

## 3OH!3 "Hornz"

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Three-oh, three-oh, three-oh  
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I'm 'a hit you from the back  
I'm not coming to your party  
Shake it, shake it, shake it like you-  
Get your hands up  
Take-take that

Mother fucker fake rap  
I'm 'a hit you from the back  
Choke chain  
I'm hot baby you're not poisonous pill  
Punk-punk-punk-pu-punk-punk bitch  
Colorado

(Day one)  
A chapel and glistening  
(Day three)  
The sun is shining on a perfect beach  
(Day six)  
A train that isn't whistling  
(Day ten)  
And I don't want to see you off again

We know the most crunk  
Indie city choking chimeny-sweeper  
Turn up your radio  
The song we play will blow the speakers

Don't stop whistlin'  
To let them know what they've been missing  
Turn the jukebox on  
The song we play will blow the system

(Day one)  
A chapel and glistening  
(Day three)  
The sun is shining on a perfect beach  
(Day six)

A train that isn't whistlin'  
(Day ten)  
And I don't want to see you off again

We know the most crunk  
Indie city choking chimeny-sweeper  
Turn up your radio  
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Don't stop whistlin'  
To let them know  
What they've been missing  
Turn the jukebox on  
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We know the most crunk  
Indie city choking chimeny-sweeper  
Turn up your radio  
The song we play will blow the speakers

Don't stop whistlin'  
To let them know  
What they've been missing  
Turn your jukebox up  
The song we play will blow the system

No ones been, no ones been  
The cherry in that eye  
And it's burning under my skin  
Carrying, carrying  
The lady back to work

But that should be the first thing  
No ones been, no ones been  
The carpenter I've been  
Building you this cabinet

Burying burying  
Those heroes as they're gasping  
But that should be the last thing

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