

Steel Panther, Heavy Metal Rules

couldn't make no money as a singer
didn't seem to get too far
so I sell pot brownies and Vicodin from the back seat of my car
moving back to Chicago
Gonna rest my aching head
Spotify took my last 2 cents
and the butter fro my bread

gene Simmons said it
Rock and roll is dead

I never did it for the money
I only did it to get laid
but I can't buy shots for the ladies if there's no way to get paid
no I can't get make money on my good looks
can't make it on applause
so u sel nose beers to the kiddos
and thumb my own nose at the laws

but I am never ever gonna stop palying
even though rock and roll ain;t paying
cuz heavy metal rules
heavy metal rules
heavy metal rules
and everybody else can suck my fuc***g dick

gonna make my money stealing hub caps
and selling black tar on the streets
taking handbags from old ladies
while they respond to Trumpy's tweets
apple came to town a ringing
a death kneel for a band
if I can't make money selling records
gonna make it any way I can

and I am gonna keep on rocking your ass
as long as I am on the right side of the grass
cuz heavy metal rules
heavy metal rules
heavy metal rules
and everybody else can suck my fuc***g dick