

**K.y.a.**

**Flotsam and Jetsam**

So you wanna come up on me  
Chest out up on both feet  
Puffed up, look down your nose  
Attitude up on your tip toes  
Hope you know how it's gonna be  
Blood and knuckles out in the street  
Come at me like a drunk in a bar  
You must like the taste of road tar

Woah the end of you  
Woah the end of you

I will kick your ass  
You cryin' pussy  
I will kick your ass  
You fuckin' sally girl

Run home cry to mama  
Don't come back here again  
Go home and wash your skirt  
And paint your nails  
And face like you've been  
I can't stand you  
Can't even look at you  
Don't wanna hear you cry  
I just can't deal with fragile little boys  
I'd rather see you die

So you sneak up from behind  
A cheap shot like I was blind  
You better make it the shot of the year  
And when I get up don't you be here  
There's no place you can hide  
So you better keep runnin'  
Dress up like the girl you are  
And hide out in the ladies stall

Run home cry to mama  
Don't come back here again  
Go home and wash your skirt  
And paint your nails  
And face like you've been  
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