

From First To Last "Dead Baby Kick Ball"

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Girl, you must think that I'm crazy,
but we all know you's a cutie,
and you're all like, "nuh-uh, boys don't wanna be with
me"

Girl, please
I can see right through those
fake colored contacts;
your eyes ain't blue, I bet that hair's held by glue

Hey, shorty, why you playing games
to scared to play, the rules were made,
to drop these names, and now you got nothing to say

It's like that episode of cheaters,
and I'm the dude with the gun,
hiding cameras in your bedroom
Girl, I know what you've done;
I might be your baby's daddy,
but that don't mean shit
when every dude on the block
knows that you're a trick

Hey, shorty, why you playing games
to scared to play, the rules were made,
to drop these names, and now you got nothing to say

Uh, I'm not a rock star, but I still tend to rock hard
You try to play games, tease and try to keep me rock
hard,
try to make me slap you and see me in a cop car,
catch me speeding in stock cars, expecting me to stop
hard
You playing with the mind of the craziest kind,
telling me how much you love me when I know that
you're lying;

you must be snorting lines if you think that I'm crying
You manipulating backstabbing cold and kaniving,
I went from last to first but this is first to last
I'm the major league player, you can kiss my ass, trick

Drop it like it's hot!

Shake it like a salt shaker
Hot!
Shake it like a salt shaker
Hot!
Shake it like a salt shaker
Hot!
Shake it like a salt shaker

Fuck
Fuck
Fuck
Fuck
Fuck
Fuck you
Fuck you
Fuck you
Fuck you
Fuck you....

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