

# Papa Roach, Snakes

I got a problem with the snakes that are crawling  
Through my area when the darkness has fallen  
Momma told me that they love to bite  
They'll stab you in the back, no shame that's right  
I keep my distance cause they're making me crazy  
And stealing from me, you know those fuckers are lazy  
My blood boils fat turns to oil  
Step the fuck back, or you'll get buried in soil  
Over drama, or you could sleep with the fishes  
My clutches are tight and I'll take your last wishes  
One for the money, two for your girl  
Three for your life now I fucked up your world  
Do you like how it feels to be bit  
In the neck by a snake that kills  
Do you know how it feels to be stabbed in the back  
Then watch the blood spill  
It's kinda funny how you're running your mouth man  
You're caught in a lie and there's no way out, come on  
Betray your friends and your peeps and your family  
Living like a snake, living like a bloody thief  
Check my speech cause it's deep like the sea  
From me to y'all and then from y'all back to me  
Danger, danger  
I slay snakes like a ranger  
Military style fears God, not a stranger  
Now tell me whose crew slicker? Mine's sicker  
Get on your knees be a dick licker