Get In The Ring

Guns N' Roses

Why do you look at me when you hate me? Why should I look at you when you make me hate you too? I sense a smell of retribution in the air I don't even understand why the fuck you even care And I don't need your jealousy Why drag me down in your misery, yeah And when you stare you don't think I feel it But I'm gonna deal it back to you in spades When I'm havin' fun you know I can't conceal it 'Cause I know you'd never cut it in my game, oh no And when you're talkin' about a vasectomy, yeah I'll be writin' down your obituary, history You got your bitches with the silicone injections Crystal meth and yeast infections Bleached blond hair, collagen lip projections Who are you to criticize my intentions Got your subtle manipulative devices Just like you I've got my vices I got a thought that would be nice I'd like to crush your head tight in my vice, pain, yeah That goes for all you punks in the press That wanted to start shit by printin' lies Instead of the things we said, that means you Andy Secher at Hit Parader Circus Magazine, Mick Wall at Kerrang Bob Guccione Jr. at Spin What, you pissed off 'cause your dad gets more Pussy than you? Fuck you, suck my fuckin' dick You be rippin' off the fuckin' kids While they be payin' their hard earned Money to read about the bands They want to know about Printin' lies startin' controversy You want to antagonize me Antagonize me, motherfucker Get in the ring, motherfucker And I'll kick your bitchy little ass, punk I don't like you, I just hate you I'm gonna kick your ass, oh yeah, oh yeah

You may not like our integrity, yeah We built a world out of anarchy, oh yeah And in this corner weighin' in at 850 pounds

Guns N' Roses

Get in the ring, get in the ring

Get in the ring, get in the ring, yeah

This song is dedicated to all the Guns N' fuckin' Roses fans

Who stuck with us through all the

Fuckin' shit and to all those opposed, well

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