

Miley Cyrus, Muddy Feet (feat. Sia)

I don't know
Who the hell you think you're messin' with
Get the fuck out of my house with that shit
Get the fuck out of my life with that shit
And I don't know
Who the hell you think you're messin' with
Get the fuck out of my house with that shit
Get the fuck out of my life with that shit

And you smell like perfume that I didn't purchase
Now I know why you've been closing the curtains (Uh-uh)
Get the fuck out of my house

You're comin' 'round
With your muddy feet
I'ma about to do some 'bout it
Yeah, I'ma have to do some 'bout it
You keep comin' 'round
With your muddy feet
And I'ma have to do some 'bout it
Yeah, I'ma about to do some 'bout it

Back and forth
Always questioning my questioning
Get the fuck out of my head with that shit
Get the fuck out of my bed with that shit

You've watered the weeds and you killed all the roses
Worthy arrives when the other door closes (Uh-uh)
So get the fuck out of my house with that shit

You're comin' 'round (Comin' 'round, baby)
With your muddy feet
I'ma about to do some 'bout it (What I do)
Yeah, I'ma have to do some 'bout it (What I do)
And I don't know
Who you're messin' with
And I'ma have to do some 'bout it (What I do)
Yeah, I'ma about to do some 'bout it (What I do)

Woah, oh, oh, oh, mm
Woah, oh, oh, oh, mm
Woah, oh, oh, oh, mm (You're comin' 'round)
Woah, oh, oh, oh, mm (You're comin' 'round, baby)
(What I do, what I do)
Get the fuck out of my house with that shit