

3OH!3, Hornz

Three-Oh (x12)

I'm 'a hit you from the back

I'm not coming to your party

Shake it, shake it, shake it like you-

Get your hands up

Take-take that

Mother fucker fake rap

I'm 'a hit you from the back

Chokechain

I'm hot baby you're not

Poisonous pill

Punk-punk-punk-pu-punk-punk bitch

Colorado

(Day One) A chapel and glistening

(Day Three) The sun is shining on a perfect beach

(Day Six) A train that isn't whistling

(Day Ten) and I don't want to see you off again

We know the most crunk

Indie city choking chimney-sweeper,

Turn up your radio

the song we play will blow the speakers

don't stop whistlin'

to let them know what they've been missing

turn the jukebox on

the song we play will blow the system

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no ones been, no ones been

the cherry in that eye

and it's burning under my skin

carrying, carrying

the lady back to work

but that should be the first thing

no ones been, no ones been

the carpenter i've been

building you this cabinet

burying burying

those heroes as they're gasping

but that should be the last thing