

The Bottom Line

Belvedere

He rose from Texas the wrestling scene writing the scriptures of 3:16,
took it upon himself to erase pieces of trash who got in his face,
I see his shirts wherever I wander, I know in my heart that they've never laundered
and they never need it to be and that kind of attitude appeals to me. And McMahon can't control him so don't
even try,
you can have him arrested but there goes the ride,
can't take away the intensity of his high,
but you can't lock away the Stone Cold pride. Took out poor Vinnie a shot to the sac,
A picture was taken so he could look back,
A pain inflicted on a true fiend,
molding the king of the true 3:16,
he's in top form and his knee is fixed,
ready to school that Shawn Michaels prick
and open up a can of whoop-ass
how do you like that jackass? And McMahon can't control him so don't even try,
you can have him arrested but there goes the ride,
can't take away the intensity of his high,
but you can't lock away the Stone Cold pride.

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