Nothing Left To Lose

American Hi-Fi

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 backC'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 want to 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
Hell yeahGet my teenage kicks
Pull in down boards like Rodman
All the lipstick chicks sing
Na 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 backC'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 want to 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' nothing left to lose except for youGo1 2C'mon c'mon get up get up (woah)
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You want to hear I'm sorry whatever
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You wrecked it all
There's nothing left to lose
Except for youNow that you gone I'm moving on
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Except for youThere's nothing left to lose
Except for you
Except for you

Songwriters
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