

# Nothing Left To Lose

## American Hi-Fi

Yeah  
Come on, come on Nothing left to lose  
Except you and your baby blues  
Microphone check this rhyme  
Pancho villa was a friend of mine I get fucked up holla back y'all  
And I kick it like Jackie Chan  
With my kung fu style  
I'll get rid of you in a while, yeah  
Hey hey hey  
All the bitches in the back C'mon c'mon get up get up  
(Woah)  
I know you know its never forever  
C'mon c'mon get up get up  
(Woah)  
You wanna hear I'm sorry whatever  
Now that you gone I'm moving on  
You wrecked it all  
There's nothing left to lose except for you  
Yeah Get my teenage kicks  
Pull in down boards like rod man  
All the lipstick chicks sing  
Na na na na na I get fucked up holla back y'all  
And I rock it like Jackson Browne  
Let me tell ya right now  
(What)  
I like strippers better anyhow  
Hey hey hey  
All the bitches in the back C'mon c'mon get up get up  
(Woah)  
I know you know its never forever  
C'mon c'mon get up get up  
(Woah)  
You wanna hear I'm sorry whatever  
Now that you gone I'm moving on  
You wrecked it all  
There's nothing left to lose except for you  
There's nothing left to lose except for you Go 1 2  
C'mon c'mon get up get up  
(Woah)

I know you know its never forever

C'mon c'mon get up get up

(Woah)

You wanna hear I'm sorry whatever

Now that you gone I'm moving on

You wrecked it all

There's nothing left to lose except for you Now that you gone I'm moving on

You wrecked it all

There's nothing left to lose except for you

There's nothing left to lose except for you

There's nothing left to lose except for you

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>