

Frenzal Rhomb, Do You Wanna Fight Me?

I woke up half an hour ago
I don't remember much and I'm feeling slow
I don't know how but I know I lost all my friends
Every time I see you now you're picking a fight
I know I must have said nothing right
Do you think that this is going to make a change

Do you want to fight me? Hand to hand
Do you want to fight me? Now's your chance

Can you tell me why I'm so objectionable
Is it personality or just my smell
When you look like fighting I look sick
Is it a disorder a doctor can fix
or are you just a violent mother fucking son of a bitch
When you put me to the floor you know I'll get back up again

Do you want to fight me? Now's the time
Do you want to fight me? Stand in line

It's obvious it's too late to make it right
Talking sense to you is going to take all night
I'm going to get a beating unless I make a plan
I know you want a piece, sorry I'm so slow
One more bevy I'll be ready to go
And run faster than I've ever run before