

Psychostick, Throwin' Down

Oh, I get it
You wanna run my life!
Why don't you stick an antenna up my ass
and make me your own satellite

You bitch
why the hell you gotta make it so damn tough
I could find a cure for cancer
but it wouldn't be enough

You seem
to think
that I'm a money tree
since your only big concern is
"How much will he spend on me?"
That's it!
I've had it!
I can't take anymore!
If you can't see that you're wrong,
I can show you to the door!

[Chorus:]
Tell me what do you want from me?
My body? My soul?
If there any relief for me?
From you? Hell no.

I won't listen to you
Until your mouth is shut.
and we don't gotta throw down
just 'cause the toilet seat's up.

I know, that you
Suck
I know that you
blow
I know that I'm
fucked
I know that I
can't say no
[end of chorus]

You've got the nerve
to tell me how to drive
when you've been in so many wrecks
it's amazing you're alive

Plus you're hogging all the oxygen
since all you do is talk
give me one good reason not to
make you get out here and walk

NO, that doesn't mean I think
You're overweight
I tell you all the time,
I think that you look great!

But HEY, does it matter
with anything I say?
Since I'm always wrong
and didn't do the dishes yesterday!

[Chorus]

I know that you suck
I know that you blow
I know that I'm...