

## Son of a gun ( I betcha think this song is about you) - 1/2

Interprété par Janet Jackson.

Feat Carly Simon

CD All for you

Ha Ha

Hoo Hoo

Thought you'd get the money too

Greedy mutherfuckers

Try to have your cake

And eat it tooSharp shooter into breakin' hearts

A baby gigolo - a Sex Pistol

Hollerin' at everything that walks

No substance just small talk

Know why you feelin' on that girl's behind

You gotta sleezy one track mind

Workin' your work until you think you find

Who's goin' home with you tonightOh, who you give it to

Who you gonna steal it from

Who's your next victim

Oh, who you gonna lie to

Who you gonna cheat on

Who you gonna leave alone

Oh, what ya gonna tell her

After she discovers

You don't really love her

Oh, gonna be a showdown

Knock down - drag out

Gunslinger shoot 'em upI betcha think this song is about  
you

I betcha think this song is about you

I betcha think this song is about you

I betcha think this song is about youHa Ha

Hoo Hoo

Thought you'd get the money too

Greedy mutherfuckers

Try to have your cake

And eat it tooSweatin' me but I'm not your type

You think you irk me and you're so right

I'd rather keep the trash and throw you out

Stupid bitch in my beach house

Naw I ain't gone go and act a fool

And be lead story on the nigga news

Not me sucker

I'll never be your lover

I'm gonna make you suffer

You stupid mutherfuckerOh, who you give it to

Who you gonna steal it from

Who's your next victim

Oh, who you gonna lie to

## Son of a gun ( I betcha think this song is about you) - 2/2

Who you gonna cheat on  
Who you gonna leave alone  
Oh, what ya gonna tell her  
After she discovers  
You don't really love her  
Oh, gonna be a showdown  
Knock down - drag out  
Gunslinger shoot 'em up I betcha think this song is about  
you  
I betcha think this song is about you  
I betcha think this song is about you  
I betcha think this song is about you Ha Ha  
Hoo Hoo  
Thought you'd get the money too  
Greedy mutherfuckers  
Try to have your cake  
And eat it too Gotta chip upon your shoulder  
I just knocked it off  
Show me what you gonna do  
I ain't 'bout to run  
You have just run out of ammunition  
Shootin' blanks now  
You son of a gun Oh, who you give it to  
Who you gonna steal it from  
Who's your next victim  
Oh, who you gonna lie to  
Who you gonna cheat on  
Who you gonna leave alone  
Oh, what ya gonna tell her  
After she discovers  
You don't really love her  
Oh, gonna be a showdown  
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