

Stuck Lucky, Skankin' With A Handgun

Write these words down baby time and time again
But the feeling doesn't come without focusing within
Break the backbeat down to that first and free sound
Add it all up girl keep it underground
Say you'll see us all out at the punk rock show
Help us sing along wit this LPC flow
Face the fuckin' music, baby try and understand
That we don't mean to make a fight I just wanna make you dance
So now I'm skankin' loadin' clips
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A speed freak, closet geek, life's a sign one through six
Swallowing too much blood is gonna make you sick
It's 4 AM, Thursday night, skating on the square
Flowers wilting, a songs turned up, tension fills the air so
Hey there rude girl can you hear my cigarette? It's burning
And when I go tomorrow I'll be broke
My foots going numb in the cold listening to the radio
Once listened to Las Cab for 10 hours?
(Simultaneously)
Am I undecided?
One more time, go!
So now I'm skankin' loadin' clips
So now I'm skankin' loadin' clips
So now I'm skankin' loadin' clips
So now I'm skankin' loadin' 1, 2, 1234!