I've Got Reasons

Bombshell Rocks

Mr, I spit on your intentions
Well, I've got reasons and reasons is all I need
And mr, I spit on your protection
Stroke by the madness I'm about to proceed

With pure insanity and insensibility You take business to a totally different level Pure misery, it's an industry An industry

And mr, I laugh at your attempts To tell it's chaos a thousand miles away When you celebrate the victory, we suffer defeat Mr, I won't kneel to pray