

# No More Mr. Nice Guy

## Guy Klucevsek

Punks will always scheme to, create a means  
To take my kindness, for weakness, cause they don`t seem to  
Respect my generosity, and what it`s costin me  
Is headaches, I don`t like fakes, or people bossin me around  
You clown, it`s time I beat you down  
You tried to play me betray me and slay me, and now you`ll drown  
In the river, I`ll give ya, reasons you should shiver  
Cause when I get to wreckin and deckin, I won`t forgive ya  
You had the opportunity, for bein cool with me  
You stabbed me in the back you duck, and now you`re soon to be  
Disarmed, embalmed, I`ll break off all your arms  
And then your legs, you`ll beg, I`ll crack you like a egg  
And spill your yolk, you joke, I`ll duff you in the eye  
And you`ll say, "Why?" And bleeding and pleading, you`ll start to cry  
And I`ll reply with a confident sigh, "There`ll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

No More Mr. Nice Guy  
No More Mr. Nice Guy

Yo ?, this is somethin that I want to tell to you, sell to you  
And as I speak you girlies yell to your friends, "Yo it`s him!  
He`s shockin again!" This is the season for breezin with reason  
Because I`m in, charge of the attack on suckers who just rap on  
Wack track that lack that snap, while I just mack on  
Honies who look good and, they all want the wood in  
They push up, to get up close, to serve me puddin  
And I just tell em, "Look here, I am not a crook there"  
But I like to snatch em all, cause like a hook they`re stuck  
Struck, they tried to press their luck  
They want to tease me and skeeze me and please me, to squeeze the bucks  
From my pocket that is bulging, I`m not indulging  
In lame games with phony dames, too busy buildin my fortress  
Score this, drink while I pour this  
I`m livin and givin my rhymes, so I`ll ignore this  
Garbage you are runnin, I am not the one and  
You`ll never get to vamp me tramp cause I`ll be stunning your mind  
I`ll sign, my name on your behind and cool you off  
Like frost, I`m leary of the way you double cross  
Get lost, I`ll tell you you are fly and say goodbye

And burning and yearning you`ll ask my why  
And I`ll reply with a wink of an eye, "There`ll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

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Oh sure, you`re, running back for me  
I`ma great you defeat you and beat you, show you the door  
Cause you ain`t really welcome, you know you`re seldom  
    Thinkin of your fellow man, but you still til them  
    You want to be a friend then, you keep pretendin  
You`re two-faced, so you`ll taste, just what I`m sendin  
    POW, now, you`re shaken sayin WOW  
    You stare, you fear, my wrath is too severe  
I never let up so get up I`m fed up, and I don`t care  
    I`ll duff you in the eye and you`ll say, "Why?"  
While you`re bleeding and pleading, you`ll start to cry  
    And I`ll reply, "Either do or you die,  
    Cause there`ll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

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