

## Pretty Maids "Face Me"

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You slag my name  
Insult my crowd  
You ruin my day  
You count me out  
You criticize  
Antagonize me  
You question me  
And my integrity

Now tell me, who are you to judge  
If I am out of time, and out of touch  
Now anytime, you pick the place  
And I'll be there

Come out and face me  
You piece of trash  
You son of a bitch  
Let's take a bout  
Come out and face me  
I'll kick your ass  
And split your lips  
I'll punch you out; I'll knock you down

You doubt my skills  
Well, let me tell you  
I despise your stilted  
Intellect, oh yeah  
And then again  
I'd rather go to hell  
Than ride the trend  
And prostitute myself  
I know the nature of your kind  
Is it the envy deep inside  
Or just the fact that I survived  
If it is so:

Chorus

Trendrider, can you show the way  
I'd try to be hip for one day  
And gone tomorrow  
You build me up and tear me down

You change the things I say around  
You're telling lies, you scumbag

Now tell me what  
Gives you the right  
I hate your guts  
You goddamned parasite  
And no one gives a fuck  
Of what you think, about who you are  
Your opinion sucks, tabloid super star  
Every word you wrote just to hurt me  
I'll shove 'em down your throat, you little piece of shit

Chorus

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