

Bijou Phillips

"I Never Shot The President"

Visit "[I Never Shot The President](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

One thousand nine hundred ninety something years
after Christ
The price, won't suffice, in the end
Your man is gone
You're broken down
Who's around to hold your hand
You're sleeping around, you're sleeping around again

You, almost
Know everything, everything knows you
Almost, know everything
Everything knows you

You're hard, she's funny
She likes to count your money
You squeeze, say please
She's got you on your knees
You joker, you soaker
She's sleeping with your chauffeur
He'll drive her, he'll drive her
Places you don't go

You, almost
Know everything, everything knows you
Almost, know everything

Everything knows

What you don't know is just how much you don't know
What you don't know is just how much you don't know
What you don't know, I never shot the president, no

You tried, lied
Gonna whip your backside
Down to the floor, out the door
Don't come around here no more
What your selling I ain't buying
What you talkin' bitch stop lying
I swear, I could care
Now I gotta go fix my hair

You, almost, know everything, everything knows you

Almost, know everything, everything knows you
Almost, know everything, everything knows you
Almost, know everything, everything knows
I never shot the president, no

Visit [Bijou Phillips](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.