

# Self, Punk Bitch Flash

You're a sick, sick boy you are  
You've got your wine, women 'n' cash  
Semi-automatic superstar  
In the pan you're a punk bitch flash

I'll round up every beast you let out  
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I'll round up every beast you let

Tell me mister, what's your story today?  
Who is it you want to be?

I've bought some ammo and I'll send it your way  
Destroyin' friends and family

I feel a stranger stealing my candy  
But you're a housefly trapped under glass

Fat chance of getting me in your caddy  
In the pan you're a punk bitch flash

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Masquerading as a man about town  
The seventh chord is my fist hittin' your face

You think you're on, but nobody's straight down  
In the scheme of things you're gonna lose the race

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