

## 30H3 "Punkbitch"

Visit "[Punkbitch](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

When I come up in the club,  
I'm talking mad shit,  
Come up in the club I'm 'bout to get my ass kicked,  
'Cause I'm sippin' on some Gin,  
Sip, Sippin' on some Jack,  
Slip \$60 in her panties with my number on the back

'Cause the proof is in the Kodak,  
The throw-backs in a dark and vacant corner,  
You were freezing, I was warmer,  
And the roof is gone, when we know that,  
And baby chases like she don't know what she's  
seeing,  
I was steady, you were fleeting

Punk bitch,  
'Cause I've seen it before,  
Punk bitch,  
And I don't care anymore,  
Punk bitch,  
And I just want you to know,  
Punk bitch,  
Punk bitch,  
'Cause I've seen it before,  
Punk bitch,  
And I don't care anymore,  
Punk bitch,  
And I just want you to know that we datin' mad models  
and poppin' mad bottles tonight,  
Punk bitch  
Whoa whoa oh,  
Punk bitch,  
Whoa whoa oh,  
Punk bitch,  
Whoa whoa oh,  
We datin' mad models and poppin' mad bottles tonight

Uh, yeah, sounds good,  
Throw me up in the headphones; sounds good

When I come up in the club,  
I'm actin' mad dumb,

Ladies lookin' at me tell 'em, "come and get some,"  
'Cause I'm sippin' on some Jack,  
Sip, Sippin' on some Gin,  
Tip, tippin' all these strippers like I know them as my  
friends

'Cause the proof is in the Kodak,  
The throw-backs in a dark and vacant corner,  
You were freezing, I was warmer,  
And the roof is gone, we know that,  
And baby chases like she don't know what she's  
seeing,  
I was steady, you were fleeting

Punk bitch,  
'Cause I've seen it before,  
Punk bitch,  
And I don't care anymore,  
Punk bitch,  
And I just want you to know,  
Punk bitch,  
Punk bitch,  
'Cause I've seen it before,  
Punk bitch,  
And I don't care anymore,  
Punk bitch,  
And I just want you to know that we datin' mad models  
and poppin' mad bottles tonight,  
Punk bitch  
Whoa whoa oh,  
Punk bitch,  
Whoa whoa oh,  
Punk bitch,  
Whoa whoa oh,  
We datin' mad models and poppin' mad bottles tonight

Write it down,  
Scratch the nice,  
'Cause I just can't keep coming back

Punk bitch,  
Yeah,  
Punk bitch,  
Yeah,  
Punk bitch,  
Yeah,  
Punk bitch,  
Yeah

You put my picture in a box,  
It was the one inside your locket,

What happened to the keys that used to jingle in your pocket,  
Your fingers say to come,  
But your eyes say I should stop it,  
If I regret all I've done,  
I would be trapped inside that locket

You put my picture in a box,  
It was the one inside your locket,  
What happened to the keys that used to jingle in your pocket,  
Your fingers say to come,  
But your eyes say I should stop it,  
If I regret all I've done,  
I would be trapped inside that locket

You put my picture in a box (cause I've seen it before)  
It was the one inside your locket,  
What happened to the keys that used to jingle in your pocket (and I don't care anymore)  
Your fingers say to come,  
But your eyes say I should stop it (and I just want you to know)  
If I regret all I've done,  
I would be trapped inside that locket (that we datin' mad models and poppin' mad bottles tonight)

Visit [30H3](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.