

Panic

Twisted Method

One, two, three
One, two, three
Go

Rock, rock, rock, rock, rock, rock
Rock, rock, rock, rock, rock

I've got this locked in my head
You want to see me dead
You'd rather push me aside
Than deal with my sickness inside
You all hope soon that I'll fade away
Fuck you 'cause I'm never going away
There's people that's out to get me
They wanna watch me bleed

Show me what you got
Show me what you got
Show me what you got
Show me what you got
What, what, what, what

Show me what you got
Show me what you got
Show me what you got
What, what, what, what

You need to open your eyes
Realize that I've got a forty-five
It's self-defense if I pull this trigger
And someone dies
Now I'm not talking shit
I just want you to realize this
I give a fuck less now than I ever did
And it's you that's getting lit

Show me what you got
Show me what you got
Show me what you got
Show me what you got
What, what, what, what

Show me what you got
Show me what you got
Show me what you got
What, what, what, what
What, what, what, what
I'm losing my fucking head

Right now
I can do this on my own
I don't need your help just leave me alone
I can do this on my own
I don't need your help just leave me alone

Make it hot, make it hot, make it hot
Who's rocking this spot?

Everybody in this bitch
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon

Show me what you got
Show me what you got
Show me what you got
Show me what you got
What, what

Show me what you got
Show me what you got
Show me what you got
What, what

Show me what you got
Show me what you got
Show me what you got
What, what

Show me what you got
Show me what you got
Show me what you got
What, what, what, what
What, what, what, what
I'm losing my fucking head