

Fist City

Bob Schneider

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 canAnd 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 cityIf 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 groundI'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 cityCome 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 stuffYou'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 cityIf 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 groundI'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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