

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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