

Tops

Tommy Lee

I don't play games I don't win
When we've played games I see you lost hard
I don't write songs, I write sin
I don't speak, I toss sparks
So devastatingly disastrous it's almost hard to watch
She move so fast it's hard to keep up
You don't have to keep up, you just found a keeper
When your girl met me she figured you'd leave her
It's out of your control what happens next
What happens next is out of your control
To your left can you hear my heart bursting out my chest
Is it just me, or is this like something I could grab hold of?
Hold up, my soul's up for sale, I'm golden
A textbook told me that I was disgusting
A textbook told me that I was disgusting
Fuck a textbook, I'm revolting

I'm not me these days, I'm a sick killer
I'm not free these days, I'm trapped in a
Picture-perfect, worst-case, work it, graft it
Now picture my arse, now picture it parted
Picture us dancing, or can't you dance?
Wait, I heard you were tops in the sack
If I heard you were tops in the sack
And you can't dance, how you doin' that?
How you comin' through with a crew in the back?
I roll mostly alone, I've not got time for that

I've not got time to waste no more
I'm not playing games no more
I've not got time to talk change no more
Can't say the motherfucker's name no more
To you I'm a thorn in your side
To everybody else I'm a storm on the rise (Aye)
To everybody else I'm a storm on the rise (Aye)

To everybody else I'm a storm on the rise
To everybody else I'm a storm on the rise
To everybody else I'm a storm on the rise
To everybody else I'm a storm on the rise
To everybody else I'm a storm on the rise
To everybody else I'm a storm on the rise (Aye)