

Paul Lewis**"Mf"**

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Running out of air
I'm a freak and I don't care
I'm neurotic, I'm insane
Unpredictable and vain
It's just a game, don't be lame
Don't be such a goodie two shoes
Pretty please kick it back
And I might take off the leach

On the count to three
I want you down on your knees
Not a second too late
Four, five, six, seven, eight!

No motherfuckers gonna mess with me
I'll show you who's the best in here

Out to get kicks, just a tiny little trip
I'm a bitch and I'm proud
There's nothing you can do about it
Bring it on, come on
I hold my head up high
I'm on my own and I mean it
I'm better off alone

We can go on and on without wearing me out
Running round and round, won't find an inch of a doubt
Keep it up, non stop
I won't be crackin up!

K.I.S.S. MY
K.I.S.S. MY ASS

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