

American Hi-Fi, Nothing Left To Lose

Nothing Left to Lose
Except you and your baby blues
microphone check this rhyme
Pancho Villa was a friend of mine
I get fucked up, holla back ya'll
and I kick it like Jackie Chan
with my kung fu style
I'll get rid of you in a while (yeah)

Hey Hey Hey all the bitches in the back

C'mon C'mon get up get up (whoa)
I know you know its never forever
C'mon C'mon get up get up (whoa)
You wanna hear I'm sorry, whatever
Now that your gone
I'm moving on
You wrecked it all
there's nothing left to lose
except for you
Hell yeah!

Get my teenage kicks
Pullin' down boards like Rodman
All the lipstick chicks sing
NA, NA, NA, NA, NA, NA
I get fucked up, holla back now ya'll
and I rock it like Jackson Browne
let me tell ya right now what?
I like stippers better anyhow (yeah)

Hey Hey Hey all the bitches in the back

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C'mon C'mon get up get up (whoa)
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