

# Fist City

## The Little Willies

A you've been makin' your brags around town  
That you've been a lovin' my man  
But the man I love, when he picks up trash  
He puts it in a garbage can And that's what a you look like to me  
And what I see's a pity  
You better close your face and stay outta my way  
If you don't wanna go to fist city If you don't wanna go to fist city  
You better detour around my town  
'Cause I'll grab you by the hair a the head  
And I'll lift a you off a the ground I'm not a sayin' my baby's a saint 'cause he ain't  
And that he won't cat around with a kitty  
I'm here to tell you gal to lay off a my man  
If you don't wanna go to fist city Come on and tell me what you told my friends  
If you think you're brave enough  
And I'll show you what a real woman is  
Since you think you're hot stuff You'll bite off more than you can chew  
If you get to cute or witty  
You better move your feet  
If you don't wanna eat  
A meal that's called fist city If you don't wanna go to fist city  
You better detour around my town  
'Cause I'll grab you by the hair a the head  
And I'll lift you of the ground I'm not a sayin' my baby's a saint 'cause he ain't  
And that he won't cat around with a kitty  
I'm here to tell you gal to lay off a my man  
If you don't wanna go to fist city  
I'm here to tell you gal to lay off a my man  
If you don't wanna go to fist city

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