Punk Bitch Flash

You're a sick, sick boy you are You've got your wine, women 'n' cash Semi-automatic superstar In the pan you're a punk bitch flash

I'll round up every beast you let out I'll round up every beast you let out I'll round up every beast you let out I'll round up every beast you let

Tell me mister, what's your story today? Who is it you want to be?

I've bought some ammo and I'll send it your way Destroyin' friends and family

I feel a stranger stealing my candy But you're a housefly trapped under glass

Fat chance of getting me in your caddy In the pan you're a punk bitch flash

I'll round up every beast you let out I'll round up every beast you let out I'll round up every beast you let out I'll round up every beast you let

I'll round up every beast you let out I'll round up every beast you let out I'll round up every beast you let out

Masquerading as a man about town The seventh chord is my fist hittin' your face

You think you're on, but nobody's straight down In the scheme of things you're gonna lose the race

I'll round up every beast you let out I'll round up every beast you let out I'll round up every beast you let out I'll round up every beast you let

I'll round up every beast you let out I'll round up every beast you let out I'll round up every beast you let out