

# From First To Last, Dead Baby Kick Ball

Girl, you must think that I'm crazy,  
but we all know you's a cutie,  
and you're all like, "nuh-uh, boys don't wanna be with me"  
Girl, please  
I can see right through those  
fake colored contacts;  
your eyes ain't blue, I bet that hair's held by glue

Hey, shorty, why you playing games  
to scared to play, the rules were made,  
to drop these names, and now you got nothing to say

It's like that episode of cheaters,  
and I'm the dude with the gun,  
hiding cameras in your bedroom  
Girl, I know what you've done;  
I might be your baby's daddy,  
but that don't mean shit  
when every dude on the block  
knows that you're a trick

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to scared to play, the rules were made,  
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Uh, I'm not a rock star, but I still tend to rock hard  
You try to play games, tease and try to keep me rock hard,  
try to make me slap you and see me in a cop car,  
catch me speeding in stock cars, expecting me to stop hard  
You playing with the mind of the craziest kind,  
telling me how much you love me when I know that you're lying;  
you must be snorting lines if you think that I'm crying  
You manipulating backstabbing cold and kaniving,  
I went from last to first but this is first to last  
I'm the major league player, you can kiss my ass, trick

Drop it like it's hot!  
Shake it like a salt shaker  
Hot!  
Shake it like a salt shaker  
Hot!  
Shake it like a salt shaker  
Hot!  
Shake it like a salt shaker

F\*\*k  
F\*\*k  
F\*\*k  
F\*\*k  
F\*\*k  
F\*\*k you  
F\*\*k you  
F\*\*k you  
F\*\*k you  
F\*\*k you....