

You've Got Balls

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You said, you like my girl cuz she's cuter than all the rest
You asked how a guy like me could land the best
I watch you staring at her and I'm starting to blow my top
Unless you're looking for trouble, you better stop.

You've got balls there's no doubt
If you can't behave, get out
I don't like fights and I don't like brawls
But I also don't like you
Cuz you've got balls.

I know I'm not the sharpest knife in the drawer
And it may be that in conversation, I'm a bore
But hearing you holding forth on your sky high IQ
Makes me want to stay far away from you.

You've got balls there's no doubt
Please restrain yourself or get out
I'm not in awe and I'm not enthralled
Your gall is proof that you've
Got balls. You've got balls.

How can you toot your horn and belittle guys like me
I wasn't born with silver spoon, or your insecurities
Hyperboles.

Instrumental Chorus

I know that guys like you earn more money than me
But I bust my butt for every dime, I don't pluck 'em off trees
Why do you think it's cool to spell out how much you lost
Throwing good money after bad on a race horse.

You've got balls, there's no doubt
Shut your mouth, or get out
Go ahead and squander your windfall
I don't care what happens to you
Cuz you've got balls.