

Dogs With Jobs, Y I Otta

You come to my house to suck back my beers
You weren't invited
You never knock, you just stroll right in
Hell, you never leave!

You take and take all i've got to give
You take it all like a fucking sieve
You're telling be that i'm the prick!
You suck more than a fucking leach
Maybe you should practice what you preach
Tell you buddy, you ain't no treat

You scratch my records, you bust my tv
Then you ask me what's to eat!
You rip off my cash, and your b.o. reeks
Hey, did you ever learn to flush a toilet, man?

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Y I otta...
Kick you in the head, punch you in the teeth
Beat you 'till you fall to the ground
Pound you to a paste, crush you to a pulp
Cut you 'till you don't make a sound

Boot you in the balls, slice you into strips
Until you're just a wet, bloody sore
Stab you in the eye, bust your ugly head
And stomp you 'till you're dead on the floor

You insult my girl, you smoke my last smoke
Hey! isn't that my shirt?
You break my window fighting with your bitch
You can't even apologize

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You know, i've had about enough of your shit
So i've got a little suggestion...
Take it to heart...
Get the fuck out and don't come back!!!

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You've got your bitch in my bed and you're
Asking me to stay out??? who the fuck are you?
You lie through your teeth, your talk never ends
Maybe you'd better leave, now!

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