Thrilla in Manila

Greyson Chance

[Verse 1]
Flying through the nighttime, and I'm feeling awfully sad
Missing all your punchlines, yeah they make me feel so glad[Pre-Chorus]
Now Joe came around, feet off the ground
Thinks he loves you, loves you when you get down
Oh, my time is running out
And yes my fists ready for a shootout
I'll beat his ass, turn that grin into a frown
Me and you we're never coming down[Chorus]
You got nothing wrong you killa
Thrilla in Manila
The lipstick stains on your boxing gloves
You got what I love, you got what I love
Whatcha gonna do when I fight for you
Whatcha gonna do when I fight for you
Thrilla in Manila, Thrilla in Manila
Whatcha gonna do when I fight for you
Whatcha gonna do when I fight for you
Thrilla in Manila, Thrilla in Manila[Verse 2]
State of mind is endless, yeah I'm fighting for my right
Baby you my lifeline, I need you every night[Pre-Chorus]
Now the gloves are off, where is the king
Laying on the floor surely that ain't he
Oh, adrenaline is ecstasy
Blood on his cheeks, it's a revelation
I beat his ass, where's his reputation
I don't even care, now it's you and me[Chorus]
You got nothing wrong you killa
Thrilla in Manila
The lipstick stains on your boxing gloves
You got what I love, you got what I love
Whatcha gonna do when I fight for you
Whatcha gonna do when I fight for you
Thrilla in Manila, Thrilla in Manila
Whatcha gonna do when I fight for you
Whatcha gonna do when I fight for you
Thrilla in Manila, Thrilla in Manila[Bridge 1]
I'll take a hit for you
I'll take a shot for you

I'll take a fall for you
Anything you want me toI'll take a hit for you
I'll take a shot for you
I'll take a fall for you
Anything you want me to[Bridge 2]
I love the it when you sitting close
In all your expensive clothes
Looking through your shades
Can't you see all the scars he made?
Heal me in all of your spirit waters
I can even swim to the bottom
If you want I'll drown it in
Cause baby I'll be dying eventuallyYou got nothing wrong you killa
Thrilla in Manila
The lipstick stains on your boxing gloves
You got what I love, you got what I love
Whatcha gonna do when I fight for you
Whatcha gonna do when I fight for you
Thrilla in Manila, Thrilla in Manila
Whatcha gonna do when I fight for you
Whatcha gonna do when I fight for you
Thrilla in Manila, Thrilla in Manila[Outro]
I love it when you sitting close
In all your expensive clothes
I love it when you sitting close
In all your expensive clothes
You smoke au naturale
Baby sitting here composed as hell
I may be americano
But you be hitting me like Pacifican bongosManila
Thrilla in Manila

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