

Peaches

"Fan Etiquette"

Visit "[Fan Etiquette](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Just give me what we deserve
Why so late when you get the nerve
There's no love here
Without the hurt
Wanna get back
But the styles are wack
'Cause you heard me
Talkin' shit
Wanna head back now
Help me split
But that's dumb fool
Not cool
Better off playin' pocket pool
'Cause this is real life
Not a show
Doin' everything for the minimum dough
Gotta new fan etiquette
That gotsta go
Lover feel liberated
Share the snow

Fans gotta get with it
You're gonna find out quick
If you don't got fan etiquette
Then you ain't gonna get shit (x2)

Don't grab my tits
You in the gold dress
Just 'cause you is a gay guy
Don't mean you can molest
You smelled of the glove
Now you want the love
But I just want to chill
Not push and shove
Be rivalry at least
'Cause ya ain't gettin' shit

You know I only love the fans who got the etiquette

I just rocked you for hours
Can't come clean when your in my shower

Fuckin', suckin', havin' a feast
Screamin' out that your my nasty beast
My show unleashed your beast
But please give me some peace
I was pawed at, clawed at
Check out these scars from bein' awed at
You ask for drugs
And I need a rest
Got a lit cigarette thrown at my breast
That's my purse that you tried to nab
You're the worst fan that I've ever had
Now you grab at my clit
Somebody better teach you etiquette
Quick, quick
Quick, quick

What you mean you don't got shit for me?
What you mean you don't got no weed?
Huh, you can't come in this door

Wanna come back stage?
Better bring the blow
Lover feel liberate
Share the snow

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