

You Don't Want To Fuck With Me

Andrew Jackson Jihad

Got a shopping list on my arm
I've got the underwear lost in my class
I've got a fake ass boutonnière
I've got a Japanese smiling disease

And you don't want to fuck with me
No, you don't want to fuck with me

I've got an angel dying on my shoulder
I've got the devil dancing in my heart
I've got a kitten sucking baby's breath
I've got a set of really fucked up teeth, no, no, no

You don't want to fuck with me
No, you don't want to fuck with me
You don't want to fuck with me
No, you don't want to fuck with me

I've got a pint of orange juice
One half of which goes to my brass monkey
The other half is going to
our beloved Pope John Paul, no, no, no, no

You don't want to fuck with me
No, you don't want to fuck with me
How dare you try and fuck with me
No, you don't want to fuck with me