

Cry, Cry, Cry

Carlos and The Bandidos

Are you ready for bad blood?
I've got my share
I'm sick of them sweet, sweet nothings
Oh, in my ear
Ain't it funny? I'm the honey
All your money just can't buy
So baby you can cry, cry, cry
Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry
Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry
Now the last laugh is mine
You ready for hot stuff? Be prepared
I'm sick of your cheap, cheap hustle
Oh, don't cha dare
Let us pray the Lord have mercy
On your mercenary mind
'Cause even if you cry, cry, cry
Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry
Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry
Your heart out, I won't be kind
Lonely
Are you ready for good times? Hard to bear
You're steppin' on holy ground, hold it there
Babe, I'm a fading out your hologram
A phoney toothpaste smile
Remember when you cry, cry, cry
Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry
Cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry, cry
(Your heart out, I did mine)
Cry, cry, cry
Cry, cry, cry
Cry, cry, cry

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