You Got A Problem

Joan Jett And The Blackhearts

Now you stay out of my, out of my sight
Spit your words right out of, right out of my mind
Since you picked this fight
Know my life is just that, it's just that, it's mine
Oh no, not me
You think you can
You think you can
But there's no cage can fit me
You gotta problem
You gotta problem
You gotta problem
Whatcha gonna do?
You gotta problem
You gotta problem
I gotta problem
And it's name is you
Ain't gonna wear, ain't gonna wear your shame
Who will win, who will win, who will win this silent war
When I don't even want to play
Or know the rules to your game
Oh no, not me
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You think you can
But there's no cage can fit me
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And it's name is you
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