

Anthrax, Giving The Horns

Give it up, got to give it up I said
Man you're already dead
You got no reason for hanging around
Except for a beatdown
Say what you wanna say
Take it down, break it down
I'm the sum of it's parts
Kicked around like a hound
Never give it much thought
Good lord, I always meant I to be so f**king heavy
I give the horns to you who saved me
I give the horns to you who told me to
Change my way of life out of one into another
Yeah you heard me everyday I thank my mother

(on the day I fought your mother)
(I said)
Give it up, got to give it up it's my space
Then you spit it my face
Good luck, it don't mean nothing to me
Look where it's coming from
A time to kill, a time to die
I sign the horns and make it mine
Is everything I say a lie
Do I exist in my perfect crime
Another shot, I take it well
My so called perfect life in hell and
Sometimes I just need to f**king yell