

Pietasters, Fat Sack

Look at them, way out there, is it hard to think and fall in here
Check you back, how it is, shut your mouth you stupid kids
It's hard to tell how much you're seen
But you missed the point again
Thanks a lot you've had your say
Time to move to another day

CHORUS

Another day another time
Spend your weekend home there wasting time
Certain win no simple thing for you

Floodings stick and waters too
But the families whatchin' over you
With a man in love, tell that shit
Well step right up and take some licks
Burbon jungle's what you get
Sorry my brother broke your chin
Steady yourself you're out of time
Drinks gonna come and you're gonna find

CHORUS

In my head you do not see
10 brass knuckles gonn bash your teeth
See my sack, oh so fat
Me and mother fuckers gonna get my back

CHORUS x2