You're nothin but a, a big mouth
Such a tough talker from the deep south
Well I'm a, a sore loser I'm a sure doubt
You wanna come closer well come on and find out
I try to pay attention, try to speak clear
I never, I never tell you what you, you want to hear
But if ya, ya don't like it you could cover your ears
I put the pedal to the floor but I forgot just how to steer

So, you better back up
I'll show you bad luck
Ooh you got me shakin in my boots like I was seventeen
My tongue's a match and all my veins are full of gasoline
I come upon ya like a hit of methamphetamine
Eyes roll back in your head
Well I tell you right now, you better watch your back
You can talk dirty til your tongue turns black
But if you're throwin into me I'm gonna throw it right back at you

Well you got, dirty pictures in your black book
You got, dead bodies in your back brooke
You got a bad luck flag hanging on a hook
Right in front of your house, well all your neighbors had to look
So I crawl to the top of the escalator
With my ten dirty fingers push the hell out of the _____
Because their misbehavior's my solitary savior
So it's better that I give it to you now instead of later

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I'll show you bad luck
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But if you're throwin into me I'm gonna throw it right back at you

Ba ba da da, ba ba ba da ba, oh

You better back up
I'll show you bad luck
Well ooh you got me shakin in my boots like I was seventeen
My tongue's a match and all my veins are full of gasoline
I come upon ya like a hit of methamphetamine
Eyes roll back in your he-head
Well I tell you right now, you better watch your back
You can talk dirty til your tongue turns black
If you're throwin into me I'm gonna throw it right back at you