

Throwin' Down

Psychostick

hey i get it
you wanna run my life
why dont you stick an antenna up my ass
and make your own satellite

you bitch
why the hell you gotta make it so damn tough
i could find a cure for cancer
but it wouldnt be enough

you seem
to think
that im a money tree
since your only big concern is
how much will he spend on me?
thats it!
i've had it!
i cant take it anymore
if you cant see that your wrong
i can show you the door

tell me what do you want from me?
my body? my soul?
is there any relief for me?
from you? hell no

i won't listen to you
until your mouth is shut
and we don't gotta throwdown
just cause the toilet seats up

i know that you
suck
i know that you
blow
i know that im
fucked
i know that i
cant say no

you've got the nerve
to tell me how to drive
when you've been in so many wrecks
its amazing your alive!

plus your hogging all the oxygen
since all you do is talk
give me one good reason not to
make you get out here and walk

no that doesnt mean i think
your overwieght
i tell you all the time
i think you look great

but hey it doesnt matter
with anything i say?
since im always wrong
and didnt do the dishes yesterday

i know that you suck
i know that you blow
i know that im

Lyrics submitted by Denise.

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