

Blood On The Dancefloor

"Fuck The Rest, We The Best!"

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Smelling blood, chopping hoes, I'm gonna bring it lock
and load
Hello there, I'm Dr. Evil, got more tricks than Evil
Knieval
Shark attack, guess who's back? It's Vanity, now lick my
sack
Not afraid; not to change, I keep it real so rock the
stage
I should come with a warning label, piss me off, I
become unstable
Steel cage; Undertaker, throw you down through 50
tables
Bang, bang, shot you down, go Uma Thurma up in this
bitch
Revenge is best served cold, taking it back, we'll be
your wish

D-G-A-F, Learn it cause a fight, bitch
Nam, bam, fam, damn, knock you down til you can't
stand
Damn, I'm killing it, damn right, I'm feeling it
I'll split this floor, I'll let you know that haters motivate
me
I admittedly will annihilate their innocence
We shot ahead to see, I'm your momma's new facial
cream
Na-Na-Na-Na, Bat-Man, I ain't afraid of you, man
My warnings are not a test, I eat bitches like you for
breakfast

Fuck the rest, we the best
Fuck the rest...
For the win; I'm killing it
Ain't nobody stopping me

Fuck the rest, we the best
Fuck the rest...
Undefeated; world's top
Ain't nobody stopping us

I'm trying to be okay with what you didn't create

Don't cover my face and make stupid mistakes
Your only mark is gonna be on the side walk
Your body on the block outlined in white chalk
You better learn to crawl before you can walk
I'm coming at you fast, I'm just having a mock
See how far you get around the cell block
You think you're hardcore, it's just drawn on by the rock

Bloody nose, busted lips, broken ribs, broken hips
Full sleeves and no tits, bruised eyes and loose clits
Fuck the number; can't stand, 2 dicks and 1 fist
Stuffed into the roof, guess who? It's Jayy, bitch

Fuck the rest, we the best
Fuck the rest...
For the win; I'm killing it
Ain't nobody stopping me

Fuck the rest, we the best
Fuck the rest...
S-G-T-C
Til the very death of me

Stick it to you with the middle finger,
Beat your ass on Jerry Springer
What the fuck do you know about this?
What the fuck, can't handle my dick
I cut my self and bleed to death,
Got your girlfriend on my dick and neck
Yes, yes on the bed, real deal, hold and slam

Fuck you til you cannot feel,
This is how we keep it real
I'm gonna Kanye, Taylor Swift your ass,
Smoke you like you're a bag of grass
I'm gonna p-p-poke your face,
Leave you with my sweet little taste
I had to do the gaga-rama, bama, oh oh lala

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