

# Panic

## Twisted Method

One, two, three  
One, two, three  
Go

Rock, rock, rock, rock, rock, rock  
Rock, rock, rock, rock, rock

I've got this locked in my head  
You want to see me dead  
You'd rather push me aside  
Than deal with my sickness inside  
You all hope soon that I'll fade away  
Fuck you 'cause I'm never going away  
There's people that's out to get me  
They wanna watch me bleed

Show me what you got  
Show me what you got  
Show me what you got  
Show me what you got  
What, what, what, what

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You need to open your eyes  
Realize that I've got a forty-five  
It's self-defense if I pull this trigger  
And someone dies  
Now I'm not talking shit  
I just want you to realize this  
I give a fuck less now than I ever did  
And it's you that's getting lit

Show me what you got  
Show me what you got  
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What, what, what, what

Show me what you got  
Show me what you got  
Show me what you got  
What, what, what, what  
What, what, what, what  
I'm losing my fucking head

Right now  
I can do this on my own  
I don't need your help just leave me alone  
I can do this on my own  
I don't need your help just leave me alone

Make it hot, make it hot, make it hot  
Who's rocking this spot?

Everybody in this bitch  
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon

Show me what you got  
Show me what you got  
Show me what you got  
Show me what you got  
What, what

Show me what you got  
Show me what you got  
Show me what you got  
What, what

Show me what you got  
Show me what you got  
Show me what you got  
What, what

Show me what you got  
Show me what you got  
Show me what you got  
What, what, what, what  
What, what, what, what  
I'm losing my fucking head