

# Steel Panther, Heavy Metal Rules

couldn't make no money as a singer  
didn't seem to get too far  
so I sell pot brownies and Vicodin from the back seat of my car  
moving back to Chicago  
Gonna rest my aching head  
Spotify took my last 2 cents  
and the butter fro my bread

gene Simmons said it  
Rock and roll is dead

I never did it for the money  
I only did it to get laid  
but I can't buy shots for the ladies if there's no way to get paid  
no I can't get make money on my good looks  
can't make it on applause  
so u sel nose beers to the kiddos  
and thumb my own nose at the laws

but I am never ever gonna stop palying  
even though rock and roll ain;t paying  
cuz heavy metal rules  
heavy metal rules  
heavy metal rules  
and everybody else can suck my fuc\*\*\*g dick

gonna make my money stealing hub caps  
and selling black tar on the streets  
taking handbags from old ladies  
while they respond to Trumpy's tweets  
apple came to town a ringing  
a death kneel for a band  
if I can't make money selling records  
gonna make it any way I can

and I am gonna keep on rocking your ass  
as long as I am on the right side of the grass  
cuz heavy metal rules  
heavy metal rules  
heavy metal rules  
and everybody else can suck my fuc\*\*\*g dick