

# Quincy Punx, The List

You cut me off in traffic, Butt in front of me in line.  
One day you'll get what's coming but till then I'll bide my time  
Rude waitresses and waiters, the assholes at the DMV,  
And that macho jocko drunk whose trying to pick a fight with me.  
You're on the lost.

You're on the list. Of people who I owe some payback to.  
You're on the list. You're number seven-hundred, thirty-two  
You're on the list. You won't be laughing when I get to you  
You're on the list. Whoa-oh!!

From the cop who pulled me over to the bitch who stood me up,  
To the asshole that I work for.(Your name is at the top.)  
I'm coming for you one by one that you can depend.  
The one who laughs the bests the one who's laughing at the end  
You're on the list.

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You're on the list. You're number seven-hundred, thirty-two  
You're on the list. You won't be laughing when I get to you  
You're on the list. Whoa-oh!!

You abused my friendship, you stole from me and lied.  
I could have just accepted it, I could have sat and cried  
Instead I've got plans for you, ones you'll never know,  
Till I show up least expected no matter where you go.

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You're on the list. You won't be laughing when I get to you  
You're on the list. Whoa-oh!!  
You're on the list!