of sight, out of sight
Out of mind, out of mind
Out of sight, out of sight
Out of mind, out of mind

I'm player hatin' ya'll so much so I can't talk
I'll never really know
Bam-bam

Out of the frying pan and into the fire
Nobody knows me 'cept me and my mother
Out of the frying pan, into my Mercedes
This is the dope shit for me and my lady
Lady, lady, ladies, ladies
Lady, lady, ladies, ladies