

No 11

4Lyn

So we got this far and you're still wonderin'
Why we do shit in our own kinda way
(Why? Why?)First round knock out, get da fuck out
Why can't ya understand the way we're actin' all day?
(Die, die)Call us strange, give us strait jackets
10 ton chains won't keep us away from what we believe so leave
Suspension on our playground is what you get
And our rage is what you will receiveTwinkle, twinkle lil' star, oh, I wonder where you are
You can't tell me nothing but I can tell you anything
I can tell you everything
(But you never get it)But you never get it
But you never get it
But you never get it
But you never get itYeah, what's your problem? Tell me buddy
Does it feel good to get fucked by everybody?
No doe for da brain ticket, it's so dumb, my friend
Come again, Mr.WickedSecond round knock out, stay da fuck out
You won't understand da way we're actin' all day
(You never get it)
All this bullshit makes me sick, to all ya punks, suck my dick
(You never get it)Twinkle, twinkle, little girl, a black stain in ya intact world
All ya envy cannot reach and all this bullshit cannot teach me
Cannot teach meTwinkle, twinkle, little girl a black stain in your intact world
All ya envious thoughts can never teach meNo. 11

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>