

# 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