

Rattlesnake

The Broadside Singers

For weeks your falling, that's my darling Sawing you in two, using me, using you Hear them calling drawing
you back What can you do? Watch out Mack, here's a rat Falling off the track, fade out black Black in
feedback, hit the flashback Don't you know we hate that? Your a rattlesnake And your full of shit Your a
rattlesnake Fuck that shit, I don't wanna hear it Your a rattlesnake I hate your band, you understand? You can't
bare it when we blare it Well you come you can, come come true You got no passion, it's all fashion Calm
down, flames red or blue You don't know, you got no clue Your a rattlesnake I see through And your full of shit
You said you know us, we don't know you I fuckin hate you Your a rattlesnake You talk that shit about our
crew, we hate you You Jump on the next bandwagon But you ain't shit, you get frustrated What's the next fan
in, I heard you braggin We never hesitated to call you a Charlatan Cause we hate you Your a rattlesnake And
your full of shit I fuckin hate you Your a rattlesnake Your a rattlesnake and I hate you And your full of shit
Your a rattlesnake

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