

Friday Night Bitch Fight

Ke\$ha

You can go to hell, girl
You better watch yourself [x2]

Wait up last Friday night
The party looked alright
Just as I stepped on in
I saw you look at him
Oh hell no, excuse me, what?
Must be jokin' around
Best leave your pumps at home
I'm ready to throw down

[Chorus]

You can go to hell, girl
You better watch yourself
I'm feelin' feisty, alright
Friday night bitch fight

I saw you by the pool
Rubbin' up on his leg
Tell him he's lookin' fine
Even though you know he's mine
So then I walk over
You act like nothin's up
"Oh hey, are you with him?"
You know that, you dirty slut

[Chorus]

You can go to hell, girl
You better watch yourself
I'm feelin' feisty, alright
Friday night bitch fight

Maybe we can just talk about it
We really shouldn't resort to violence
I'm not the jealous type
But get your dirty hands off his thigh
So then I pushed you in
Skirt flappin' in the wind
Hope you know how to swim

Ha ha ha, I always win
But as I'm gigglin'
I turn around and see your friends
Three tall pissed off vixens
I laugh and say to them

[Chorus]
"You can go to hell, girl
You better watch yourself" [x4]
I'm feelin' feisty, alright
Friday night bitch fight [x4]

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