

## The Lips

### "You Wouldn't Want To Mess With Me"

Visit "[You Wouldn't Want To Mess With Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

With one wave of my hand  
You know who's in command  
I'm the quintessential queen of sorcery  
I keep a potion in my purse  
That's worse than any curse  
No, you wouldn't want to mess with me

Take a barracuda's nose  
And a dozen turtle toes  
And the venom of a sea anemone  
Eye of urchin, Crab of louie  
Stir the goop until it's goey  
That's my favourite rancid recipe  
No, you wouldn't want to mess with me

::: Later :::

Make way, I'm in charge  
Your fate is looming large  
It won't do you any good to flee  
My concoctions never fail  
So you'd better watch your tail  
No, you wouldn't want to mess with me

When you think I'm on the brink of going under  
I've a way of coming out on top  
Oh my darling debutante  
I always get just what I want  
And I want this mucky luck to stop!

I'm the mistress of mystique  
With a slender slim physique  
I'm an idol in the sea of infamy  
I admit I'm quite a catch  
But I've never met my match

So you shouldn't test the best  
'Cause you couldn't stand the stress  
No, you wouldn't want to mess with me

