

## 4Lyn "No. 11"

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So we got this far and you're still wonderin'  
Why we do shit in our own kinda way  
(Why? Why?)

First round knock out, get da fuck out  
Why can't ya understand the way we're actin' all day?  
(Die, die)

Call us strange, give us strait jackets  
10 ton chains won't keep us away from what we believe  
so leave  
Suspension on our playground is what you get  
And our rage is what you will receive

Twinkle, twinkle lil' star, oh, I wonder where you are  
You can't tell me nothing but I can tell you anything  
I can tell you everything  
(But you never get it)

But you never get it  
But you never get it  
But you never get it  
But you never get it

Yeah, what's your problem? Tell me buddy  
Does it feel good to get fucked by everybody?  
No doe for da brain ticket, it's so dumb, my friend  
Come again, Mr.Wicked

Second round knock out, stay da fuck out  
You won't understand da way we're actin' all day  
(You never get it)  
All this bullshit makes me sick, to all ya punks, suck my  
dick  
(You never get it)

Twinkle, twinkle, little girl, a black stain in ya intact  
world  
All ya envy cannot reach and all this bullshit cannot  
teach me  
Cannot teach me

Twinkle, twinkle, little girl a black stain in your intact  
world  
All ya envious thoughts can never teach me

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