

Fight Paris "Fuck Me Stilettos"

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Damn right that slut's my bitch
She fuckin' sucked my God damn dick

First time is never enough and
Second time you're 'bout to bust and
Third time and you're beggin' for more and more and
more and...

Everybody now take your places
And all the ladies with the pretty faces
I'll be waiting for you backstage to give you what you
need

We got, all that you're wantin'
We got, all that you're needin'
We got, all that you desire

I'm feelin' fine and lookin' twice as good
The things we're doin', man, I know you wish you could
The only thing that matters my friend is we'll be here in
the end

You can't explain it, and you'll never contain it
'Cause what we are is something that you'll never ever
be
There's no need to run and hide
When everything that you need's inside
So come along and join the ride
FP's in the place tonight

Grip it, rip it, rock it, roll it, and trip it
Everybody watchin' knows that we're bitchin'
Eyes wide and the drawers are droppin' for what we've
got
Line 'em up and we'll knock 'em down
And tonight we're getting kicked outta this town
And all we're leaving behind is a pile of broken hearts
and tears
We got, everything that you're wantin'
We got, everything that you're needin'
We got, everything that you desire

Once onstage they start to scream our name
Once onstage they start to go insane
Offstage I'll take one back and fuck oh, what's her
name?

You can't explain it, and you'll never contain it
'Cause what we are is something that you'll never ever
be
There's no need to run and hide
When everything that you need's inside
Come along and join the ride
FP's in the place tonight

Listen up and listen good, 'cause I'll only say this once
Forget everything that you've seen and heard and just
keep your eyes on us
No disrespect intended, and I hate to boast and brag
But it's hard to keep my mouth shut when I know that
this shit's in the bag
And we've come too far and we've worked too hard to
just roll over and play dead
And at the end of the day there's only one things that's
still in my head

Rock n' roll, rock n' roll
Sex, drugs, and rock n' roll

And if you've got a problem with that you should just hit
the fuckin' door

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