

# Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Suicide Kings

Don't like your tone you sound confused  
Because your ma said I was born too loose  
I smoke my menthols and sport my rings  
She don't like me running with my posse the Suicide Kings  
Freaky toy girl don't you crack you whip on me

I'll take you from your home  
And give you what you want in a man  
I got skin smooth as chrome  
I'll get you stickier than strawberry jam  
So don't you cross me or get sly  
I'm an American insensitive guy  
And I don't give a rat's ass  
About polite society or questions of class

Leave a sexy corpse live fast and die young  
This is what I want to do  
I'm destiny's child ride tree or die  
With suicide superstar cool

The wind is cold the times are hard  
You've got to live before you're chucked in the sod  
It's all a hustle out on the street  
Black leather gimme tougher skin  
So that I can compete  
Ain't nobody gonna crack that whip