

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
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Get in the ring, get in the ring
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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