

Stinkfinger

Flux Pavillion, Doctor P

I've seen your campus
And thinking I've been there before
You know something, I live
In this pig pen and this filthy pig pit next door
Another stench of my aroma
Stick that nose up in the air
Is that the excuse you use to ruin me?
I need to get you outta my way
Pack them bags punk, get the fuck outta here
Need to get you outta my way
Love thy neighbor, love my neighbor, yeah right, right
Yo J, drop that one down
Your existence means less now
That it probably ever has before
You've got your head up your ass
Out of your mouth comes nothing but shh
Still I listen, I absorb
You amuse me, idiot
All bent outta shape
'Cause I piss on your gate
I need to get you outta my way
Pack them bags punk, get the fuck outta here
Need to get you outta my way
Love thy neighbor, love my neighbor, right, right
And you don't stop and we won't stop, that's right
And you can't stop, this shit, it just won't stop
Let's take it to the curb if you can stand it
Put yourself in my position man
Let's take it to the curb if you can stand it
Put yourself in my position man
Let's take it to the curb
Put yourself in my position man
Ah, take it to the curb
Put yourself in my position man
Punk, how you wanna take it to the curb
Ah, you wanna take it to the curb
Ah put ya, put ya, ah
Put yourself in my position man
And you don't, break, break, break it
And you don't stop
Got it, stinky, stinky finger
And you don't and you don't

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