## Hornz

## 30H!3

Three-oh, three-oh

Three-oh, three-oh

Three-oh, three-oh

Three-oh, three-ohI'm 'a hit you from the back

I'm not coming to your party

Shake it, shake it like you-

Get your hands up

Take-take that Mother fucker fake rap

I'm 'a hit you from the back

Choke chain

I'm hot baby you're not poisonous pill

Punk-punk-punk-punk bitch

Colorado(Day one)

A chapel and glistening

(Day three)

The sun is shining on a perfect beach

(Day six)

A train that isn't whistling

(Day ten)

And I don't want to see you off againWe know the most crunk Indie city choking chimeny-sweeper

Turn up your radio

The song we play will blow the speakersDon't stop whistlin'

To let them know what they've been missing

Turn the jukebox on

The song we play will blow the system(Day one)

A chapel and glistening

(Day three)

The sun is shining on a perfect beach

(Day six)

A train that isn't whistlin'

(Day ten)

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The song we play will blow the speakersDon't stop whistlin'

To let them know

What they've been missing

Turn your jukebox up

The song we play will blow the systemNo ones been, no ones been

The cherry in that eye

And it's burning under my skin

Carrying, carrying

The lady back to workBut that should be the first thing

No ones been, no ones been

The carpenter I've been

Building you this cabinetBurying burying

Those heroes as they're gasping

But that should be the last thing

Songwriters

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Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/