

Nothing Left to Lose

American Hi-Fi

Yeah
Come on, come on Nothing left to lose
Except you and your baby blues
Microphone check this rhyme
Pancho villa was a friend of mine I get fucked up holla back y'all
And I kick it like Jackie Chan
With my kung fu style
I'll get rid of you in a while, yeah
Hey hey hey
All the bitches in the back C'mon c'mon get up get up
(Woah)
I know you know its never forever
C'mon c'mon get up get up
(Woah)
You wanna hear I'm sorry whatever
Now that you gone I'm moving on
You wrecked it all
There's nothing left to lose except for you
Yeah Get my teenage kicks
Pull in down boards like rod man
All the lipstick chicks sing
Na na na na na I get fucked up holla back y'all
And I rock it like Jackson Browne
Let me tell ya right now
(What)
I like strippers better anyhow
Hey hey hey
All the bitches in the back C'mon c'mon get up get up
(Woah)
I know you know its never forever
C'mon c'mon get up get up
(Woah)
You wanna hear I'm sorry whatever
Now that you gone I'm moving on
You wrecked it all
There's nothing left to lose except for you
There's nothing left to lose except for you Go 1 2
C'mon c'mon get up get up
(Woah)

I know you know its never forever
C'mon c'mon get up get up
(Woah)
You wanna hear I'm sorry whatever
Now that you gone I'm moving on
You wrecked it all
There's nothing left to lose except for you Now that you gone I'm moving on
You wrecked it all
There's nothing left to lose except for you
There's nothing left to lose except for you
There's nothing left to lose except for you

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