Hed Pe "Comeova2nite"

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I'm fascinated with pussy Patron and percasets I graduated to groupie love And dirty sex Infatuated, in running with the devil I'm a god, I'm a rebel I'm a dog, I'm a fuckin mess You wanna get in on my personal I'm gonna get in you Threatened by my recklessness You powerless, I'm obsessed I'm possessed with the heart of a warrior Spawned and raised in southern killer california I got that bubble gum, yeah I got that JD But JD only make a nigga crazy But Jaegermeister, make a nigga nicer And great goose of the groupies get loose Yeah there's a demon inside The slow suicide, that can't be denied The Jekyll and Hyde, that Bonnie and Clyde You dig? No regrets, no stress Never vex, no Take your time, you got time You the next

Uh oh, uh oh, comeova2nite There's a riot in the parking lot We dancin' in the moonlight Hey hey, get your head right You're a rockstar, larger then life Uh oh, uh oh, comeova2nite There'll be fighting in the parking lot And fuckin' in the moonlight Hey hey, get your head right You're a rockstar, larger then life

Rock-rock-rock-star Yeah let everybody know I just don't give a fuck

Mommy I smoke and I drink

I fuck, I fight, and I stay
Punk rock for life
Getting high in the club all night
Mommy I know what you want
The other boys ain't doing it right
You come on over and I fuck you all night
For real though
Shorty I know you feel the electricity
You feel the fire rising
Come and smoke a joint with me
It's a prophesy
A punk-rock-opracy
And all shots are free
When shorty rocks with me

C'mon, c'mon

Forget about games
Just give me that thing
I gotta get inside her
I'm a little insane
Gotta give her that pain
Murderin' right behind her
Wanna get her back home
And when I get her alone
I'm gonna hurt her
Homicide, serial killer
Baby I murder ya!

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Rock-rock-rock-star Yeah let everybody know I just don't give a fuck Rock-rock-rock-star Yeah let everybody know I just don't give a fuck

[guest - Roscoe]
I live my life on the edge
So that I might jump, if you don't push me

Got the infrared On the ride, punk for punk pussies I pull up in the Bentley I fiend the good weed and hennessey Trunk full or fully's and semi's for my enemies Yeah am I foolish for my ways? Maybe But i'm gettin' paid baby Grew up in the eighties They labeled us Ronald Reagen babies Obsessed with money and sex Cars and jewelry Everybody dying, who's next? It could be you or me Heavily sedated I've never been this faded Investigators pursuing me Tapin' my conversations Cuz the shit I say will prolly get me killed Lyin' niggas just wanna body me But I don't think they will Scar-faced, god he got a posse a dog-faced, who was shot He's in the car chase Tryin' to escape from papparazzi I'm a block star, known as the glock star With shots, popped off, in the moonlight Duckin' from cop cars

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Rock-rock-rock-star Yeah let everybody know I just don't give a fuck Rock-rock-rock-rock-star Yeah let everybody know I just don't give a fuck Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...

Bounce, sweet! Homicide, serial killa baby I murder ya! Visit <u>Hed Pe</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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