

# Muchos Touche

## Novelists

You wanna play the man, kid?  
Aren't you afraid to play with the fire?  
So let's play this game.  
Gimme your best shot or you will get shot. We've been like bros you and I..  
Oh, I know, I've been too nice.  
All this time you lied like you breathe.  
Fuck.  
You lie like you breathe. There is a place for you in one of these body bags.  
You better watch your back.  
I'll slit your throat with the dagger that you left in my back.  
You bastard,  
I curse your life.  
I curse your life. I'll put you inside the trunk of an old Cadillac.  
You'll be found dead in a bag,  
Next to a foxhole.  
You'll be the star of the newspapers main lines.  
I swear to change your life in a fucking hell.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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