

# Nothing Left to Lose

American Hi-Fi

Nothing left to lose  
Except you and your baby blues  
Microphone check this rhyme  
Pancho villa was a friend of mine  
I get fucked up holla back y'all  
And I kick it like Jackie Chan  
With my kung fu style  
I'll get rid of you in a while (yeah)  
Hey hey hey  
All the bitches in the back

C'mon c'mon get up get up (woah)  
I know you know its never forever  
C'mon c'mon get up get up (woah)  
You wanna hear I'm sorry whatever  
Now that you gone I'm moving on  
You wrecked it all  
There's nothing left to lose  
Except for you  
Hell yeah

Get my teenage kicks  
Pull in down boards like rodman  
All the lipstick chicks sing  
Na na na na na na  
I get fucked up holla back y'all  
And I rock it like Jackson Browne  
Let me tell ya right now what  
I like strippers better anyhow  
Hey hey hey  
All the bitches in the back

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I know you know its never forever  
C'mon c'mon get up get up (woah)  
You wanna hear I'm sorry whatever  
Now that you gone I'm moving on  
You wrecked it all  
There's nothing left to lose  
Except for you  
There' nothing left to lose except for you

Go

1 2

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Now that you gone I'm moving on  
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There's nothing left to lose  
Except for you

There's nothing left to lose  
Except for you (2x)