

# Get in the Ring

Guns N' Roses

Why do you look at me when you hate me  
Why should I look at you when you  
make me hate you too  
I sense a smell of retribution in the air  
I don't even understand why the fuck  
you even care  
And I don't need your jealousy yeah  
Why drag me down in your misery  
And when you stare don't you think I feel it  
But I'm gonna deal it back to you in spades  
When I'm havin' fun ya know I can't conceal it  
'Cause I know you'd never cut it in my game  
Oh no  
And when you're talkin' about a vasectomy  
Yeah  
I'll be writin' down your obituary  
History

You got your bitches with  
the silicone injections  
Crystal meth and yeast infections  
Bleached blond hair, collagen lip projections  
Who are you to criticize my intentions  
Got your subtle manipulative devices  
Just like you I got my vices  
I got a thought that would be nice  
I'd like to crush your head tight in my vice  
Pain!!

And that goes for all you punks in the press  
That want to start shit by printin' lies  
Instead of the things we said  
That means you  
Andy Secher at Hit Parader  
Circus Magazine  
Mick Wall at Kerrang  
Bob Guccione Jr. at Spin,  
What you pissed off cuz your dad gets more  
pussy than you?  
Fuck you  
Suck my fuckin' dick

You be rippin' off the fuckin' kids  
While they be payin' their hard earned  
money to read about the bands  
They want to know about  
Printin' lies startin' controversy  
You wanta antagonize me  
Antagonize me motherfucker  
Get in the ring motherfucker  
And I'll kick your bitchy little ass  
Punk

I don't like you, I just hate you  
I gonna kick your ass, oh yeah! oh yeah!

You may not like our integrity yeah

We built a world out of anarchy oh yeah!

And in this corner weighin in at 850 pounds,  
Guns N' Roses

Get in the ring  
Yeah!

Yeah this song is dedicated to All the Guns n' fuckin' Roses fans  
Who stuck with us through all the  
Fucking shit  
And to all those opposed...  
Hmm...well