

Suicide Kings

Cherry Poppin' Daddies

I don't like your tone
You sound confused
Because your ma said I was born to lose
I smoke my menthols and sport my rings
She don't like me running with my posse, the Suicide Kings
Baby, freaky toy girl don't you crack you whip on
me
Yeah yeah yeah, girl don't you crack the whip on me
I'll take you from your home
And give you what you want in a man
I got skin skin smooth as chrome
I'll get you stickier than strawberry jam
So don't you cross me or get sly
I'm an American insensitive guy
And I don't give a rat's ass
About polite society or questions of class
Leave a sexy corpse live fast and die young
This is what i want to do
I'm destiny's child, ride free or die
With suicide superstar cool
The wind is cold the times so hard
You've got to live before you're chucked in the sod
It's all a hustle out on the street
Black leather gimme tougher skin
So that I can compete
Ain't nobody gonna crack that whip
Ain't nobody gonna crack that whip
Ain't nobody gonna crack that whip
Ain't nobody gonna crack that whip

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